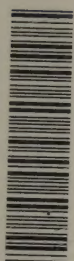


# AUTOMATIC WRITING

BY

ANITA MÜHL



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ANITA M. MÜHL, AUTOMATIC WRITING



# AUTOMATIC WRITING

By

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With 20 tables (4  colored)

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1930

MP





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1930

## DEDICATION

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To my parents

With best wishes to my father  
on his eighty-third birthday.

With happy memories  
of my mother.

74158





## INTRODUCTION.

By  
WILLIAM A. WHITE.

To one who has been in contact with the goings on in the various departments of the psychological world during the past thirty or forty years the title of this book, "Automatic Writing", might suggest a book upon an old and somewhat thread-bare subject which had been pretty well exhausted by the end of the last century. Let such an one, however, look a second time before acting upon such a first impression.

It is true that automatic writing is not a new subject and that it was pretty well squeezed dry by the beginning of this century, but the same thing might be said of many another subject. We had, comparatively speaking, exhausted the knowledge to be obtained of the infectious diseases previous to the discovery of the etiological organism and then when that organism was discovered, instead of solving all of the problems that had remained unsolved, as many an optimist thought it would, it raised innumerable new issues, new points of view, new attacks upon the many questions that each disease presented, and the knowledge of the whole subject of the infectious disease in question was advanced by leaps and bounds.

It so happens that in the realm of therapeutics style prevails, custom governs as elsewhere. Therapeutic agents come and go in accordance with their dictates, and oftentimes perfectly useful methods are disregarded because they have been replaced for something which, for the time being, occupies the center of interest. This I think has also been true of psychotherapy. At the beginning of this century psychoanalysis seized the imagination, and other methods, more particularly hypnosis and methods allied to this, and in particular automatic handwriting, subsided into the background and for a quarter of a century we have had little else than psychoanalysis. Probably such a state of affairs is desirable; its net result is to work with a new method until it is thoroughly known, free from the distractions of too many modifications or substitutes. All of this does not mean, however, that the old methods have necessarily lost all of their values. Recent

work in the field of hypnosis indicates that there is still very much to be learned by this method, especially its application nowadays after the lapse of twenty-five years, during which so many things have happened and so much has been learned about the human psyche, so that now the method is applied not as of old, but with all this new, this added information as its background. This is true also of automatic handwriting. The automatic handwriting, as it was used thirty years ago, was a valuable means of inquiry into the submerged portions of the psyche. Today it should be more valuable because the material it brings out is now subject to very much better understanding owing to the discoveries that have been made in the meantime.

The writer of this book, *Dr. Mühl*, has applied the method of automatic handwriting for discovering what was going on in the minds of her patients which was inaccessible to ordinary questioning, but *Dr. Mühl* is not a psychiatrist of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, but of the present century, with a broad background of clinical experience and a knowledge of the work that has been done for the past twenty-five or thirty years in unravelling psychic mechanisms. With this training at her command automatic handwriting presents a much richer material for interpretation than ever before, and it is from this point of view of the utilization of an old method, in the light of an immensely enlarged knowledge that this book should be read.

In addition to recounting the results of her experiments in automatic handwriting *Dr. Mühl* has given a very simple, lucid and wonderfully clear account of the structure of the mind and of mental mechanisms sufficiently to make her conclusions understandable to the reader. The whole presentation of the subject is clear, highly interesting and understandable by a wide circle of readers. The cases which she presents illuminate issues with which all modern psychotherapists are familiar and give a dramatic presentation of the amazing material that lies beneath the threshold of clear consciousness. Aside from the many technical questions which the material itself raises the general query might not be out of place as to whether psychotherapy has not perhaps in letting such methods as automatic handwriting lapse unwisely discarded a valuable method of research. In these uncharted fields that are so infinitely complicated might it not be as well to retain every possible assistance for use in appropriate cases?

November 27<sup>th</sup>, 1928.

WILLIAM A. WHITE,  
Washington, D. C.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

The interest which I have developed in automatic writing has been due to several factors.

The fact that there was in the "gang" that met in my study in the days of my first college years a facile "automater" was the first occurrence which stimulated my interest. The second was the fact that when I had to write a paper for promotion at the hospital I, remembering the experiments in my study, decided to read up on this subject. Before that paper was written I had read everything that had been written on the subject up to date and my interest was so thoroughly aroused that I felt I wanted to continue research work in this type of approach to the Unconscious. The third occurrence which made my interest a lasting one was the automatic writing which developed in a group of people I was studying as a different research problem entirely. It was because these subjects developed automatic activity with such ease that I became convinced that anyone could do it.

I wish to express my sincere appreciation and gratitude to—*Dr. William A. White, Dr. Mary O'Malley, Dr. Winifred Richmond, Dr. N. D. C. Lewis* for their steady encouragement and constructive criticism of my work, not only while I was on the staff at the hospital (St. Elizabeth's) but ever since; to *Dr. F. M. Pottenger* for his particular help in the further study of the vegetative nervous system while I was on his staff at Monrovia, California; to my many subjects who have helped me to collect material, particularly to *Star-Zorada* for her intensive study and the quantities of records she helped to work out and to *Mrs. Irene Riddell* for her splendid typing of the manuscript and her resourcefulness in deciphering much of the material.

To the above, as well as to countless others who have made valuable suggestions (especially the Pink Coyotes) and to the many whose books are listed in the bibliography I give my thanks for their stimulating thoughts and ideas.

Acknowledgement is accorded gratefully to the Journal of Abnormal Psychology and Social Psychology and the Boyd Publishing Company for permission to use material from my articles which appeared in the journal, and to the American Psychological Association which now publishes the Journal.





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## PREAMBLE.

A young woman, twenty-two years of age, who never had had any experience with automatic writing, asked me to try to develop it for her as she thought it would be fun. She was ill in bed and was so weak that I hesitated allowing her to do anything which might be an added effort. She was insistent however, because some of her friends told her what amusing things they had written.

One morning she was permitted to try, and I placed a large pad of paper beside her on the bed and after she had become engrossed reading *aloud* to me an account of a current murder sensation (please remember she read audibly and continuously), I placed a pencil in her right hand, and much to my surprise she began to write at once in an unhesitating manner. The newspaper was placed so that she could not see the writing pad, and yet when she got to the end of the line her hand unerringly returned to the left hand margin and started off on a new line, correctly spacing the distance between. She wrote legibly in large characters, and her first production was a cunning little fairy tale in rhyme.

Voluntarily she could not rhyme, nor could she make up fairy stories; neither had she the friendly sense of humor exhibited in her writing. When the little fairy story was read to her she refused at first to believe that she had written it. She had felt no motion in her arm and she had been absorbed in the gruesome details of a sordid crime.

Now what would be one of the first things that anyone would want to know about such a case? What would be many of the things that everyone would be curious about?

I asked a group of friends these questions and the discussion in this book is in response to their queries which were numerous and varied. The following list contains some of the questions which I am attempting to answer.

1. "What is Automatic Writing anyway? I don't even know what it is."
2. "What makes a person do it?"
3. "Do you have to be queer to do it?"
4. "Is it a spirit phenomenon?"
5. "I want to know what the girl was like who wrote the fairy tale. How did she develop the skill or whatever it was to do it?"

6. "If she didn't have a sense of humor and couldn't rhyme why could she automat it - doesn't that imply some one else taking possession?"
  7. "Could I find something in me that I didn't know was there by that method?"
  8. "Why did she start to write at once when the pencil was placed in her hand? Do they all do it that way?"
  9. "Can everybody do it? Could I do it? How should I go about trying it?"
  10. "Do they all write the same way or do they differ?"
  11. "Are there any mental or organic mechanisms which we must consider?"
  12. "What are the advantages of doing it and are there any disadvantages or dangers to be encountered?"
  13. "Are there any other forms of automatic activity?"
  14. "You once said you always analyzed any phantasy produced automatically by the subject. Why?"
-

## AUTOMATIC WRITING.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

|                           | Page |
|---------------------------|------|
| INTRODUCTION . . . . .    | VII  |
| ACKNOWLEDGEMENT . . . . . | IX   |
| PREAMBLE . . . . .        | XI   |

## PART I.

## CHAPTER I.

|                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| What Automatic Writing Is . . . . . | 1 |
|-------------------------------------|---|

## CHAPTER II.

|                                                           |   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|---|
| Development of the Personality and its Problems . . . . . | 4 |
| Schematic Representation of Mental States . . . . .       | 8 |

## CHAPTER III.

|                                                                                               |    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Development of the Personality and its Problems. (cont'd)                                     |    |
| a - The Conflict and its Role in the Production of Pathological Types of Adjustment . . . . . | 11 |
| b - Difference in Psychological Types . . . . .                                               | 16 |

## CHAPTER IV.

|                                                                                             |    |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Walled-off Portions of the Personality and Their Outlet Through Automatic Writing . . . . . | 19 |
| Forms of Dissociation . . . . .                                                             | 20 |
| Types of Automatic Writing . . . . .                                                        | 21 |

## CHAPTER V.

|                                                   |    |
|---------------------------------------------------|----|
| Methods of Developing Automatic Writing . . . . . | 25 |
| Mechanism of Automatic Writing . . . . .          | 28 |

## CHAPTER VI.

|                                        |    |
|----------------------------------------|----|
| Uses of Automatic Writing . . . . .    | 34 |
| Danger of Its Undirected Use . . . . . | 37 |
| The Value of Directed Use . . . . .    | 40 |

## CHAPTER VII.

|                                          |    |
|------------------------------------------|----|
| Phantasy Productions - Fairies . . . . . | 43 |
|------------------------------------------|----|

## CHAPTER VIII.

|                                                 |    |
|-------------------------------------------------|----|
| Phantasy Productions – Asocial Trends . . . . . | 64 |
|-------------------------------------------------|----|

## CHAPTER IX.

## The Use of Automatic Writing

|                                                                    |    |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| As a Means of Unearthing Conflicts and Especially Hidden Fears . . | 76 |
| As an Adjunct to Psychoanalysis . . . . .                          | 84 |
| As a Means of Getting at Early Childhood Impressions . . . . .     | 89 |

## CHAPTER X.

|                                                                            |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Involuntary Expression as Association in Contradistinction to Dissociation | 97  |
| Automatic Drawing . . . . .                                                | 100 |
| Automatic Speech . . . . .                                                 | 106 |

## CHAPTER XI.

|                                           |     |
|-------------------------------------------|-----|
| Multiple Involuntary Expression . . . . . | 110 |
|-------------------------------------------|-----|

## CHAPTER XII.

|                                           |     |
|-------------------------------------------|-----|
| Automatic Writing in Children . . . . .   | 135 |
| Automatic Writing in Criminals . . . . .  | 135 |
| Automatic Writing in Psychotics . . . . . | 136 |
| Automatic Writing in Stammerers . . . . . | 137 |

## PART II.

|                                                          |     |
|----------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Star Zorada – The Case of Strange Coincidences . . . . . | 139 |
|----------------------------------------------------------|-----|



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PART I.



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## CHAPTER I.

The subject of Automatic Writing has evoked a great deal of comment in recent years, chiefly because of the widespread interest in Spiritualism and the feeling that Automatic Writing was a certain form of spirit manifestation. It has been discussed from many points of view and sad to relate often in an unintelligent manner even by those who should know better. The two most frequent types of approach are the spiritualistic and the psychopathologic.

There are other reactions too, which one encounters often when the subject is mentioned. An over-enthusiasm with too great curiosity is one; another is complete ignorance; while still another expresses itself in an attitude of skepticism and superiority.

The last mentioned say "I don't believe in anything like that", or "it's quite impossible". When asked what it is they do not believe in they say, "oh that there is anything supernatural about it" or again, "it isn't possible to write something and not know you are writing it - it is just faking". These and similar expressions indicate a complete lack of understanding of the subject which it is the aim of this book to remedy.

For many years the Society for Psychical Research has reported cases of Automatic Writing which have been considered for the most part as mediumistic messages or sometimes as cases of thought transference, while others have been reported without any attempted explanation.

On the other hand, psychologists and psychiatrists have been willing to consider this phenomenon as a pathologic disturbance, simply indicating a splitting or dissociation of the personality.

Both of these methods of approach have a large following and both factions have been agreed that at least there is an element of the unusual.

Another point which should receive attention at this time is the fact that many quacks fake this phenomenon for reasons of gain and use it in telling fortunes. It generally impresses the victim with awe,

and he leaves feeling he has been favored by witnessing some strange, weird marvel. It is hardly necessary to state that this book deals with wholly unfaked records which scientifically have been checked, studied and analyzed.

My own opinion up to five years ago was that any appearance of automatic writing or its allied phenomena (such as automatic speech, automatic drawing, "crystal gazing", the ouija board, somnambulism, etc.) indicated a disordered mental state requiring careful attention. Since the experiments which I began in 1922 and have continued ever since I have realized my mistake in thinking that only so-called abnormal subjects could develop this activity. Many of the one hundred and fifty cases I have studied have been considered "normal" by their friends and by those of my associates in psychiatry who have seen them. As the term "normal" means less than nothing in this day and age (in fact it is the one quality about which may be said with dispassionate fervor, "there ain't no sech animal"), I shall refrain from using it from now on as much as possible.

Automatic Writing in the simplest form may be defined as script which the writer produces *involuntarily* and in some instances without being aware of the process, although he may be (and generally is) in an alert waking state.

At a conference of a group of psychiatrists some twenty were seated about a table paying close attention to a paper which was being presented. I counted eight, busily automating on scratch pads while they listened. After the meeting adjourned I went around and collected the various contributions (they did not know that these scribbles had any significance) and I found the funniest things. One important person had done pages of daggers and lilies. Another had done pots of four petalled flowers; another a quite charming little landscape, while still another had written irrelevant and to say the least, incoherent phrases.

Now just what makes people do things like that? Do they just "do them" or is there some reason for it all? In order to get a clear idea of this process it will be advisable to describe some of the factors involved in producing such phenomena, for without a comprehension of these, no real understanding of what actually occurs in Automatic Writing can be had.

The most common example of Automatic Writing is the scribbling people do when they are telephoning. Sometimes they write numbers

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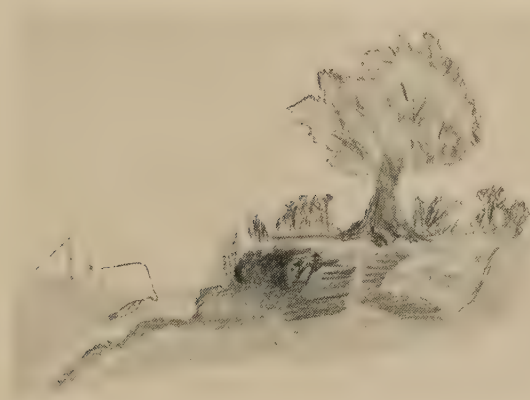


Fig. 1

Example of the things drawn automatically at the meeting.





while they are talking; others write words or funny little phrases, while others again draw pictures, designs, scrolls and arabesques. I have seen many people look with comical dismay at their telephonically induced automatisms and remark: "Now what on earth ever made me do such a thing? I wasn't talking or even thinking about anything like that as far as I am aware."

I know a man who draws curious little gargoye-like figures whenever he is talking and there happens to be a pad and pencil about. It has become a habit with him.

Any number of people I have met perform these simple automatisms with a pencil, and yet if you should ask them if they thought they could do automatic writing they would insist that indeed they just knew they couldn't—why they'd never even tried it, and yet—and yet there they were doing the nicest kind of little automatisms.

### SUMMARY.

1. *Automatic writing in its simplest form is script which the writer produces involuntarily.*
2. *The most frequent and best known examples of automatic pencilling are found on the telephone writing pad.*
3. *In order to understand the process of automatic writing it is necessary to understand the factors which are significant in the production of personality.*

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## CHAPTER II.

Most people attempt to explain the things that others do without knowing in the first place the ordinary reactions of human nature and in the second place without considering the submerged and secret mental processes of the persons they are discussing, or perhaps criticising; – or of themselves.

We are never what we appear to be to others, and though we may recognize many of our shortcomings, we rarely know ourselves thoroughly. Even those who have been psycho-analyzed and are fairly well acquainted with their own thought processes, their conflicts and their limitations, are constantly being tripped up in their estimates of themselves and in their interpretations of their own actions.

This is true because we are such complicated creatures. If we were just what we seemed to be at any particular moment, it would be simple, but we are an amazing conglomerate of heredity and environment; of emotional traits and intellectual training; of natural criminal trends and ethical ideals. Then too we are creatures whose various systems are constantly reacting on one another. Our physiological system reacts to the influence of the emotions and if the predominating emotion is a destructive one and is prolonged, a *real* change takes place in the physical being. For instance, a “chronic worrier” or a person with an anxiety condition generally develops a stomach or intestinal complaint, while a person with a marked continued fear reaction will frequently develop a goitre (toxic thyroid) with a greatly increased metabolic rate. This is not just a mere theory but is an experimentally proved scientific fact. On the other hand – any lack of equilibrium in the biochemical system (the inter-relationship between body cells, tissues, fluids, gases, and the salts or inorganic constituents of the body) is apt to be accompanied by personality changes. Too great deficiency in body iron or calcium has accompanying mental reactions, while in the physiological realm a disturbance of the glands of internal secretion (the endocrines) has a corresponding expression in the emotions.

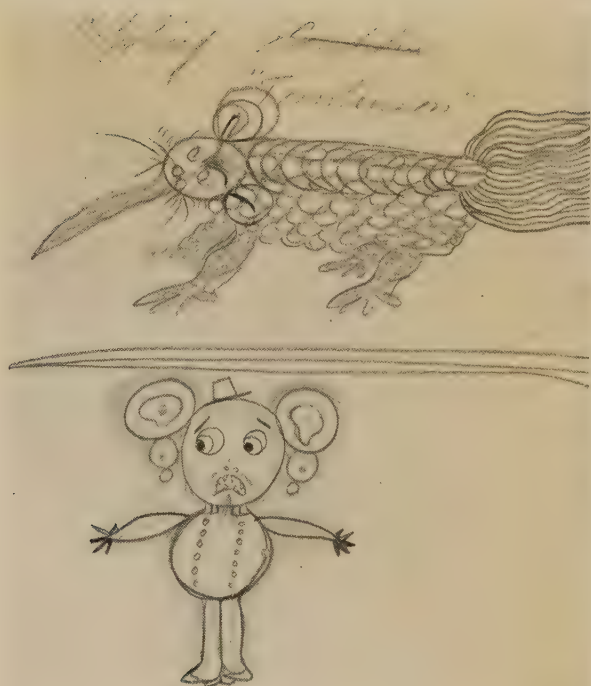
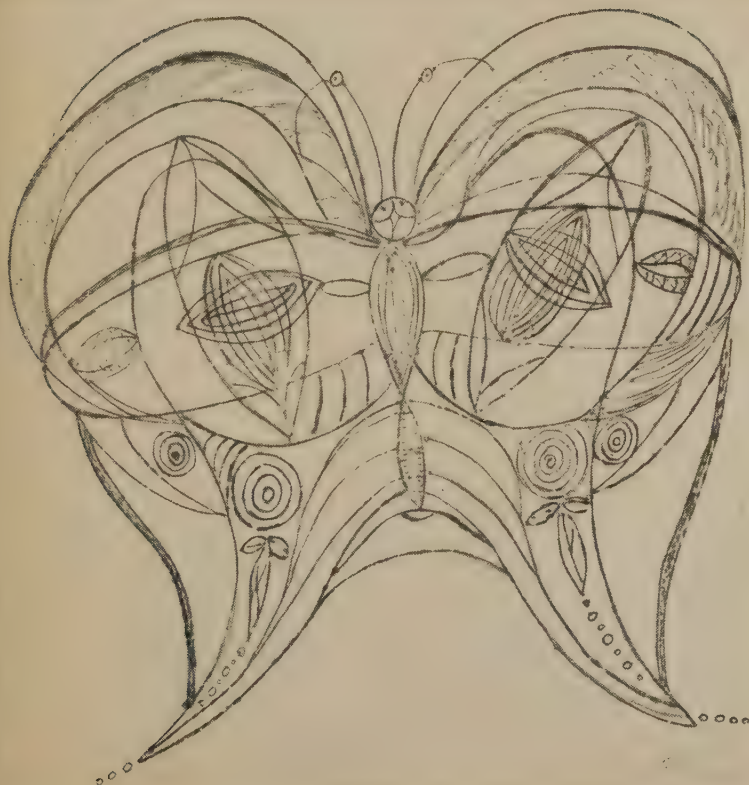


Fig. 2  
Examples of telephone pad inscriptions.



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Fig. 3  
Blotting pad automating  
"scribbles". The pad was  
two feet square and every  
bit of it was covered with  
designs of one kind and  
another.





The various body phases are intricately related through the activity of the Vegetative Nervous System. This system of nerves (in contradistinction to the central nervous system which deals with voluntary processes) looks after the involuntary processes of life, such as digestion, the dilation or constriction of blood vessels, the size of the pupil, etc.

Add to all that has been said the fact that everything we sense (hear, see, feel, taste, touch), whether we are aware of it or not, is recorded and *can be recalled* under proper conditions, perhaps a fair idea of just *how* complicated we really are can be obtained.

*"Whether we are aware of it or not"*—now just what is meant by that? Suppose you try the following experiment. Keep your eyes focused on one point. You are *aware* that you are looking at this point and it is said to come under your focus of attention. But now, with your eyes still *fixed* on the selected point (do not move them), begin to count the number of objects you can see beside the point you are observing particularly. Does it surprise you? I am trying the experiment as I write and, as always, it is interesting. My eyes are fixed on the page on which I am concentrating, and what else beside my pencil, hand and writing block do I see?—The desk, the desk lamp, an open book, a closed one, a handkerchief, a pen, an ink bottle, a window, a chair, a table, a waste paper basket, a radiator, the floor, the walls, a rug, and curtains—some sixteen objects to which I am paying no particular attention and which at another time I might not realize I had seen. These sixteen things are all recorded, as well as the thing I am actually doing. Please keep this in mind as it is important. *Many more things are recorded by us than we have any idea of ever having been aware of*—things read but not understood (for instance seeing a foreign language flashed on a screen, or Hebrew, Chinese or Egyptian symbols which are utterly unfamiliar); things heard but rejected (especially the case of hearing obscenities and vulgar phrases) or things sensed in any way but *apparently* not noticed.

When you stop to think how, even in the drabest of existences, *countless* numbers of impressions must be made, and that all of these can be recalled, it is no wonder that almost anything might come out of anybody.

I have spoken of attention and awareness being two of the chief factors which help to focus our interest on one thing to the extent that other things to which we are not paying any particular attention

appear to be excluded. These other things, however, manage to get themselves recorded without apparently letting us know anything about it. They generally land in what we are pleased to term (because we do not know any better) our personal unconscious, which is nothing more nor less than our mental storage room which, like any storage room, *may* be well ordered and nicely organized, but which more often is untidy—just a littered dump heap. As I have said, and shall keep on repeating—anything that goes in can come out again; either intact as it was recorded; or associated with other records making completely different combinations of ideas and thoughts. As a rule these are recognized by the individual as belonging to himself, and then they are referred to as thoughts or imaginations; but frequently they seem to be so at variance with his ethical ideas and aspirations that the ideas and phantasies are blamed onto external influences with either thought transference or the poor “spirits” bearing the brunt of the accusation. The refusal to accept the responsibility of harboring these unwelcome traits and the failure to find a constructive solution *for* them brings us into the realm of pathological maladjustment.

The unconscious besides being the warehouse for recorded actual impressions is also the storage place for all kinds of traits which help to make up and influence the personality. Of course, there are the unknown motives of the unconscious which, because of our inability in the present state of acquired scientific knowledge, to understand, we pass glibly by. Then there is the vast psychic energy of which we use perhaps only an infinitesimal fraction. There is also that which we speak of as the bisexual predisposition of every person. Every human being is undifferentiated as to sex the first five weeks of prenatal existence. At birth physically one set of characteristics is sufficiently developed to let us say whether the child is male or female. What becomes of the other set of characteristics which were *potentially present* before differentiation occurred? They recede but the rudiments of the other sex remain. While the child at birth is differentiated physically, psychologically he is not, and even in maturity, a remnant is left of the characteristics belonging to the other sex. Thus both physically and psychically bi-sexual *tendencies* are present. Let me differentiate right here between tendencies or trends, and traits. By tendency or trend I mean a *potential urge* (conscious or unconscious) toward a thing. By *trait* on the other hand I mean an established characteristic, or to put it differently—

a tendency or trend which has developed into an acquired habit. Just consider the possibilities of this in producing weird expressions from the unconscious.

Again, let us consider that during the nine months of intra-maternal existence, the human creature goes through all the stages of development known for the various forms of zoological specimens from the one-celled stage up to the complicated mammal. This may be responsible for a pan-animate or pan-zoologic residue which is the source of much that is difficult to understand in human beings. Suffice it to say that anyone who is very familiar with the ameba and with the nervous disturbance classed as hysteria cannot fail to comprehend that the protoplasmically expressed sensations of the occupation of space (namely sensations of flattening, expanding, shrinking, pseudopodic projections, etc.) which appear frequently in this disorder are but a regression of the most marked type going back to the very earliest forms of animate existence.

So far then, we see that the unconscious is full of possibilities of constructive flavor. But when we further consider that we are all supposed to have the criminal instinct deeply rooted and slumbering within us – ah, then we have possibilities of a different nature.

The parts of our mental make-up so far discussed have a two-fold type of action – the unconscious can influence our daily life, and the things we daily do or think can influence and modify the individual's personal unconscious. But there is another factor which cannot be overlooked and that is the one which concerns itself with that which we can term (for want of something accurate) the genetic or original unconscious. This is the vaguest part of our mental make-up which contains impressions of the elements of the strifes, struggles, successes and failures of development from the beginning of time, but which does not contain any coherent thoughts, images or memories. Undoubtedly this part of our mental life can influence the other part, but here we are not dealing with a reversible reaction as we are with the other phases. The genetic unconscious can influence the other states but cannot be changed by them.

Let us try to visualize the mental field in zones. (See diagram.) Of course our mental life is not nicely divided up like the schematic representation at all, but in spite of that or perhaps more nearly *because* of it, the schematic presentation of such an elusive abstraction often helps. Let us consider Zone I as made up of consciousness (which is our reaction at any given moment toward the composite

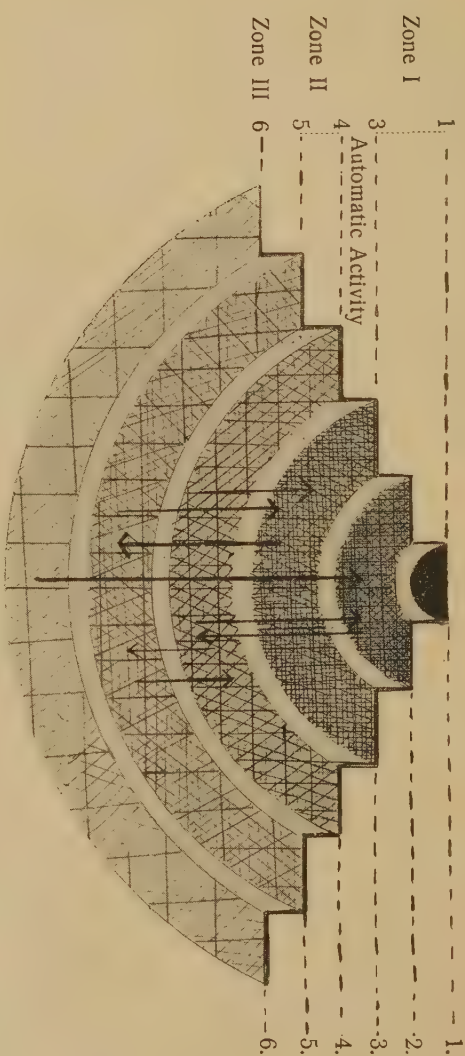


Fig. 4

- |                         |                                                                |
|-------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. Focus of Attention   | 4. Personal Unconscious (Active) (Field of Automatic Activity) |
| 2. Conscious            | 5. Personal Unconscious (Dormant)                              |
| 3. Apparent Unawareness | 6. Genetic Unconscious                                         |

## SCHEMATIC REPRESENTATION OF THE MENTAL STATES.

1. The states are arranged in the degree of intensity they possess in relation to the conscious state.
2. Each state beyond the conscious state has a greater radius, increased range and diminished intensity.
3. Zone II is the seat of automatic activity (Personal Unconscious, Active).
4. Zone II, 4—Personal Unconscious, Active, may be systematized or unsystematized.
5. Zones I and II may act on each other reciprocally—there is a two-way traffic.
6. Zone III influences the zones of greater intensity, but is not influenced by them—there is a one-way traffic only.



picture of our mental processes of which we are aware) plus the spotlight of consciousness which we term "attention". To Zone II we will allot the range of automatic activity which is distributed throughout the Personal Unconscious. This part of our mental make-up contains all the records and experiences of our lives. It makes no difference whether they were impressed while the subject was in a condition of consciousness, hypnosis, hysterical crisis or in a state of dissociation. This recorded material may or may not be readily accessible. If it is in close relationship to the conscious and there is no reason for it being withheld, it may be recalled with ease. There are however two other elements to take into account aside from the relationship of mere proximity to the conscious and they are (1) *active* exclusion by reason of resistance (implying an unprofitable expenditure of energy), and (2) passive exclusion by reason of inertia. In other words, some ideas and experiences are so painful that they cannot be permitted to return to consciousness and so are inhibited, while other experiences and impressions are of such indifferent nature that they do not return to consciousness simply because they are of no particular interest or significance. The mechanism of inhibition will be explained in another chapter.

Now let us just review what it is that this second zone (the personal unconscious) contains. We find there –

1. All our impressions, no matter how made, from birth;
2. The presence of psychic or creative energy;
3. The unknown motives of the unconscious;
4. Our predisposition to bisexuality;
5. A polymorphous perverse disposition, together with;
6. A deeply rooted universal criminal instinct.

With all the possibilities for destructive, as well as constructive activity which this zone is responsible for, it becomes the danger zone and there should be established danger signals and warnings, traffic rules and repair stations so that the possibility of accidents (asocial behavior, delinquency, criminality and so-called nervous disorders ranging from emotional maladjustment to the true psychoses or insanities) may be counteracted and prevented. Many of these danger signals and warnings have been established through the Mental Hygiene movement, but up to the present time they have not received the wide-spread attention which they merit.

Zone III is the Genetic or Original unconscious and while there is a two-way traffic in Zones I and II there is only a one-way traffic



from Zone III through the other two. In the first two there can be a reciprocal reaction, but the third neither invites nor countenances reciprocity.

I repeat once more that mental processes are not really nicely and neatly arranged as shown on the chart, but they have been so presented merely in the hope of facilitating explanations.

### SUMMARY.

*The basis of prejudice lies in the fact that we do not understand our own or other people's motives because we do not take into consideration the submerged or unknown mental processes of human beings.*

*We are a mixture of heredity and environment; of emotional traits and intellectual training; of selfish trends and acquired ideals.*

*We are an interactionary mechanism; physical, mental and emotional. Whatever influences one system influences the others, though by far the most insidious and at the same time persistent stimuli flow through by way of the mental and emotional states to react on the physical than the other way around.*

*Everything that we experience or sense at any time in our lives whether we are aware of it or not is recorded and under proper conditions can be recalled.*

*In order to understand automatic writing it is necessary to keep the above in mind.*

*The automatic zone belongs to the active personal unconscious which may be systematized or unsystematized.*

### CHAPTER III.

A thoroughly uncomplicated and uninhibited individual (if there could be such a person) *might* go through life without any conflicts, but it is hardly possible. Considering our heritage of primitive trends and the various taboos and don'ts and thou-shalt-nots which society in its development has imposed on us it is in the nature of things that the opposing elements of our conscious life with its rationalizing ideals or ethical standards on the one side and our unconscious with its primitive savagery should ever and anon result in conflict. The difficulty lies not so much *in* the conflict itself, as it does in what becomes of it.

The most powerful urge we have is that toward self-preservation. Anything that tends to act as a barrier in the path of our own continuance of comfort (which makes it easier for us to live) we desire to get rid of. The primitive method of getting rid of anything was to destroy; therefore destructiveness is inherent in all of us – especially the primitive desire to kill which we dare not express openly because of social and moral taboos, except in the hysteria of war and criminal mobism.

Take a young person in need of money – without a desire to work for it. Without money he can not live (or thinks he can not). If the parents are wealthy and miserly then the idea presents itself that if something happened to the parents so that they would die he might come into the money. Of course he does not in so many words say he would like to kill them but in desiring their elimination he is *desiring their death* and the primitive urge to kill stirs; now what happens?

Let us suppose that the boy is a dutiful person who has certain moral and social attitudes and that he suddenly realizes he undutifully has wished the death of his parents. How does he meet the conflict between the primitive self-preservative instinct (disguised as a wish for the where with all to live) and the code of behavior accepted by society?

First of all he may deny the conflict absolutely and push it so far from realization that he does not remember it. This is what we call *repression*. Repression then, is caused by the refusal to accept the implication of the conflict and to *deny* its existence.

In the second place he may accept the conflict and exercise self-control. Self-control implies an awareness of the asocial tendency without coddling it. It is accepted as a part of the general make up, is not denied and does not particularly shock the possessor, for he realizes his heritage and recognizes his own ability to cope with it if he sufficiently desires to do so – in other words, if he desires to *without reservation*. We often desire to do right, or in other words that which is socially approved and accepted as ethical, but if we analyze our desire, we find we desire to do right with definite limitations attached to that desire. If we desired without limitations to do right nothing could prevent us from doing it.

To come back to the boy we were discussing: if he represses his unfilial reaction sufficiently he may develop an overcompensation and later express horror at even the mention of bloodshed or injury – he may develop an oversolicitude for his parents and fairly hound them with attention, or he may translate his buried complex into an expression of hatred and contempt for all older people of wealth.

If on the other hand he interprets the idea mentally and emotionally for what it is worth, he probably will face himself squarely, take stock of his selfishness and decide that even though he wants his parent's money and admits he wants it, it probably will be better for him to work for it, thus exercising self-control.

The difference between repression and self-control is a big one and one that is not recognized often enough. A person may be repressed but lack self-control, while many self-controlled people are quite unrepressed. Repression tends to destructive unconscious reactions, while true self-control minus repression leads to the development of a highly constructive and creative mental organization. To illustrate – a prudish person (man or woman) whose sex trends create a conflict may *repress* these tendencies and deny their existence by assuming an attitude of moralizing condemnation and frequently by becoming a snooping gossip or a scavenger of scandal. Certainly such a person is *not* self-controlled. On the other hand the person who recognizes the potential sex urge – who does not attempt to deny its existence but who consistently diverts the energy from this

source into some satisfactory channel at a higher level has developed self-control to the most comfortable degree and still is not repressed.

Whenever a conflict is repressed and an adverse emotional concomitant (such as fear, hatred, shame, ridicule) surrounds it, we have a sort of emotional abscess forming which may have one of several things happen to it.

Like any physical abscess it grows larger and larger – becomes painful and makes the individual very miserable. If it is not opened up and drained, the poison may be absorbed and cause generalized trouble, or the poison may be walled in and just cause a local disturbance.

If a repressed conflict is walled in, probably only local reactions will result, such as compulsions and obsessions, common examples of which are well known to everybody, as for instance the person who goes to bed and then wonders if he has locked the door and has to get up to be convinced that he really has done so: he goes back to bed and presently the same doubt asserts itself and up he gets to inspect the door again. Then there is the well known phenomenon of the person who must count the steps he goes up or down, the number of telegraph poles he passes, etc.

The compulsions and obsessions are but automatic expressions of the underlying conflicts so disguised that the subject does not recognize their implication. Any chance word, act or image that was in any way associated with the original conflict immediately produces an unconscious irritation which results in the automatically expressed obsessions or compulsions which constitute minor forms of dissociation.

If the conflict is more severe, then different forms of behavior may result – for instance unaccountable temper outbursts, or severe depressions, or curious demands for attention even when they make the subject uncomfortable.

If the repressed conflict is graver, has greater significance and is more painful, then a whole part of the individual's consciousness may be split off so that a profound dissociation may occur, leaving in its wake a secondary personality, a dual alternating personality or with severe fragmentation, a multiple personality.

These are what we may term localized reactions – they make the individual unhappy, often ridiculous, and frequently uncomfortably “temperamental”, but they do not necessarily unfit him for society, although frequently they do.



However if the repression is tremendous, unsolvable and complete, then we may get "absorption" with a generalized reaction in the form of a severe mental breakdown or an actual psychosis (the medical term for the condition legally labelled insanity). The energy which is used up in the repression of the conflict is dammed up until the pressure becomes too great and then there is an explosion – either local or general, but destructive in any case.

There is another type of reaction which the repressed conflict may produce and that is what is referred to as a conversion mechanism. The repressed energy instead of having its outlet in emotional maladjustment may have its outlet in a physical maladjustment and may express itself in any one of the myriad hysterical illnesses known to medicine and to its psychiatric branch especially. Among these are the people who have one operation after another, feeling much better after each for a little while, only to develop all the symptoms of another illness after a short time.

Then there is the real solution of the repressed conflict analogous to the opening and draining of the abscess, which consists of bringing the forgotten material to the surface, *releasing* the emotion and energy tied up in the repression and redirecting that energy into some satisfying socially acceptable activity. This releasing of the conflict plus the redirection of the pent-up energy into constructive channels is what is technically known as sublimation and constitutes a satisfactory adjustment.

Adjustments are not only within the reach of children with a high order of intelligence but also of those of the lower order according to our present standards of measurement. The case of a young colored boy, aged twelve, with a diagnosis of high grade imbecile was of interest in this light. He was sent in to the clinic because he was disrupting the discipline of the "reform school" to which he had been committed. The complaint stated he was unruly, disobedient, easily enraged, untidy, obscene, destructive and cruel; and that he had developed many sex difficulties which involved other boys at the school. When seen he was sullen, defiant and uncooperative. When I asked him what he did at the institution I sensed a deep underlying resentment in his reply which was given smolderingly –

"Ah works."

"What do you do?"

"Ah does the house work."

"What, for instance?"



"Ah sets the table, ah sweeps, ah dusts, ah scrubs, ah cleans and makes the beds."

"You don't seem to like it very well?"

Then he fairly exploded with—"Ah *hates* it!"

When asked if there was anything at all that he did like to do, a faint gleam of interest shone in his eye for an instant and he replied—"Yes'm—ah lahks to dig".

I was nonplussed for a minute, but finally decided to telephone the superintendent—a fine colored man who had the welfare of his charges at heart—and asked him if he had any digging at his place, which brought forth the response that a gang of ditchers were working on the place right then. I asked if he would mind letting the boy work with the gang and he said that *he* did not mind, but he was pretty sure the ditchers would! However he promised to try the boy out at this work.

I heard no more from this case for weeks and weeks until one day when I met the social worker from the institution and I inquired about the institution's "Terror". She laughed and said—"Oh, we haven't had a bit of trouble with him since he started digging. He works all day and when he comes in at night he is happy and so much better we can hardly recognize him. We didn't bring him in again because he improved so much".

Surely not a very high form of adjustment that—and still it was a real adjustment, for in digging, somehow, someway, he derived a sense of satisfaction and successful accomplishment, which the other type of work had not afforded him. Would that we could do as much for all human beings.

So much for the conflict and its career.

Do repressed conflicts act in the same way in all people?—and do the same things cause conflicts in all people?—or even, do the same things always cause conflicts in the same people?

Unfortunately, it is not as simple as all that. Individuals are exactly just that—namely *individuals*! If they were only all cut out according to the same pattern, how easy it would be, but the point is that we have many types and many variations of those types, and each presents its own problem.

In the last chapter I spoke of the average child coming into the world physically differentiated but psychologically undifferentiated and with a background of unlimited possibilities for good and evil. The child also has inherent trends and a predisposition to a certain

psychological type at birth which will develop and expand according to its mental equipment plus its environmental influences. A child is born with a tendency toward introversion or extroversion, or both, and with a tendency toward subjectiveness or objectiveness. And just what do we mean by that? Naturally it does not come within the scope of a book such as this to discuss in detail the implications and ramifications of this vast subject, but as it is one of the most important phases of personality development as well as of education and the ability to adjust socially, an attempt will be made to give at least an elementary explanation.

A simple extrovert is one who acts outward—in other words, he “expands”. He relates himself to the world and goes out to meet it. He acts first and thinks afterward; he frequently has “hunches” and as long as he acts on them without stopping to think them over he is decisive, but let him stop to wonder if he is right and he is assailed with indecision. The “hunch” is just a speedily formed opinion evolved in Zone II before Zone I has time to collect its ideas. It is the same thing that happens when one has a sudden sensation on entering a strange place, or upon hearing something new that one has been in this same place or heard the same thing somewhere before. Zone II gets the impression and responds to it so quickly that by the time Zone I gets it, it seems a memory.

In the public life of America Theodore Roosevelt was the outstanding example of a typical extrovert. As a nation England is extroverted and it accounts for much of her out-going policy of colonization. Extroverts interpret themselves in terms of the world—and the world pretty much be hanged; it doesn’t make much difference to them. They are not particularly sensitive nor bashful and find it easy to make social contacts.

The introvert on the other hand is a person who turns inward; he “contracts”. He relates the world and its occurrences to himself and having made the necessary orientation, acts on it—it is always a round-about indirect kind of reaction. He does not have “hunches” but acts on realizations derived from a carefully thought out procedure. If he acts first and thinks later he more often than not makes a mistake. The adage, “think before you leap”, was meant for the introverts and not the extroverts. The introvert, furthermore, is sensitive, finds it difficult to “put himself across” and is often misunderstood. He is the thinker—the person par excellence for research. He is much more apt to take care of his personal property than the extrovert and he quite

enjoys an argument. He is sensitive, his feelings are easily hurt and he is apt to worry. The introvert is a day dreamer -- is apt to be very conscientious and inclined to be suspicious of the motives of others, while the extrovert is apt to take others for granted even though he frequently may be "stung".

There are not many people who are *all* introvert or *all* extrovert. They are generally mixtures. The quality of subjectiveness may be linked with extroversion, though it is more often associated with introversion, while objectiveness is often associated with introversion, though one generally thinks of an introvert as being subjective. These combinations are again split up so that we have other collections of qualities.

When we further take into consideration that any of the simple or complex types may be either resistive or suggestible, the wide variation of character can perhaps be grasped, and the difficulty not only of understanding people, but of providing suitable education and the *right* emotional outlet for them can perhaps be understood. How nice it would be if we were simple non-complex and "un-complexed" creatures!

### SUMMARY.

*The role of the repressed conflict in producing dissociation is a stellar one.*

*The difference between repression and self-control is the fact that in repression the individual "forgets" and ignores the conflict without conquering it, while in self-control reality is faced, and the energy associated with the undesirable trait is redirected into some socially acceptable activity which gives the individual a sense of accomplishment.*

*Repressed conflicts may produce many types of asocial behavior and uncomfortable adjustments, from minor delinquencies and slight emotional disturbances to severe criminality and the major psychoses.*

*Owing to the fact that there are many different psychological types we may see in the same family two children with the SAME HEREDITY and the SAME ENVIRONMENT acting in opposite ways to the SAME stimulus which in one may produce the most*

*constructive results and in the other may arouse emotions which lead to asocial behavior.*

*Recognizing early in the life of the child the psychological type; learning how to deal with his resistance and suggestibility; devising means of stimulating him to creative effort and adjustment to the whole; and directing his energies into socially acceptable channels which will also give him a sense of success and accomplishment is our one hope for the prevention of delinquency and criminality as well as of emotional and mental disorders of the psychogenic type.*

## CHAPTER IV.

I have mentioned that a repressed conflict can become walled off and that it can lead an independent existence from the rest of the individual's reactions. It may do no more than cause a mild compulsion or obsession, but the more severe grade, if associated with great emotional shock, can in its detachment surround itself with so many combinations of images – both of reality and phantasy – that a whole new system can be built up and a different personality develop, of which the individual in whom the conflict has occurred has no conscious knowledge.

Things that happen to us in our lives are assembled into systems of associated thoughts and any one occurrence may thus be related through associations again to other systems, which will give an entirely different coloring to the original experience. These systems in turn are related to subsystems, each with a possibility of multiple associations, and practically every idea is associated with a complicated and often systematized organization of previous experiences. When we realize that the ideas and images in Zone II may be reproduced intact as experienced; or that they may appear, after having combined with other systems and subsystems, as something utterly foreign (apparently); or that they may be completely and *effectively* placed beyond recognition through elaboration and symbolization it is not remarkable that, if the pressure in Zone II becomes very great and there is a weakening from any cause of the fortifications of Zone I, a leakage will take place often giving rise to some very curious phenomena indeed.

In a person of average mental health there is such a firmly welded structure of the mental states that a certain stability of personality results. If for any reason this structure is weakened there occurs a loosening of the personality which, varying in intensity, finds expression in conditions ranging from simple forgetting, through neurasthenia, hysteria to complete dissociation and even multiple personality of the alternating or secondary type. Repression of un-



bearable or unwelcome ideas which may not be altogether successful at first may later become so well fixed that the usual mental structure may be broken up into independently functioning parts or systems. The formation of secondary personalities involves two factors, namely, dissociation or breaking away of systems of ideas from the conscious, *and* resociation and reassembling of these ideas and systems into independently functioning units.

As a vast combination of resociations of the many systems and subsystems can take place it is apparent that theoretically at least any number of secondary personalities may arise which are characterized by some form of automatic activity. This weakened structure of mental states and automatism constitutes more or less a reversible reaction, for as the synthesis weakens, automatism has a better chance to break through while on the other side unsupervised automatic activity can lead to further dissociation.

Dissociation becomes pathologic when the dissociated material produces:

1. Alternating and secondary personalities over which the individual *as a whole* can not exercise control, thus making him unreliable for himself as well as for society;
2. A mental seething for which no satisfactory outlet is worked out, and which produces reactions causing the individual to be a nuisance to himself or to others;
3. Utterances, graphic or verbal, which are asocial and which when not accepted by the individual as coming from himself, tend to establish destructive mental processes;
4. Behavior which is detrimental to others and to self and which produces harm through multiple personalities or any of the lesser manifestations of dissociated ideas, such as somnambulism, crystal gazing, the ouija board or automatic writing.

There are many definite forms of dissociation which can not be considered pathologic. For instance the "inspiration" of the writer is nothing but a form of automatism *en masse*, which in the majority of cases would be considered neither destructive to self nor others (though I fear some of the material produced by modern inspirational writers both of prose and poetry must be classed as pathologic). Take also the composer who quite suddenly gets a beautiful bit of music "ready made" from apparently nowhere; certainly that is not a pathologic manifestation of dissociation but a really constructive one, though it is the product of a system functioning independently of and not

under control of the whole. This should be termed a *constructive association*. I hasten to add however, not all writing and composing is done thus; many writers and composers have a path blazed straight from the unconscious which is open at all times and the material thus obtained is under the control of the whole. These people work systematically and with conscious anticipation and knowledge of what they are going to do.

The case cited in the first of the book came under the head of pathologic reaction because the result of the dissociation (not the automatic writing in this case) was destructive to the healthy functioning of the subject. When but a small child this subject developed a secondary personality which after leading an unappreciated existence for some time was forced to retire into the unconscious, where for twelve years the submerged secondary personality absorbed so much energy in being kept unrecognized that the subject suffered severely as a result. The automatic writing in this case supplied the necessary outlet and happened to prove most beneficial (see chapter VII).

The fact that a person can not do automatic writing at a first or second attempt does not necessarily mean he never can do it. I recall one friend who had tried over and over again and the pencil simply would not budge for her. Some years later after a series of events which occurred within a few weeks (her marriage, two automobile accidents and an unpleasant experience) I had her try it again and without hesitation her pencil began scrambling all over the page. There had been enough shock to shake the usual mental make-up (though this was not apparent) and the material from Zone II had a chance to get out and get out *it did!* All of her automated material related to emotional conflicts of one kind and another. Unfortunately we did not pursue the experiment long enough to see what sort of phantasy she could exteriorize; it ended with her laughing remark: "Well, if I can automat like this, I am willing to believe that anybody can".

There are various ways of doing automatic writing and people differ in the way they become most proficient. Some people must have complete distraction and stimulation before they can begin to write and must be immersed in some very thrilling story or exciting conversation before conscious resistance is so thoroughly side tracked that the unconscious material can express itself in writing.

Others must have complete silence and quiet and remain seated in a relaxed position before they can begin to automat.

With those who are reading aloud there is no conscious knowledge of what they are writing; often there is even no realization that the hand and arm are moving, though many are aware of this.

In the case of those who "make their minds a blank", some know they are writing while others do not. If, in this relaxed condition, they put themselves into a semi-trance state they are not apt to know that their hands are moving. Furthermore, in this group some know what they are recording at the time the hand is writing a word; some know just before the word is written what it is to be but are not voluntarily directing the flow of ideas, while still others do not know at all what the written material is to be and frequently surprise themselves with the ideas produced.

I had one subject who although a writer of sorts had never produced anything of real lasting beauty. One day she surprised herself by feeling an intense urge to write and, getting her writing material, obtained what was apparently the end of a story. It was very entertaining, beautifully written and contained a power and depth of thought never before exhibited by her. The next day the first part of the story emerged intact and fitted the part she had written the previous day. She was quite well aware of what she was doing, knew her arm was moving, but had no idea of what was coming. I will discuss this case more fully a little later.

The fact that often the subject has no idea what causes him to do the writing is responsible for giving him a reputation as a possessor of mediumistic sensibility and supernatural powers. I have had many such subjects as patients and in every case where a thorough analysis was instituted, it was demonstrated that all the automated material, bizarre and weird though much of it was, came from the subject's own unconscious.

The material produced by the person doing automatic writing is endogenous. The subject matter presented generally comes from the automatic zone, though the fundamental traits found in the unconscious often exhibit themselves in some of the productions, masquerading as individual personalities. Some of these personalities—those of the secondary type—are concomitant with the original or primary personality and are fully aware of all that the primary personality does, feels and thinks, and so they have an enormous advantage over the poor primary who has not the faintest idea what any given secondary personality may be up to, as a rule not even knowing that a secondary exists.

The first case mentioned was just such a case. The secondary personality which had all the whimsical, humorous playful traits of the individual loathed and detested the primary personality, who had few lovable characteristics. The secondary became completely submerged for years and had the misery of knowing that the primary was holding forth unhampered; she knew all her thoughts, aspirations and ambitions and approved of none of them – and yet was powerless to prevent any of them. The primary personality knew nothing of this little secondary one until she was brought out by the analysis and a certain sense of tolerance between the sets of personality traits was established.

These secondary personalities may make records which appear to be exact reproductions of the handwriting of persons who have died and it is this type of individual who is often unsuspectingly exploited by the professional and unscrupulous so-called psychic. It merely happens to be part of the individual's make-up with surprising unsuspected talent for forgery. The disinterested handwriting expert using all scientific methods available can determine correctly whether or not the writings are the records of two individuals or the same one. In this way there is provided a physical means of proving that the writing is not that belonging to another person who supposedly has taken possession of the writer.

The surprising and unexpected variety of material produced by subjects is simply amazing. Latent talents of which the writer is in complete ignorance of possessing may be demonstrated, such as writing poetry or stories; composing music; illustrating and designing; while aptitudes for arithmetic, history and geography may be exhumed where these had remained peacefully interred before. The writer may record lurid criminal stories well worked out in detail, though lacking in his usual personality all traits of criminality and cruelty. Another writer may reveal personalities claiming to be delinquents and prostitutes which would quite horrify the conscious personality. The writer may fluently express ideas in a foreign language which he has forgotten he has ever heard. The subject may display a sudden facility for using the opposite hand or of using both together and may even produce two personalities at once, each making use of a different hand and each representing a different sex. He may write mirrorwise with either or both hands and he may write upside down or spell backwards correctly and speedily when ordinarily he can not do this at all.



Truly, automatic writing, when it is correctly used, can give us a clue to our fundamental personality traits, destructive as well as constructive; to our abilities and talents as well as to our limitations, but I repeat again that where it is used without care and discrimination it can be very dangerous as well as merely disconcerting.

### SUMMARY.

*Automatic writing may indicate destructive or constructive mental activity according to the manner in which it is directed.*

*Automatic writing may be an expression of dissociation as seen in hysteria, dual or multiple personality or precox psychosis, or it may be expression of constructive association as seen in "inspirational writing", or again, it may indicate a reversal of personality.*

*Material produced through automatic writing may be varied and unexpected and antagonistic to the ordinary characteristics of the individual.*

*Automatic writing is frequently exploited by so-called mediums who, relying on the credulity of the public-at-large insist that the messages are coming from departed spirits.*

*All people who have well defined dissociative potentialities of any kind can develop automatic writing with facility, while those who do not can learn to write automatically although the time required to establish the habit takes much longer.*



## CHAPTER V.

During the many cases of Automatic Writing which I have studied I have worked out a system of procedure in developing this activity which has been quite successful.

First of all I always find out if it is apt to be an easy experiment or not and the following points in the subject's history are of importance in determining this fact—1. Has the subject ever talked or walked in his sleep? 2. Has he ever written with his finger on the table or in the air? 3. Has he ever had a feeling of unreality or the feeling that he was just watching himself do things? 4. Can he operate a ouija board? 5. Does he draw pictures or make little symbols of any kind while telephoning? 6. Does he ever say totally unexpected things and seem surprised at having said them?

The affirmative answer to any one of these six questions, or more than one, makes it a simple matter to develop automatic writing. A negative answer does not mean that it cannot be developed.

As to the method of initiating the writing itself, I always try the method of distraction to begin with. I have an upright iron rod clamped to the edge of a table. Near the top of the first rod is clamped a second horizontal rod, at the end of which is a loop. From the loop is suspended a sling made of a simple two-inch bandage. The sling is made just long enough so that when the full weight of the fore-arm is suspended it just clears the table. In the bottom of the sling I place a large handkerchief folded to a size of about 3×6 inches. The sling is converted to any desired length by the simple expedient of fastening the ends with a strong ordinary safety pin, thus making it possible to adjust the distance from the table after the arm is in position. This becomes necessary because some subjects hold the arm lightly in the sling while others press heavily. When everything is in readiness the suspended arm should clear the table by about one inch, thus giving the slightest impulse a chance to produce a movement unhindered.

With the arm in place in the sling, the subject is given a distracting book to read (the type of book, of course, depending on the taste and interest of the subject) and instructed to read aloud. As soon as he is very much engrossed a pencil is slipped into the hand (the usual writing hand is always tried first) and placed in position on the paper. After the pencil is at right angles to the paper with the pencil point touching the paper I wait to see what happens. If marked automatic activity exists there will be movement at once and connected statements may be recorded, but this is rarely the case. Frequently, for several attempts, nothing happens—not even a wiggle of the pencil. Then perhaps a further attempt will cause an uncertain movement of the pencil, producing wavering, feeble lines; then, spirals and circles; little sharp pointed lines and long sweeping ones; scrolls and arabesques—an almost limitless jumble of lines and symbols of various kinds gradually increasing in rhythmic ease and freedom of expression.

As a rule I allow one period of this to get the motor activity well established, then begin by asking simple questions (whispered) which can be answered by yes and no. If the automater continues to make scrolls and waves I raise the subject's hand by the wrist each time the question is asked until an answer is obtained. Once the system of answering a whispered question or of following a whispered suggestion is established the most difficult part of the work is over so far as getting the subject to automat is concerned.

The experimenter should sit to the right and a little back of the subject in order to change the pages when necessary and to be in a position to whisper questions. Whispering in an almost silent manner is easily comprehended by the automatic zone, yet does not interfere with the conscious reading.

If it is wished that the subject not see what he is writing a simple screen made of paper or one made of muslin with a slit for the arm to pass through is satisfactory. This is of value only where the subject gets so interested in the movement of his arm that he interrupts his reading in order to see what he has written. This, of course, interferes with the ease and continuity of the automatic performance. Once the path from the unconscious has been well cleared the sling may be dispensed with and the subject be allowed to write with the hand in the natural writing position.

If the method of distraction does not work and I am still convinced that the subject should be able to develop automatic writing I try another method. I have the subject relax and make his mind as nearly

a "blank" as possible—that is I have him suspend active thinking as much as he can. The sling is used in this case too. As a rule if there is decided indication of the possibility of automatism present and the first method has failed, the second one is almost sure to produce results.

I recall one patient who had tried the method of distraction many times unsuccessfully and who made eleven equally unsuccessful attempts, using the second method, only to succeed upon the twelfth attempt.

Much stress is placed by me upon the suggestion that the experiments be staged always at the same time of the day daily until the habit is established successfully. After that it does not make so much difference whether the same time is used for starting, although it is always better to keep to a certain definite time. My reason for this is that if the same time is used daily and expectancy of possible activity is set up, a motor habit becomes established which is of real importance. I repeat again that after the habit is established it is not necessary, but it is in every case *better* to use the same time in order to develop a rhythmic interval of automatic *writing activity* and of automatic *writing inactivity*.

As to writing materials—a cheap grade of white or cream colored wrapping paper is excellent and a soft pencil is better than a hard one. If the pressure is light and a hard pencil is being used, it may be very difficult to decipher the writing.

It is often hard to decipher the first records any way. Unless one knows about it, many valuable early statements may be lost because of the tendency to form one letter on top of another instead of writing forward. If it is observed that the subject is doing this a slight pressure with one finger on the wrist is often sufficient to guide the writing hand in the proper direction until the correct habit is formed. Early records do not separate words as a rule, neither do they dot the i's nor cross the t's. The experimenter must learn to be exceedingly alert and read the writing as it appears letter for letter; in this way one develops facility in deciphering even the piled-up words. Incidentally it is very good training in learning to read even the worst writing invented!

One other suggestion should be given here and that is with regard to the formation of closed letters. These are very often left open and the ordinary "straight" letters—i, y, u and t—may frequently be looped so that the tangle which appears to be a meaningless group of letters may often be perfectly good words and sentences. I recall

one word written over and over by a patient which seemed senseless because of the spelling. It was "eel" and naturally from the appearance I thought it was trying to say eel; but the hand would write *no*, *no* "eel" and I almost gave up, baffled. One day several other words followed the puzzle-word and from these it became apparent that the first word was *eat*. The *a* had been left open and looped, the *t* had been looped and not crossed.

Some of the greatest difficulties are to be found with the following letters: *a*, which appears as *ee* or *u*; *d* which looks like *el* or *cl*; *g* which turns into *y*; *m* which often seems in or *eee*; *n* and *u* are often confused, while *o* can turn into *v* and vice versa with great ease.

For the person interested in Automatic Writing as a research problem not one of these details is too trivial for consideration.

#### MECHANISM OF AUTOMATIC WRITING.

In order to understand the queer neuro-physiological pranks of automatic writing we have to take into consideration some of the factors involved in the production of ordinary voluntary writing. Wyczolkowska has shown that there are five stages in the evolution of automatic writing by children leading to the normal writing habit. The first appears from two to two-and-a-half years of age, in which the child produces a chaos of straight and concentric lines limited only by the edges of the paper. The second stage comes from two-and-a-half to three, and in this waving lines of long phases but small amplitude are recorded either in horizontal, perpendicular or circular directions. The third is seen in three to five year old children, in which the amplitude of the curves is increased; the fourth period shows zig-zags in unconscious imitation of letters and symbols of the writing of various languages, and in the fifth there appears conscious imitation of writing interspersed with a mixture of the previous symbols. This is of real interest because as everyone knows, the foregoing program is the one often followed by adults who are not facile „automaters" to start with.

It is during the scribble or uncontrolled writing period that the child uses the trial and error method of attaining maximum results with minimum difficulty and so if he attempts to write with his left hand (if he is normally right-handed) he will be apt to try mirror writing, as symmetrical movements of both sides of the body will initiate this particular activity according to the method of least resistance.



Up to five according to Jastrow the child's visual center is undergoing its elementary education. Apparently after that the visual imagery seems more stabilized and it is also at about this time that the child begins to bring this factor into play in its attempts at writing. I have mentioned that the initial attempts at automatic writing are suggestive of the child's early scribble period. Is it so remarkable then that the child's associations to this period should be easily tapped through judicious limitation of the automatic activity to the associations at certain age levels of the subject?

Klages says that control in writing may arise either from mastery of impulse or from excessive inhibition; then if that is so, in involuntary writings we might expect loss of control of impulse or release of inhibition and it appears we are dealing not with one or the other alone but with both.

These two factors could account for bi-manual dissimilar records being produced at the same time if we can accept the idea of a two sided neuro-physiological mechanism being set for writing activity. In order to make this appear plausible we will have to take into consideration some of the ideas concerning handedness.

Gould tells us that in the education of left-handed children in whom with long training and habit the naturally placed dextro-cerebral center is changed to the opposite side, we have a demonstration that "no inherent neurologic or physiologic law governs the location of the cerebral center or its peripheral out-working". It seems to me however that it is quite possible that there are at all times two such oppositely placed centers, one of which is normally completely inhibited. I have several reasons for thinking this. (1) Movements of symmetrically placed parts of the body tend to produce symmetrical movements—that is if one arm moves there is a tendency toward, or an imagined movement of the other arm, generally inhibited. Slight as this imagined movement may be, still it will produce initial muscular movements, even though they are so insignificant as to be unobserved. Naturally they will be recorded in the corresponding opposite half of the brain. If the impulse is initiated by a "motor" image then there will be a reversed record left in the brain in the inhibited side (a motor image demanding mirror writing with the left if the right hand is writing in its usual way); if however it is initiated by a visual image, then there will be recorded the same type as made with the opposite hand. This in itself could explain the frequent interchange of normal and mirror script employed by the left hand in right-handed individuals in auto-



matic productions. (2) Sherrington has shown by experiment that the cerebral seats of the right-eye and left-eye visual images are separate, one for each hemisphere, and that ordinarily the binocular vision we attain is due to a synthesis of a left-eye with a right-eye sensation. (3) Gould says that the people who are definitely "handed" are also definitely "eyed"—that is, the eye corresponding to the most skilled and used hand is the dominant eye and its image is the preferred one in the fusion-pattern which would suggest a slight difference in the recording time of the two halves of the brain. If this is so we have the physical root of dissociative tendencies in the physiological phenomenon and it is not at all amazing that dissociative material can be demonstrated in so many average individuals.

Given various sensory areas, one for a side, all connected with the corresponding motor area through association paths we have the stage set on both sides. Then why do not the two sides act synchronously? We do not know definitely how far back the inhibition of one side in preference over the other in making graphic symbols goes, but one side *generally* is inhibited. Now suppose we release this inhibition. What happens? The current is on, and the apparatus works. But how account for the facility of action in a group of muscles not accustomed to do this work? I have said that motion in like members tends to be symmetrical and that, although one side is inhibited the feeling of the movement is imagined for that side and therefore tends to set up a certain pathway of reaction kept quiescent by inhibition.

Sherrington says, "The most striking thing we know of inhibition is that it is a phenomenon in which an agent such as in other cases excites or increases an action going on, in this case stops or diminishes an action going on. Now the activity of a tissue can be lowered or abolished by production in it of deleterious changes such as exhaustion or in the highest degree, death. But there is no evidence that inhibition of a tissue is ever accompanied by the slightest damage to the tissue; on the contrary it seems to predispose the tissue to a greater functional activity thereafter."

If inhibition predisposes to a greater functional activity, then if the inhibition is removed, and coincidentally there is diminution of the control of impulse, what is to prevent this neuro-muscular apparatus which has an imaginary knowledge of how it feels to write, from practically demonstrating its ability. This would explain writing the same thing with the other hand. But would it explain the writing of dissimilar things with both hands? If we take into consideration the

physical basis for dissociation which I mentioned before, I believe it could; it would simply indicate a more complex type of splitting.

There is another phenomenon exhibited by one of my subjects for which I should like to find the counterpart of the psychological explanation in the physical, and that is the little trick practised by this young woman of writing forward normally on one line, dipping down at the right margin and writing mirror-wise on the next line, again dipping down at the left margin and writing forward, etc., without ever taking her pencil from the page. The explanation may be very complex, or it may be one of simple convenience. As the subject did not see the page on which she was writing it seems that she sensed the correct spacing and found it easier to return writing to the opposite margin without lifting the pencil than it would be to lift the pencil and gauge the correct spacing.

However, there is another possible explanation. Stern indicates that perception of position is an outgrowth of experience through association of determined visual impressions with certain movements of the body and that the child generally produces and interprets with ease given forms in any position because fusion of form and position has not taken place. Janet says reversal of position in the visualization of a situation could account for certain illusions of orientation, and Downey tells of a natural right-handed mirror writer who memorized a printed page and in reciting it orally read from a reversed memory visual image.

The case just mentioned, the one who so dearly loved to write every other line mirror-wise, used mirror imagery as a child in play activities and it is probably this practice of recklessly juggling spatial perception which gave her the ability to reverse images as she automatically wished; and this plus the convenience of not taking her pencil from the paper caused her to adopt the particular mode of writing in which she indulged.

In looking over my numerous records and observing the graphic characteristics I found, by attempting to interpret the script itself according to the tables in Downey's book on graphology and then comparing the results with my psychoanalytic material, that there was a remarkable coincidence of findings in determining the emotional state for the period of the unconscious revealed through the writing. Automatic graphic characteristics can be interpreted in such a way as to obtain valuable clues to unconscious reaction patterns.

Summing up the physical characteristics then, we may suggest (1) that in automatic writing in which the subject does not see the page, the kinesthetic and auditory stimuli (from the record pencil) set up a train of associations which react with the corresponding visual image and writing centers to produce material from the automatic zone; (2) that if the normally unused writing side does produce records it is probably due to the sudden entire release of inhibition in a completely set neuro-physiological mechanism; (3) that alternate mirror and usual script may be due to the ability to reverse images, a characteristic resulting from a period where the child pays no attention to the perception of position or that it may just be an automatic reversal of the control movement of an old habit which functions in a novel way.

The reader may find the following experiments interesting in investigating some of the physical mechanisms of writing—voluntary or involuntary. Get two pieces of fairly heavy clear glass a foot square and place them together. They should be held firmly in a vertical position by a vise or by some one assisting in the experiment. Take two oil pencils of different colors and with one in each hand begin writing the same word forward with both hands on the two outer surfaces of the glass starting from the same spot. (The transparency of the glass makes it possible to do this easily.) If the motions are rhythmic and easy, it will be seen that the lines on the two plates practically co-incide.

Now take the two plates of glass out of the vise and open them out end to end. What has been written with the right hand is ordinary writing while what has been written with the left hand is mirror writing although just the same motions in the same direction were made with both hands. If the other side of the glass plates are examined it will be seen that the writing on the left hand plate appears as ordinary writing while that on the right hand plate appears as mirror writing.

The same thing can be demonstrated in another way. Take in each hand an ordinary pencil and starting from the same point on a piece of paper begin writing making exactly the same motions in opposite directions. Again you will find that what you have written forward with the right hand, you have written mirror-wise with the left. Where the writing motions are identical but in opposite directions when both hands are employed, one hand will produce customary writing while the other will produce mirror writing.

This two-handed activity is interesting not only when applied to writing, but it is of value when used in drawing and designing. I have seen really beautiful designs, rhythmic and symmetrical, obtained by this method.

### SUMMARY.

*Automatic writing develops easily in some and with great difficulty in others.*

*The use by the subject of a sling to support the arm and reading aloud as a distraction are the best methods for initiating graphic automatism.*

*It is better to have a second person present to ask questions and to direct the activity into channels of recall or to limit phantasy production.*

*In automatic writing where the subject does not see the page the kinesthetic and auditory stimuli (from the recording pencil) set up a train of associations which react with the corresponding visual image and writing centers to produce material from the automatic zone.*



## CHAPTER VI.

So far we have discussed the mental background from which graphic automatism arises, the various types of personality in which it can be produced, the physiological mechanism and the technique used in establishing this automatic habit.

It now remains for us to see some of its methods of expression; to note to what uses it can be put; to understand the danger of its undirected application and the value of its directed and supervised use.

The most common method of expression in Automatic Writing and unfortunately the one most often heard of in the past has been the so-called spiritistic message. Many of the people who produce these messages are obviously sincere in the belief that these messages come from some place outside of their own beings. Suffice it to say at this stage that I never have seen a case which I have had time to analyze that ever has turned out to be anything other than material from the subject's automatic zone.

The following case is typical of the so-called mediumistic expressions and a brief study of it may be interesting.

The patient, age 50, was of English birth, refined, well educated, for many years an actress by profession, and very artistic by nature. She married at the age of 24 and had one daughter who she admitted was not wanted. After her husband died she supported herself and child by practical nursing and housekeeping until she was 33, when she went on the stage playing *character* parts thereafter. (This is significant in the light of future "manifestations".)

She was always versatile, high-strung and emotional, with strong views, and exceedingly prudish. In the spring of 1920 she became interested in spiritualism through experimenting at the home of a friend with a ouija board and automatic writing. She received, as she insisted, signed letters from her dead husband. At this time she began to experience queer vibrations in her body, which she likened to an electrical sensation. She was taken to an Eastern psychopathic hospital for observation and from there admitted to a hospital for the insane. On entering she seemed fairly normal, but soon however, she said



she was controlled by the spirit of her dead father, became rigid, assumed an ecstatic expression, and began to speak in a deep unnatural voice. Orientation was good in all fields, and there seemed to be no intellectual impairment.

That same evening the patient suddenly threw herself to the floor and went through numerous gross symbolic movements. She was placed in restraint temporarily, for her own protection, but later that same evening she interfered with other patients, became assaultive and bit a nurse. When seen by the physician she controlled herself with difficulty, then became extremely tearful. When asked if she knew what the tears denoted said, "Yes, self pity", and immediately stopped. She spoke of being thrown to the floor by occult powers which told her everything.

Following this there were no further outbreaks, and while she believed that evil spirits controlled her, she felt that it was her own fault, that she should have allowed them to do so.

After several months she was paroled; was again returned to the hospital; was re-paroled, and finally after a year was discharged with a diagnosis of "Paranoid Condition - Much Improved".

For a year - from July, 1921 to July, 1922, she said her "Mediumistic Powers" were developing. She claimed that although she had had poor health all her life (stomach-trouble, pneumonia, cough, threatened tuberculosis, and menstrual irregularities) since the beginning of the mediumship, the spirits took care of her and she enjoyed excellent health, being, as she claimed, a most remarkable example of metaphysical healing.

About the middle of April, 1922, she decided to go to another city, to give some lectures on "Etheric Writings", and it was at this time she said her great development came and the great spirits entered her organism and became her controls.

After several free lectures, in which she was unsuccessful in her demonstrations, she fell in a trance on one of the crowded streets in the city's business center and was taken to the Emergency Hospital, from there to the observation hospital, after which she was admitted to another hospital for the insane in August, 1922. While there she went into trances and gave messages filled with beautiful phrases and vague sentiments of well wishing. She wrote pages which were headed "A Tablet of My Word", and signed, "Written through the Organism of . . . ." These messages contained praise of the medium, or demands for belief in her powers without proof. They also contained prophecies

whose non-fulfillment was rationalized by the patient in various ways. For example, the city's great monument was to fall before the end of August if the medium was not accepted, but because the warning was received by a few only, and not published broadcast, the monument was allowed to stand.

A hospital note was made to the effect that the patient had a cultured manner and a charming personality, with a belief in her calling which was unshaken by any failure to produce results.

A summary of the patient's condition while at the hospital may be of interest:

*MENTAL* – Behavior natural; manner gracious; emotional reactions intense; intelligence and memory tests well performed; vague delusion of being unjustly treated by her family. *Insight lacking*. Orientation excellent. Ethical questions reacted to normally. Knowledge of current events good.

*PHYSICAL* Patient well developed woman of middle life. Some impairment of percussion note and increased voice-sounds in right upper chest. No rales. Slight enlargement of heart with a presystolic murmur. Some inflammation of tonsils and pharynx.

The "Message" referred to in many of the "Tablets" was the following:—

"We want a League of Nations, not a partial League, but all the Nations. God's plan was sent to earth, and man received it in his brain, but man's intellect can alter these decrees of God and make a tedious time before deliverance comes. The crisis on this earth demands the interference of Almighty God and he demands that every flag shall join the League. Fountains of human blood will flow unless we reach the Government of the United States. In August, when God took the child, we told them if they'd hear the spirit speak and heed, a great catastrophe could be averted, but they mocked, and Smyrna came to tragedy. Smyrna need never have been. God says "one first" must strike when any nation wants to fight, and who will dare to fight them all. The United States must heed for all the world is one. The message is a message of great import, for on high we know, and earth is in great danger."

"Among those present" who spoke through the medium were Axertes, Budha, Zoroaster, Confucius, St. Paul, Moses, The Prophets, David, King Saul, Solomon, Joan of Arc, Queen Elizabeth, Walter Raleigh,

Kitchener, The Czar of Russia, Benjamin Franklin, Geo. Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Louisa M. Alcott, Susan B. Anthony, Enrico Caruso, and Theodore Roosevelt.

She wrote further: –

“Over here we are in a state of ellucent transformation, and we come from zones beyond the ken of man. The mighty ones are yet working in the atmosphere of earth. Above this world we have our homes in spheres of wondrous beauty, and as there are many things unknown to men on earth, description is above comprehension; colors, thoughts and music. I am unable to tell more because the message of the mighty one must be told.”

Her writing was at all times grandiose, and occasionally pompous. She had a very theatrical manner in talking and demanded constant attention.

This woman had a marked bisexual disturbance which, combined with her tendency to portray character parts, gave rise to the number of “spirits” of both sexes which used her as a “Medium”.

She was finally released from the hospital, but she never recognized the unconscious factors at work, and she continued to lead a miserable unadjusted life.

She later attempted to give “seances” at the various universities but was always unsuccessful in her attempted demonstrations. Frequently when she had plenty of men around she would be thrown to the floor by the powers and would have to be assisted to her feet. Once the group of men refused to help her up and she recovered quickly and indignantly got to her feet of her own accord.

The ordinary methods of trying to track down information are of no avail in ferreting out the truth in cases like this. Neither is the psychoanalytic method of much help – at least not to the subject. The analyst soon becomes convinced that the material comes from the subject’s own mental processes and *why* – but the subject is not so easily convinced.

It becomes necessary to get the explanation automatically from the subject. Many have said that they would not have accepted the analyst’s opinion or interpretation in the face of the material produced, but that when they themselves evolved the explanation, unknown to themselves, and it came the same way as the other had come – automatically – they could not refuse very well to believe it.

At this point we should enumerate some of the actual uses of Automatic Writing. It may be used –

1. In obtaining quickly the subject's own explanation of delusions, fears, obsessions, and hallucinations.
2. As a means of bringing phantasy into actual expression.
3. As a means of recalling "forgotten" incidents.
4. To get at early childhood impressions.
5. To reveal conflicts and modify resistances.
6. To explain and elaborate other visual imagery (not hallucinatory) including dream imagery.
7. As a means of probing for hidden talents.
8. To study the time reaction of involuntary processes as compared with the time reactions of voluntary processes.
9. As an adjunct to psychoanalysis, especially in overcoming resistances.
10. As a means of studying the psychoses particularly in Dementia Precox and Manic-Depressive groups.
11. As an associated activity in working out multiple involuntary dissociation.
12. As a means of presenting to the writer a tangible exteriorization of intangible ideas.

The case of "My Dearest", who automatically explained her own pet delusion, is an excellent illustration of point one. (See following chapter.) Another patient who wrote some, to her, most obnoxious statements finished the unacceptable material with – "do not destroy this even if it is horrible. Give it to the doctor and get the explanation for it. It will help." The automatic zone of this subject realized that the written material need not be dangerous if it were properly handled.

Another young subject produced automatically the explanation for an hysterical seizure which was repeated at frequent intervals and which was based on fear. The young girl at once began to trace her own associated ideas from this point and later told me she was delighted to have found the reason for the difficulty and a release from it.

I have seen the automatic zone cheerfully produce explanations for the most varied subjective phenomena and even for visual hallucinations.

Another patient, an older woman of excellent intelligence, had been having a recurrent hallucination every night at midnight. She attributed this to the fact that her ward neighbor was a spiritualist. The patient had been automating for some time, and I finally asked



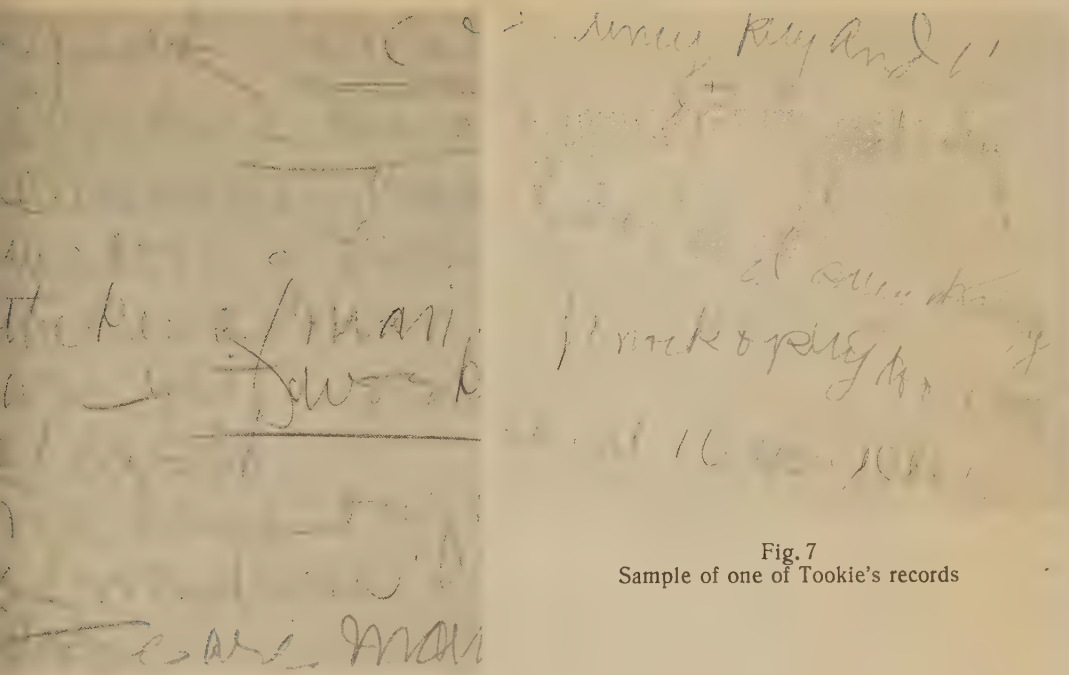
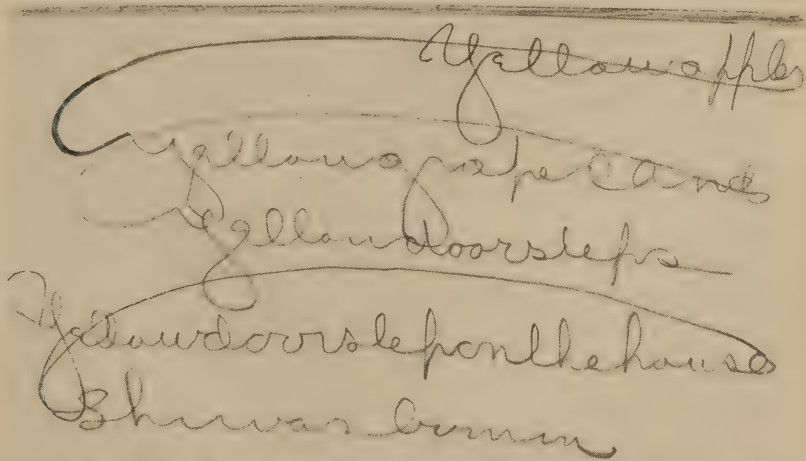


Fig. 7  
Sample of one of Tookie's records

Fig. 5  
Example of the first case of so-called  
mediumistic writing discussed



(The lines of this writing have been reinforced. The word people shows the original pressure.)

Fig. 6  
Sample of My Dearest's writing





one day for an interpretation of the supposed "manifestation", and the unconscious, without hesitancy, explained that it was a symbol projected as a definite response to an unconscious wish; explained the wish and the manner in which it was being fulfilled.

The patient was dumbfounded, but accepted the explanation without question. She added however, – "If you had told me all of that I wouldn't have believed a word of it, but I can't very well refuse to believe this." An earlier case reported elsewhere<sup>1)</sup> interpreted unconscious drawings, but this was the first time that I ever obtained an involuntary explanation of an hallucination.

Automatic Writing is one of the finest methods of working off phantasy that is known. Where it is used systematically to tap the unconscious for phantasy it can be very useful. However, herein also lies one of the great dangers. Not all phantasy is constructive by any means. Much of it is quite destructive and where this latter is permitted undirected release, there frequently is stirred up so much that is morbid and unwholesome and which is so completely unacceptable that the subject can not react properly to it and is apt to become more and more unstable and sometimes psychotic.

In a number of the cases at the Government Psychiatric Hospital in Washington, D. C. the first *noticeable* asocial conduct began after the individual became a slave to the habit of automatic writing – totally unsupervised, of course.

Bottling up phantasy and the energy connected with it without giving it any outlet is one of the most deadly things we do to children. Much that is fine and imaginative is driven back into apparent oblivion simply because it is given no chance to get out naturally. And does it go into real oblivion? – Oh, no. It seethes and bubbles; it remains quiescent long perhaps, but some day when the usual mental structure is not quite so firm as usual, it may break through and cause some surprising conduct, or as in the case of "Tookie", it may become so thoroughly repressed that only with difficulty it is released.

All energy, whether associated with constructive or destructive tendencies *is the same*. It does not make any difference where it comes from – it is what we do with it that counts. My point is that if, as many of us feel, we have equally tremendous potentialities for good

<sup>1)</sup> Mühl, Anita M. The Use of Automatic Writing in Determining Conflicts and Early Childhood Impressions. The Journal of Abnormal Psychology and Social Psychology. Vol. XVIII, No. 1, April-June, 1923.

and evil then it does not make any difference which group *starts* to develop as long as the energy is deflected into socially acceptable and constructive channels. If we will but get the idea that for every tendency toward evil there is an equal and opposite one toward good it may not be so difficult to understand why so much that is ugly, even vile can come from a person whose thoughts in every day life are never anything but wholesome. One of the most delightful people I have met wrote such horrid things that I never allowed her to see them.

This patient was a young adult married woman, thirty years of age, with a history of unhappy childhood, many hardships, autoeroticism lasting into womanhood, and sex difficulties of various kinds. She had attempted suicide but recovered after careful treatment in the hospital. Tremendous conflicts centered about her parents and a boy cousin. She could remember having been sent to a saloon frequently before her fifth year, but could remember nothing consciously of what she had heard there. She did have a vague recollection of seeing a number of men drinking and of one who used to take her on his knee.

The writing of this patient never was shown to her, as it was felt it would be too disturbing, as she was making a comfortable social and economic adjustment at the time. The records contained the most obscene and filthy language which had been impressed during the visits to the saloon.

The material thus obtained was used as a clue to work out many humiliations surrounding the saloon episodes, but I did not let the patient see what she had written. It was most uncomfortable to see a woman of such refined and charming manner expressing herself unconsciously that way. One is never surprised when a psychotic patient exhibits such tendencies, but it is always a little distressing to see a useful member of society producing such horrid material from the unconscious without in the least realizing that he or she harbors such ideas.

Ordinarily, I do not withhold material from subjects, but analyze out even the most unpleasant of the records with them, but there have been two occasions where I have withheld material deliberately because I felt the subjects were in no condition to adjust successfully at the time to the type of automatic expressions which they exteriorized.

I feel it important at this juncture to impress upon any one who wishes to work seriously with automatic writing that from the psychiatric standpoint it is well to remember that no fragment recorded is too insignificant to warrant study. Sometimes apparently only

nonsense syllables are written, but if these are used as stimulus words for free association they often will prove of great value. The following case is a good example of how a tiny clue may prove of real importance.

A young unmarried woman of 24, who was refined, well educated, and who had high ideals, had been physically ill for five years. She showed a marked toxic reaction at the menstrual period, consisting of pre-menstrual irritability, nausea, flatulence, abdominal distension, with rise of temperature the first day (generally to 102–104 degrees) followed by increased coughing and expectoration, and as a rule terminating with a slight pulmonary hemorrhage. I was convinced that the reaction was psychogenic and *not* toxic, as others had determined. With a curious clue obtained through the patient's automatic writing the problem was solved.

It was difficult to start this girl on her career of automating, and after repeated attempts all we got was page after page of *er, er, er, er*. Finally I decided to see if the *er* had any special significance, so I gave her the syllable and asked her to tell me all of the words she could think of with *er* in them. I secured a big collection of words beginning with *er*, ending with *er*, and having *er* anywhere between the beginning and the end. Further association with these words established a series of occurrences and phantasies, the relationship between which the patient had not noticed.

Menstruation, unconsciously had been associated with colds, tuberculosis, pregnancy (nausea, distension, pulmonary hemorrhage which the patient used as a disguise for ideas of abortion), and other subjects distressing to her.

There was also a great unconscious struggle going on over the fact that if she got well and married the man to whom she was engaged, she would become pregnant (her religion precluded the idea of not having children), and this would undoubtedly mean death for her. (*Funeral* was one of the recurrent words.) At every menstrual period this whole unconscious conflict was re-staged with the resultant physical manifestations. Following the exteriorizing of these ideas, the next menstrual period progressed with none of the "toxic" symptoms to complicate it.

In the uses mentioned so far there are several warnings that should be heeded.

The so-called mediumistic messages often prove dangerous because they tend to produce a sense of unreality and a feeling of possession

by "spirits" which the psychiatrist at once recognizes as a very precox-like group of reactions. When allowed to continue they make the individual less and less able to face reality and frequently precipitate a psychosis. The subject begins to lose interest in every day contacts and responsibilities and often becomes delusional and hallucinated. I have seen many a fine business and professional man lose his grip through too intense interest in automatic writing considered from the point of view of spiritistic manifestation.

The other warning just now is in regard to phantasy production in general. Where it is used wisely and with supervision it is invaluable but where it is permitted to run amuck it can do incalculable harm.

Rules for insuring a measure of safety will be given in the following chapter.

### SUMMARY.

*Types of expression most frequently found in automatic writing include—*

- 1. So-called "spirit" messages.*
- 2. Phantasy, either destructive or constructive including fairy stories.*
- 3. Symbolic or actual representation of repressed conflicts.*
- 4. Expression of asocial tendencies.*
- 5. Actual recall.*

*Advantages of doing automatic writing—*

- 1. Releasing conflicts.*
- 2. Obtaining constructive material for use in sublimation.*
- 3. Recalling forgotten incidents not associated with conflicts.*
- 4. Releasing energy for use in actual adjustment.*

*Chief dangers of doing automatic writing unsupervised include —*

- 1. A tendency toward developing a schizophrenic type of reaction — of splitting the personality to the point where it endangers the individual's healthy mental adjustment.*
- 2. An increasing tendency to withdraw from reality.*
- 3. A tendency to become afraid because of an inability to evaluate correctly the material produced.*
- 4. A tendency to neglect other routine tasks for the novelty of the writing experience.*



## CHAPTER VII.

Of the many phantasy products of automatism, fairies are extremely popular. All children (if they are really natural children) love fairies—those little wisps of imagination who do our bidding either by bringing us wealth or position or happiness in any guise or else by wreaking vengeance for us on our enemies and evil-wishers. They have been the most highly amusing, capricious, lovable and entertaining wishfulfillment mechanisms ever invented, and though, as adults, we scorn fairies, they thrive in our unconscious and when they have a chance—out they come!

The unconscious revels in fairies and allots to these diaphanous creatures of unreality the whimsical attributes, charming attitudes and the skill and cleverness of all ages. Many of my subjects have given wing without restraint to enchanting denizens of fairyland in the pages of automatic script. There have been lovely blue fairies, rosy pink ones, exquisite pale green little creatures, filmy mauve ones and just one pert little yellow one. The little yellow fairy called herself—“My Dearest” and to her I allotted the sub-title “The Fairy Who Explained Herself”. I wish it were possible to go into great detail with regard to this case because every bit of the written material was so very sprightly and amusing that any one would love it.

The case first came to my attention through one of my friends who said she had seen some records made by a friend of hers which she felt would interest me and give me some difficulty in explaining. The subject lived hundreds of miles from my home and there seemed only a remote possibility of ever seeing her. However she came unexpectedly to my town some six months later and brought some of her records.

She was the mother of a group of children, the oldest of whom was fourteen. Both she and her husband were intelligent, socially minded people who had been real assets to their community. She told me that her friend had explained my ideas to her and she felt I

was all wrong because she had received communications from her mother who had died when she was a very little girl. She told me further that she was supposed to be a good medium and that she had a “control” who called herself “My Dearest” through whom spirit messages were conveyed. I asked her if she would be willing to try some experiments, assuring her that if I could find no rational explanation I should gladly admit it; and with this understanding, she agreed.

This subject needed no sling. She wrote with the rhythmic ease and swing of a practised “automater”, making a long graceful flourish from the end of a finished line back to the margin of a new one. The writing that came first was the usual “jargon” that comes with lack of supervision and the earliest attempts to establish coherence and accuracy were met by the accustomed flare of rancor and ridicule. However, with patient reiterations of “*why*” – “*why*” – “*why* did you first appear” – “when did you first begin to develop” – the answer came clearly and definitely. The little fairy reluctantly explained herself, and made no few uncomplimentary remarks about me into the bargain.

Please remember that at no time did I ask anything except “*WHY did you develop?*” I did not ask – “did you develop because of” – or anything else suggesting a solution. It is necessary to stress this point because otherwise it might be thought I had suggested the idea to the unconscious, which I did not do.

In response to the question “who is writing” the pencil wrote “this is my dearest”. When repeatedly questioned who “my dearest” was the answer came “my dearest is a yellow fairy”. I chuckled at this, whereupon My Dearest wrote – “You are making fun of me. My spirit does not care to come as you make fun of me.” I assured her that my sense of humor had been tickled, to which she responded – “My sense of humor does not do any good. You are getting mean to me.” Whereupon she sulked and refused to write more at that sitting. The next time she wrote more about My Dearest. “My dearest is a yellow fairy. She is made of golden rays of sunshine. Wings are made of dewdrop sheen – Rainbow-dew-drop-sheen. My crown is made of golden light from the sunshine and my hair is golden streamers.”

My Dearest surprised me with a brand new trick in fairy specialties. Personally, I always have thought self-respecting fairies had – at least I’m sure the fairies of *my* childhood imagination had – beautifully poised, shimmering, butterflylike wings that were part of them. But, oh no, – no, indeed – not at all – fairy wings according to My Dearest

lead independent existences -did *you* know that? I did *not*. Just listen to what My Dearest had to say about them.

"Wings are round. Wings are round because daisies are round."  
(My Dearest was a yellow Daisy fairy.)

"Do the fairy wings make the daisies round", I asked.

"Wings do not make the daisies round. The daisies are round because the sun is round and the daisies are the children of the sun."

I remarked that I had never seen any wings like *that* and the explanation was forthcoming at once—

"You are not able to see fairies because you do not believe me when I, my dearest, tell you about wings. You can not get any more about wings now."

The next time we returned to the subject of wings I expressed my surprise that wings were round and not shaped like butterfly wings, which brought the retort—

"Yes, butterfly wings are all you know about."

When it was suggested that the wings must get pretty well worn with such a lot of use she calmly stated—"change the whole wings, yes".

The next bit of information was quite new to me.

"Yes, wings can get changed when they want to."

"But can the wings go away by themselves?" I wanted to know.

"Yes, my wings are able to go away by themselves, and so my dearest has to get new ones."

"Where do your wings go when they get tired of you?"

"On to another daisy."

In response to the question—"Are you the only kind of fairy who can get new wings?" I received the following answer—

"No, all fairies are able to get new wings."

"How does that happen?"

"You are able to change your dresses."

At another experiment she was asked what yellow meant and replied—

"Yellow means golden thoughts. Golden does mean a lot about sunshine and about God."

"What golden and yellow things does My Dearest like?"

This brought a flood of responses, containing poetic as well as grossly materialistic references. Among the yellow things enumerated on one page were -yellow corn-bread, yellow dresses, yellow door steps, "Yellow door steps are on my house on earth", yellow silk,

yellow people, yellow apples, yellow grapes, yellow paper, yellow pencil, yellow door steps.

The reiteration of the yellow door step aroused my interest and I asked her to tell us more of the yellow door step.

She wrote—"Yellow door step on the house she was born in".

I interrupted to ask the subject if there had been yellow door steps when she was little, but she could not recall any such color.

My Dearest broke in with – "Yes, you do not remember but they were there."

"Were they changed, and when?" –

"Yes, they were changed after your mother died."

"When did my dearest appear?"

"My dearest did not appear then."

"You mean my dearest did not form?"

"Yes, my dearest did form but Lillie did not know about her."

"When did my dearest form?"

"My dearest formed when Lillie was very little."

"Why did my dearest form?"

"My dearest formed because Lillie was lonesome because her mother died."

"Who did Lillie think my dearest was?"

"Lillie thought my dearest was her Mother."

"Did Lillie pray to her mother to comfort her?"

"Yes, Lillie prayed to her mother and my dearest answered for her mother who could not talk as she was not on the earth."

"Are you sure that her appearance then, coincided with the birth of little Lillie's wish to have her mother back?"

"Yes."

The subject was tremendously interested in this and remarked that she was afraid she couldn't very well deny the phenomenon as a pure wishfulfilling mechanism and that she supposed she would have no more "messages" from her mother, to which My Dearest quickly responded "Yes, my dearest does not now need to talk for Lillie's mother, but my dearest likes to come over and talk on the paper". Such a naive plea was irresistible, so My Dearest was encouraged to express herself. I had been scribbling little pictures and she wrote—"Do you do any more pictures?" I asked if she would like some more pictures and she assured me that My Dearest liked pictures.



While she was still in the fairy mood I asked her if she had other fairy friends, and what they were like as far as colors, activities and characteristics were concerned.

"Have you fairy friends?"

"Yes, my other fairy friends are all about me. There are moon-beam fairies, and flower fairies and fairies of the wind and rain."

"Are they different colors?"

"Yes, all colors."

"Have you any blue fairies?"

"A blue fairy does come. She does come with the dawn, and she does not like the rain fairies because they throw the rain on her."

"Tell me about the rain fairies."

"Rain fairies are not nice always—they do a lot of good but they do not always act nice because they run all about and throw water on the other fairies."

"What do they look like?"

"Make themselves look like wet drops of water."

"Are you sure they are wet drops?"

"Yes, very wet, very, very wet."

"Are there any pink fairies?"

"Yes, the pink fairies come on the wind at sunset—they get the wind to carry them about."

"What other color fairies?"

"Mauve fairies do not come on the wind and they stay on the heliotrope flowers."

"Where do the fairies stay?"

"More fairies stay on the flowers—they do not go about because flowers are sad when they are not there."

When questioned as to her accomplishments My Dearest admitted she could do several things—sing, draw, and above all she insisted she liked to do house work, to do dishes and to scrub. The subject *did not* and she was much amused at this submerged domesticated self.

She had talked a great deal about her plane and when I asked her what the advantage of her plane was she replied—"She does not have to worry about money on my plane. She can get all the party dresses she wants. Yes, she can go on trips and she can talk on a better desk." (This was a nice "slam" as she was writing on the study room table.) "My plane does not make her sad—she does not have to do any house work on my plane."



The subject recognized the attempted flight from reality and appreciated it humorously.

Before letting My Dearest off entirely I induced her to tell about the yellow door step and she described it in detail and we were afterwards able to verify that the door steps had been yellow when the subject was three. It must have made a great appeal to the little girl. My Dearest said –

“The door step was built in a garden and dearest came to the door step and dearest did not like the garden to die, so dearest smiled on the garden and the yellow daisies grew, and on the door step also grew a bush of yellow roses and chrysanthemums also grew near by.”

By the time we had finished the experiments, the subject herself was satisfied that “my dearest” had been just a wishfulfillment for a lonely little girl who wanted her mother so badly that out of the unconscious came the solace that was so greatly needed.

“You know”, she said, “I hate to banish her after all this time. After all, she has been very dear to me.”

I assured her I felt My Dearest should not only be retained, but cultivated and allowed to produce stories for the subject’s children. This suggestion was acted on, and about a year later I had a letter saying My Dearest never failed when a story was needed and that often she interpolated derogatory remarks about me for having unmasked her.

Another charming little fairy was the product of a subject whose fairies were chiefly blue ones and the one about whom most of the writing centered was called Celeste. This is one of the stories –

Dear little fairy blue  
Is going to tell a tale to you.  
Here is the story and I’m sure it’s  
Celeste is making her debut – [true  
Her room is full of gnomes and kings  
And all around are cakes and things  
A party gay is an affair  
For crystals dancing in the hair  
And oh, how many ladies fair, [stare  
Have come to dance and stare and  
Celeste you know is also there  
And she comes tripping down the  
Into a room all gold and blue [stair

And stars around and moonbeams  
Light the ballroom with a hue [too  
That would delight the soul of you.  
The party gay continues through  
A day and nite  
And then it grew so dark  
Celeste just knew that many  
naughty elves had climbed far  
up into the sky  
And then from there way up on high  
They opened up a box of black,  
(My word it was an awful stack)  
And lost the daylight, beams and all

|                                       |                                     |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| The ladies cried – where is my shawl  | And hidden everything that's bright |
| It is so cold, what can it be         | And who it is that made this        |
| It took away those lovely beams       | Night so black                      |
| Our stars are gone, Oh dear, it seems | Let's go and find out –             |
| That we may be condemned to live      | Elves don't you slack               |
| On those old greens without the       | Look high, look low                 |
| And mist of dawn. [dew                | Well I'll be back at dawn           |
| If some one doesn't see whose gone    | Everyone be gone.                   |

Numbers play an important part in fairy-lore. The second story which follows called itself the "Five Little Fears" and will be referred to again in "The Case of Strange Coincidences". The next little story – "Don'tless Land For Boys" depicts a real boy's paradise. It is written in part in a curious rhythm which falls into three lines, but where it begins to depict the little boys' gastronomic wishfulfillments the rhythm departs and is upset for the rest of the story.

### "Don'tless Land (For Boys)"

|                                      |                               |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| They went to the brook               | While the second one poked    |
| Those two little boys                | All about in the hole         |
| And fun was in their eyes.           | And suddenly touched a rock.  |
| They wanted to find                  | The rock was brown            |
| Where the big green toad             | With big green spots          |
| Had buried his last year's legs.     | And had a mystic sign         |
| Some one had told them               | It looked just like           |
| That if they were found              | A question mark               |
| And were covered with lumps,         | But it was upside down.       |
| That with these lumps they           | They gazed until they saw     |
| Could open the cave                  | The sign grow big and they    |
| That led to fairy land.              | In turn were getting small.   |
| They dug and they searched           | But all at once they          |
| They wet their shoes too –           | Saw the question mark         |
| (This was in early May).             | Just turn into a door.        |
| "Ah ha, look it here                 | We found                      |
| See that green slimy ooze            | The legs they cried           |
| I'll bet there are two of 'em here." | And pushed it open wide.      |
| He scooped the water                 | If you                        |
| All away and built                   | Could only see                |
| A dam to keep it out                 | The sight that met their eyes |

It was a fairy land  
But not like yours and mine  
They saw it was  
A great big place  
With rivers wide and frozen lakes  
And mountains made of glass  
The birds had candy  
Eyes with wings of lead  
And they didn't fly at all,  
The beasts were clothed  
In coats and pants,  
The fishes walked on land,  
The snakes swam in the sky,  
The elephants had bells for toes  
And carried ice cream in their  
The trees were covered [trunks.  
With hammers and saws  
With nails for fallen leaves.  
The horses walked  
On two hind legs  
And lived on the mountain tops,  
But since the mountains were  
made of glass  
They had to call the carriages out  
To haul them down again.  
There were no jobs to do, [accord  
The wood walked in of its own  
The grass cut itself and was tidy and  
The paper just talked [neat.  
And told you the news,  
There were no babies to mind.  
The dog didn't eat,  
The cat never called,  
There were no doors to close.  
There was no dirt

To get behind the ears  
And Saturday night never came.  
You ate what you wanted  
Pie, ice cream and cake,  
Peanuts and popcorn,  
Hot dogs and beans,  
Apples and melons,  
What ever you pleased.  
You swam in the river  
You didn't wear clothes.  
All the colds and the sunburns,  
The tummy aches and sore toes  
Were locked in a closet  
And never bothered you.  
You jumped  
All over the furniture  
It was made of rubber, you see.  
You made a fire  
You smoked a cigar  
You were as happy as happy could  
These boys thot this [be.  
A Paradise.  
They never went to bed.  
The books were made  
Of Pictures,  
There were no words like school.  
Other boys were there  
So many  
Found this land,  
And all you have to do  
To go  
And join them there  
Is to find a cast off leg  
Of Mr. Green-eyed Toad –  
A hopping toad is best.

## FIVE LITTLE FEARS.

Five little Fears, what can they be with their legs so long and black, their waving arms so thin? They jump and they leap, they want to get out. They even slide down to see if that is the way. But no, they only find they can't get away. So now they are going to be good and make of themselves what they can. "Now we will be merry fellows", say they. So they hop and they dance and march around a tree. They disappear, but come again, marching down from the tree and in that way they make an 2. Saucy and funny are they. They stand all in a row and with a grin they say - "Now look, we have a lot to show to you today". The first, the leader of them, puts out a silvery 2 and hangs it from a chain around his head. The second does the same but brings a 7 to light, then the third a 2 can show, the fourth a 5. Then there is the other one, he doesn't seem to know what he can do. He looks about, he seems so sad, and then he winks his eye and from around his back he pulls a ? mark and hangs it out. Then all of them just laugh and shout and have a merry time. An elf comes out all dressed in green and says "You Boys go back to work".

Beautifully white and red the butterfly comes along. "Do you know", she said, "the Queen is giving a ball. Come all of you and dance with her. Wear your dresses fine." There was a buzzing and a running - all the creatures of the woods came out to talk about the Ball. Poor little white grubby worm! She knew she hadn't time to spin herself a garment fine. "But then", said she, "there will be other Balls". The elves with hammers and saws came trotting along. They were so important, you know, for they were to build the hall where all the fairies danced. They chose the oak - that mighty one - and started in to work. With mosses green they strewed the earth between the roots and packed it all down hard. No, fairies never dance on earth nor velvet moss, they only dance up in the air. But they have feet and there they walk before the dance is on, and when they sit it's very nice to have the softest green of velvet moss. And then in one corner they made a place where the babies could be left when mamas danced. The softest moss they choose for it, for babies are so dear and must have comfort when they come. The largest toadstool of the woods was carried in by elves. It had the prettiest pink all underneath and on the top a great big spot of red. For here



the Queen was to sit. She sometimes hopped right up on top and sometimes sat beneath. A stool was brought for the friend—it wasn't quite so big. One heard the busy voices say that dew was gathered, sparkling dew of the very best. And had you heard the Queen was bringing to this ball her new friend. We don't like him he is so black and yellow. He never sings, he only hums and then it isn't very clear. But soon she'll know the right of him. Just now her eyes are dim. Oh look, there come the lights—they are the fairy lanterns. What lovely ones, so white and sheer! They're all stood up around the place, and think tonight what glow they'll give. With a great big leap in comes that old Grasshopper and he wants to know if he's to bring his fiddle. Nobody knows, nor do they pay the slightest attention to him. He's always in the way.

Now weren't we talking of 5 little Fears. For the past hour they have been working away down in the cave where the silver smiths are. They are making a chain for the Queen. The cushion is to be of pink rose petals gathered with the dew. They are known as the five little fellows. They are kind, they are busy, they always do work for the others. When Mrs. White Mouse was so sick they went and stayed and cleaned her house. They washed the babies all and sent them off to school. And now when they call on old Mrs. Mouse she gives them a specially nice bit of cheese.

They peer about, these elvish boys, they think it would be fine to play a joke on that old fraud, that friend of Queen's. They whisper, laugh and trot about. Then "one" pulls out his shiny silver ♂ and saws with all his might the toadstool of that pompous fright, that Mr. Yellow Black. He saws it till it almost brakes and then he skips and sings "We'll see what we shall see tonight". One takes the others by the hand, the 7 following close to him, then comes 2, then Five.

And now the night has come. The sky is clear, the moon is out, the silver stars are sparkling with a lovely light. This light makes shadows on the ground around the oak's great roots. What is this other light we see? It is the glow-worm company of glowers. They fly about and with their backs they touch the fairy lanterns, and what a glow of brightness comes when all the lights are lit. In fairy land there are some rules that differ from our own. No well bred Queen is ever late, she always comes on time. She is the first to grace the ball, that always is the rule. She comes so lightly through the air



we hardly know that she is there. She's all in white with sparkling mist gathered from many dawns. Her wings are of the sheerest lace, which grew just as they are. Upon her head there is a golden star, but all the rest of her is white, a silver white. She floats right in and sits upon her stool. A sound is heard, a funny sound like crashing leaves or falling flowers. As near it comes one can see it is her friend, that clumsy buzzing one. The Queen gets down and sits upon the green beneath her stool. He comes and sits beneath his own. The first guests come, the forest is alive. There is a thrill of busyness, the insects all are out, the elves and fairies push about. Some come together, some alone. All come and give a little bow. She nods to them, they say no word. Talk of serious things is left for other days. And now they all have come she mounts her stool and gives them welcome. She bids them dance, enjoy the night, and then says – "I have brought to you tonight a friend who's new. Welcome him." Now can you see those faces five peering around the root. Now says the Queen – "Come up my friend and make your bow to them". He lumbers up, he puffs, he pants, and with a flop he lands right on the top, and then, oh my, he tumbles down all in a mess. The stool is on his head, he cries, he moans, he's rather mad. The Queen's attendants rush to him, they pull him out and then they all just shout until the tears run down. For don't you see, he wasn't a friend, he was only a Bumble Bee. The Queen laughs too and says – "Come on, let's have our ball".

Nice moralizing in that! Fears may be puzzles but their energy can be used constructively! – Things are not what they seem – a buzzing bumble bee though he protest at length need not necessarily be a friend. Quite a few preachments in that one.

Tookie's fairy stories were all highly entertaining, as were also her other productions. She animated the rain and wind, the clouds and breezes and made whimsical characters of them.

At the time of this experiment Tookie was a young woman of twenty three who had been an invalid for some time and whose personality was being studied and analyzed.

When she was four years old she lived in a small community where close to her home was something that proved a great attraction to her – an orphan asylum. She frequently wished she were an orphan so she could go to the asylum to live – in fact she would weep bitterly because she so much wanted to be an orphan. Not long after the

appearance of this unique wish came another one which developed into a powerful desire and which in the light of that which happened a little later is quite important – namely, *she wished that she were twins!* (This, of course, is not an unusual wish in children, but rarely does it reach the intensity that it did in this particular child.) This began after her fifth birthday. Up to the age of five she had been quite robust and plump; after five she became rather frail and remained so thereafter. When she was ten she moved back to the state where she was born.

Up to her tenth year, her mother told me Elizabeth was a most difficult child to understand. Sometimes she seemed quiet, rather aloof, somewhat indifferent and very well-mannered; then without warning she would become boisterous, slangy, impish without words, with a genius for fabrication that was absolutely stupefying and which nearly threw “Birdie”, the fat little brown “mammy” into fits of indignation and made her chide the youngster and reprove her for “telling such downright lies”. Tookie would get into all sorts of difficulties and play outlandish pranks, and then when she would be punished she would plead – “But I didn’t do it – I really didn’t do it”. This, of course, annoyed her parents and Birdie all the more as they thought, rather naturally, that the child was lying deliberately.

Frequently she would come dashing into the kitchen to Birdie to recount some enormously exciting adventure she just had had in the garden with fairies and queer creatures, but Birdie always showed disfavor toward these recitals, telling the little enthusiast she was making up just the worst tales. Discouraged on all sides, she began to write her adventures in old blank books and hide them; at times she would find them and after reading them would have a peculiar feeling that they did not belong to her. At last someone else found the stories and had a good laugh over them, and then for some reason the stories stopped and her mother told me that the child subsided and developed into what she was when I saw her – a quiet, aloof, indifferent, ennuied young person. This change occurred at about the time she moved away from the state in which she had been living since she was four.

Before her tenth year – before the above mentioned change – the child had waded through all sorts of books too difficult for one of her age: – “Paradise Lost”, Poe’s Tales, “The Vicar of Wakefield” and many others beyond her comprehension; but she had a mania for reading and her reading was totally unsupervised.

Her schooling began when she was seven and continued until she was fourteen, at which time it was interrupted when she was injured so severely in an automobile accident that she was unconscious for nearly five weeks with only occasional periods of consciousness intervening. Peritonitis complicated the picture and she was sent South to convalesce as soon as she was able to be moved.

In school she got on very well, was popular with boys and girls and enjoyed athletics and amusements. Following the recovery from the automobile accident she was sent East to school, where she started in to cultivate two new ambitions which had appeared in her early adolescence - one to be a great dancer and the other to become the most indifferent creature living. She worked steadily and systematically at both, making rapid progress in each, so that at the time she was obliged to stop school because of illness, she had become an accomplished toe dancer and she had achieved a state of sang-froid quite uncommon in one so young.

At first in the Eastern school she was very homesick, but after she became adjusted to her new environment she was quite contented. The following year she began to grow deaf, so had her adenoid and tonsils removed and before recovery from this she took a very heavy cold which she was a long time throwing off.

During the following year she had several accidents in athletics, hurting each time her right knee (the same side which was injured in the automobile accident). She also began having severe headaches which came on about once a week. A very bad cold and cough developed during this winter but gradually wore off.

During the summer of the next year she was told she had pulmonary tuberculosis and this depressed her very much. At the age of nineteen, after having improved, she went to the Orient but while in China she had a severe pulmonary haemorrhage which alarmed her so that she decided to return to the States, where she remained thereafter.

When I first saw her the attitude of indifference was very marked and she told me that it had been cultivated in part as a mask to hide the many emotional hurts which she had sustained - that she always had felt herself the buffer in any unpleasant situation which arose at home. She told me she always thought that the older son was the mother's favorite, the younger one was her father's favorite and that she herself "wasn't anybody's favorite except 'Birdie's'".

The patient further told me she always had had a “rotten temper”. She had shown marked irritability, negativism and sarcasm since the age of twelve, and was moreover very distractible at times. Added to this she was very sensitive, had compulsions, was very old for her age as a small child, and up to the age of thirteen often had the feeling that she was just watching herself do things—that she really was not doing them herself. Her account of recurring dreams during the years before entering the sanatorium disclosed the fact that there existed unconscious suicidal and regressive trends. However the dreams she had had since entering the sanatorium were very different and rather puzzling—they always had a beginning which went carefully on to an end and they were always in the form of a story of some kind. Analysis of these dreams brought out quite a good deal of conflict material, but they in no way abated. The patient always awoke in the morning with a feeling of complete exhaustion and seemed almost too listless to talk.

One day when the personality study seemed to have reached a stand-still and it became necessary to get at some characteristics that Tookie could not reach by voluntary recall nor through free association, I determined to test her automatic ability in the hope of getting the information I desired. She was in bed so I placed a pad beside her right hand, gave her a newspaper in the left which she held as a screen between her eyes and her right hand, and after she had become interested in reading an article aloud to me, I placed a pencil in her right hand. Without a moment’s hesitation it began to write rapidly in a curious sprawling unformed sort of hand, often in large printed capitals.

From then on the patient was allowed to “automat” every morning for an hour, and in several days the dreams began to disappear, the patient slept quietly all night and awoke in the morning feeling bright and refreshed.

The story as obtained from the writings is chiefly the following.

When the patient, whose name was Elizabeth, was five there developed this secondary twin-personality who called herself Tookie. (The mother called her daughter this afterwards, though she does not recall how the name originated.) Tookie appeared in response to Elizabeth’s great ambition to be a twin, but the sad part of it was that while Tookie knew “Lizbeth”, as she called her, “Lizbeth” had no knowledge of Tookie’s existence and that is where so much of the conflict material in the patient’s life began.



Tookie was an imp—she loved everybody and everything; she adored the flowers, the birds, the sky, the clouds, the breezes—they were all living things to her. Her garden was peopled with fairies and curious creatures galore and she was forever having the most glorious adventures with them. As for the primary personality Tookie wrote “‘Lizbeth’ was horrid and prim”. However Tookie seemed to derive some satisfaction from the fact that “Lizbeth” invariably got punished for her (Tookie’s) misdemeanors, as she would always submerge herself before the chastisement was administered. This was the phenomenon responsible for the conviction which grew in the parents and Birdie that Elizabeth was a very untruthful child, and it was also the cause of the conflict in the patient over being, as she considered, unjustly treated in being punished for something she had not done. It is perhaps well here to reiterate that Tookie knew herself and Lizbeth both and what each thought and did, while Lizbeth knew herself only and was not aware of Tookie’s existence as a personality, though of course she accepted the name simply as a nickname.

Tookie’s life was not all happiness by any means, for she soon found that others did not believe in her beautiful fairies, and her other friends, the flowers,—The South Wind Lady and the Rainbow Lady. She would rush to Birdie with some entrancing new adventure only to be met with, “Laws, chile, yo’ mus’ be crazy in de head.” Undaunted, she took to writing her little stories, but these were laughed at. Nothing but ridicule from these strange older human beings; not a scrap of sympathy nor of understanding! At last, totally discouraged, she decided that if no one would listen to her she might as well go away, so at the age of ten she withdrew into the unconscious and stopped growing.

She remained quiescent for about ten years; then when the patient began to suffer with the effects of toxæmia the little child personality woke up again and began to be very active while the patient slept. She lived over old ideas and elaborated them into new fairy tales, always finishing at least one complete adventure each night. However, after she was allowed to express herself on paper, she seemed to find this activity sufficient and remained quiescent at night.

Tookie’s best friend seemed to have been the South Wind and she frequently held conversations with her and learned about her friends the Twilight Lady who lived in the sunset land and the Rainbow Lady who figured frequently in the stories.

Examples of the South Wind Stories—



## 1.

It was that funny time of day that I never like to play, just before it all gets grey. I was out waiting for the stars to come and I heard someone hum.

"I am near, my dear, I am here, my dear."

"Oh South Wind, you have been gone all the day, will you stay and play?"

"No my pet, I have much to do yet and I think – perhaps we won't have rain if you must make that clover chain. I must go for even now in the sunset land I am dew."

"Oh, you are going over near that beautiful view?"

"Yes, my friend the Twilight Lady is waiting for me there, she is very fair."

"I saw her in the air, she was floating there. She had on the dress I like best of all the rest, it was reddish gold and maybe old for it faded soon you know, like my old gingham one. Tell me, did she miss those tiny fire flies that I keep here with me. You see they were so small, I knew they wouldn't get home until fall so I shall keep them until they are big, say will they get big as a pig? I have them in a bottle bed. Oh there's a glow worm now, oh, there's another – do you think that is his mother, but the South Wind was gone. The South Wind and the Twilight Lady are very good friends you see. It was dark, I heard a dog bark so I flew in like a lark. You see Black Night, Lady Twilight's sister was out and about.

## 2.

As the South Wind was blowing one night she saw a beautiful sight. A thousand or more little lights. It was deep in the forest where she seldom blows, O how they did glow. She came near and saw the fireflies all in a row. Then she heard a tinkle-tinkle tune, perhaps like Birdie croons, it was the cricket band so she wanted to be on hand; she knew there was to be a ball and this was the hall. Soon to the spot came many tiny tots, how they did hop. King Happy O, Queen Smile O, Prince Cheer O and the lovely Princess Joy O and all their court; they danced and danced. There was wine that was fine made of early morning dew and fairy delight to eat when they stopped to rest their feet. Suddenly they heard a sound, they looked all around, it came nearer – "get your raincoat, get your raincoat." It was the rainbird calling that the drops would soon be falling; this they knew. My how they flew. You see they were not rain fairies, so they dare

not tarry. Down came the rainbird, how he did laugh; because it wasn't going to rain at all.

3.

Oh, but the air was sweet with the smell of flowers. You see there had been an April shower. I was out in a rose bower. Nothing could be heard but a little bird. Soon I heard a sound – “whoo-oooo”. I looked around, what could it be, was something after me? But when a soft baby breeze patted my cheek I knew that my friend the South Wind was near – She came, no I mean she blew nearer and whirling about she soon settled herself in the air. I didn't move a hair.

“Good evening, my dear, I am here.”

“Good evening, South Wind, where have you been and what have you seen?”

You know the South Wind goes ever so many places and sees ever so many races.

“Oh, I have been looking this day for a Queen O'May.”

“Oh did you find one, what is she like?” I said in a very small voice, cause the South Wind is sometimes very cross and I didn't know but what so many questions would make her mad and she'd blow away without telling me what she had seen. I hate questions myself. But she went on in that soothing way of hers –

“No, but near the Sunset Lands I met a very dear friend of mine, maybe you saw her, as I believe she was out to-day.”

“Oh yes indeed, you mean the Rainbow Lady, she was here though not very clear. Say, she must be getting awful old, that dress of pink and blue and red and gold looked sort of faded and my, how her back is bent. How old is she any way – Lizbeth wants to know.” – Oh please don't go away, well if you must come again soon, I won't cry.”

This little story shows several of Tookie's characteristics. First her insatiable curiosity, second, her unusual interest in natural phenomena and her powers of observation (note the April shower followed by the faint rainbow leading to the deduction that the Rainbow Lady's garment was old and faded. Also the sequence in the South Wind's hunt for the Queen of May); third, her willingness to put things off on others – (Lizbeth wanted to know, not she!), and fourth, her trick of animating things such as the winds, the flowers, the stars, the rainbow, etc., and almost always endowing them with a feminine personality.

The place where Tookie lived had a large garden and there were many flowers. There was a high wall and between the gate posts were iron chains on which she loved to swing. She would sit on the chain and make up stories about the flowers and wonder what mysterious things might be going on over the wall. The setting of a great many of her stories was the garden and the unknown beyond the garden wall.

### Examples of the Garden Stories –

#### 1.

Such a high wall – I wonder what is on the other side. I must have spoken aloud for a small voice said –

“Come see.”

“Can’t.”

“Yes, count 10 and you’ll find yourself–”

I did and found myself in a garden of pink roses. Out of the heart of a rose popped a tiny creature.

“So glad you came – you’re just in time for tea”, said she (Tea, I hate tea) as she led me to a house quite small, made of mother-of-pearl shining very brightly in the sunshine.

“You had better sit on the floor as the chairs are very small.”

“So am I.”

I did; the floor was pink coral and white mixed, as were the walls. In came 10 tiny people, they danced the rose leaf dance madly. Nice, very nice. At last they floated away and I went home. Sad, very sad.

#### 2.

There is a garden that I know where grow pinks in great variety, pale pink like a baby’s ear, red like a fat old man’s. All day they stay in their beds so that at night they aren’t sleepy heads. The night time is the right time for them to go dancing in the meadows. I would like to see them. “If you are spry, promise not to cry, you can try”, says the South Wind. I DID, I DID. I saw them two by two go down the garden walk. I saw them hurry over the wall, one fall, one lovely thing tried to swing in the chain. How they dance, their little red heads keeping time with ease – their little green feet kicking up the leaves. It is growing light some one said, we must run home to bed. To-day I walked past. Some are wilted, some are fast asleep, all day they are like that.

## 3.

In a garden bed so I was told there grew a rose that was blue. I did not think it was true so one day while at play I ran away and in that garden fair I saw it there, so then I knew it was true. I being very nosy said to this little posey –

“Why aren’t they blue like you?”

“Oh I’m so glad you asked. You see I belong to the royal family and I have blue blood. Those others are a very common crowd.” “And of it we are proud” – they all shouted loud. “I am sure you understand” – and she tried to pat my hand but scratched it instead. It bled. “Oh horrors” she said, “it is red, how I was misled”, she turned her head and I fled.

Not only the flowers and the South Wind but also the clouds and the stars came in for their share of her friendship. The whole great out-of-doors was hers. Toookie always had some fanciful explanation for Birdie whenever she got caught in the rain, and the story of Flakey is one of them.

Examples of the Sky Stories –

## 1.

Flakey was a little cloud, a little white one, but sometimes, BAD like you and me. He lived high, high in the sky, where you go when you die. There he lived forever so long until suddenly he was up and gone. The South Wind said, he simply lost his head and while all lacy and white, tried to show his might. He was playing with the North Wind’s youngest child. She told him of a land far away.

“There shall I go to play” –

“You can’t, you’re too small.”

“Small! no, I am not at all; soon I shall be as big as a ball.”

He blew and BLEW till he grew and grew and suddenly he up and bust. Was his little friend glad – no, of course not, she was sad. She cried and cried, great big drops. I saw her, I did, and that is how I got all wet. Please it is so. Sad, very sad; too bad, too bad.

## 2.

As the man in the moon was drinking his milk one night he saw a funny sight, maybe it was a cat fight. It mused him so he laughed until he shook and spilled his milk. As he was in a hurry to leave and as he usually did as he pleased he left his milk in the sky to dry and floated down to earth to better see the fight and of



course give us more light. Now Twinkle was a star, a bright little star for his age, he was only 100 or so - he came hurrying with all his might across the sky this night.

"Oh", he cried as he spied the spilt milk, "here shall I play in the Milky Way until the break of day", but he didn't cause while he was playing around he was drowned. But it didn't matter much cause there are many more in the sky. However, I did cry.

The number 10 recurred so frequently in her dreams that I felt this needed careful analysis, but although by means of associations, we arrived at some painful conflicts, the number kept right on turning up, and it invariably preceded an event. One day after the "auto-mating" had been going on for about a week I asked Tookie what "ten" meant and she wrote -

"Count ten, always count ten."

Asked who told her to count ten she replied.

"A tiny someone; a fairy said count 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 and you'll get in anywhere."

Asked when she began counting ten said,

"Always, Always count ten. Always."

"Ten" then it appeared was the magic number which enabled one to get in anywhere - through the keyhole - over the garden wall, through the mirror and up the chimney.

And Tookie was not the only one to whom 10 appeared as the magic number. There were many other subjects to whom 10 was the number of completion and of magic attainment. Later on in "The Case of Strange Coincidences" some interesting number symbolism will be encountered; interesting not only from the psychoanalytic point of view of tangible life relationships, but also from the point of view of the intangible relationships of numbers themselves and that which they represent. In the one case we are dealing with organic progressions and regressions; in the other with inorganic, which are mathematical, and precise and which existed long before the former came into existence.

To return to the fairies themselves - they are on the whole an entertaining lot, flights from reality certainly, but as a rule harmless productions of phantasy which have provided amusement for countless thousands of adults and non-adults.

## SUMMARY.

*Phantasy as expressed in fairy stories is rarely harmful and usually entertaining.*

*This type of phantasy includes simple undisguised wishfulfillment as well as symbolically disguised desires and conflicts.*

*As simple wishfulfillment, it belongs more to early childhood or the infantile level while the symbolically expressed stories belong to a later level.*

*Phantasy as expressed in fairy stories may be said to be universal and that in every unconscious there is this particular type of material.*

## CHAPTER VIII.

Many times automatic writers have made the statement that the material they have written has no connection with anything they can remember and that therefore they do not feel they are responsible for it. When these subjects learn to evaluate their projected ideas correctly, however, they not only develop a safeguard as far as the dangers of writing automatically are concerned, but they often learn to see themselves in a different light entirely and to accept the responsibility of their hidden thoughts.

I have said that it is well to have at the start a fixed writing period, which should include beginning at the same time of the day every day and stopping at the expiration of a previously determined length of time. This insures an orderly habit formation.

Working under distraction which keeps the conscious field active rather than under contraction which lulls and diminishes conscious activity is another means of safeguard which does away with the possibility of development of trance states when alone. Under the careful supervision of some other person who is expert in controlling such conditions the development of the trance state is not of such great importance, but it must be remembered that it is a matter of the gravest danger if it is allowed to develop when the subject is alone, for while it is very easy for some people to go into a trance state it is often very difficult for them to get themselves out. The method of distraction is the method of preference at all times for all people wherever it can be developed.

The next check is by means of free association. Perhaps it may be well at this point to distinguish between free association and word association. By word association we mean the single word which is tendered in response to a given stimulus word. For instance to the stimulus word "cat" I reply *dog*; ocean, *blue*; sister, *brother*; lake, *river*; black, *white*. In this example the words cat, ocean, sister, lake and black are the stimulus words, while dog, blue, brother, river and white are the word associations. The associated word may indicate the opposite quality or a similar quality; it may be descriptive; it may be

merely the socially accustomed association; it may be illustrative of not only opposite but antagonistic and resistive qualities.

If the stimulus word is not associated with an emotional conflict of any kind the word given in response will come almost instantaneously. If many seconds or even minutes elapse before a word can be given in association it may be taken for granted that the “blocking” (as the delay is designated) is based on an emotional conflict and generally a repressed one.

The word-association test as a conflict indicator is a valuable adjunct in the study of any emotional problem, but it is through free association that we actually trace out some of the devious routes pursued by us in our thought processes.

For free association one needs relaxation. It *is* possible for a person to do real free association alone, though it is far better to have some one else take down the associated ideas for future reference and study.

In free association we are dealing with undirected associated *IDEAS* and not with merely associated single words. The stimulus may be either a phrase or a word. Let us take the word “cat” again and try free association for it. Thinking of cat, the first thing that comes to mind is the memory of a voice saying – “I wish you would come and see this creature, he simply *won't* stay out of the living room”, and then there comes the picture of a sunlit room and in it an incensed housekeeper pointing to a couch on which a black Persian cat is reclining, his head on a rose silk pillow, his body on a blue one and his tail draped on a golden silk cushion. This picture fades and is replaced by the picture of a mulatto woman, tall and gaunt with flashing black eyes, dressed in a pink dress with a very tight bodice. She has on her lap a large, very sleepy Maltese cat with a collar around his neck with three little bells on it. Somebody whistles and the cat jumps down and runs off.

Since the word-association to cat was given quickly one would not anticipate that any particularly unpleasant memories would be evoked through the free association method and none were obtained. The first memory was of a recent occurrence; the second one went back to a four year old memory. Neither memory, however, was associated with any other feeling than one of amusement.

An example of free association which is illustrative of a very great repressed conflict is the following. A man past fifty had a fear of bridges – he could not remember a time when he had not had a



queer feeling about them. It was a definite sense of discomfort which in times of stress translated itself into a feeling that he *should* jump off – not that he *wanted* to. The idea of *bridge* was taken as a stimulus and ideas were allowed to flow without check. Many bridges were thought of, notable for beauty or for service or interesting as curiosities or as objects of historic value. Then came a lull in the flow of ideas, which was followed by a very painful memory which dealt with his seventh year. He remembered a stream of water in the town in which he grew up where he went to learn to swim. Close to the place where he went into the water there was a bridge. He had difficulty in learning to swim because of his great natural timidity and fear of being hurt. One day while he was on the bank he heard a splash and looking up saw that a small child of five had fallen from the bridge into the stream. His immediate impulse was to go in and attempt a rescue. Then came the idea that if he did he probably could not swim that far. He debated what to do – and finally ran off for some adults who were some distance away to get them to come. By the time they returned the child had drowned.

There ensued a great struggle for this child. For a week he brooded secretly over his failure to risk his life; he felt he had been a failure. Not having anyone in whom he thought he could confide he kept it all to himself and after a week of self-condemnatory ideas he “forgot” the incident, – that is he repressed the whole unhappy occurrence. From that day until the memory was regained through the free association, after a lapse of forty odd years, he had no *conscious* memory of that accident. The feeling that he *had* to jump we discovered was an idea of expiation, on the basis of the “an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth” principle.

A result of a different type was obtained from doing free association with a word used as stimulus which had been written automatically over several pages of large paper. The word was doll. The first associated idea was that of a beloved, homely unhygienic old rag-doll by the name of Betsy. The memories which welled up with regard to her were pleasant. The ideas then changed to memories of numerous paper dolls with beautiful blue, pink, green and yellow crepe paper dresses. Again the associated material was pleasant. Then came associated ideas of Chinese dolls, peasant dolls and then suddenly a beautiful french bisque doll – golden curled, brown eyed, rosy cheeked – dressed in a lovely pink silk dress. For some reason apparent later the memory of this doll produced a frown, also a feeling of not want-

ing the doll to wear pink silk but some other color, and a memory of having dressed her in green. Then appeared a lovely big doll – the size of a two year old child – again with lovely golden curls, brown eyes and rosy cheeks. This doll had been dressed in pink silk and the dress, in fact the entire costume, had been changed to *black and white* (white dress, with black trimmings, black coat with white lace collars and cuffs, black hat, black slippers and white socks). The Betsy doll belonged to the 4–6 year period; the paper dolls about 7; the “geographic” dolls to the 8 year period; the little blonde doll to 9 and the big blonde doll to 10. These dolls had been admired, but with the exception of ugly old Betsy had never been played with. They had been kept in the play room and merely admired. Then after many memories, practically all pleasant, with regard to Mary Jane (the big doll of the ten year period) there came a sudden vivid memory from the third year of a curly haired little girl looking with intensity at a beautiful little doll in a box. It was a little wax doll with short, golden, curly hair, brown eyes, exquisite features – a little boy doll. He was dressed in a black velvet suit with white lace collar and cuffs, a white silk shirt, a black tie, white socks and black slippers. The memory evoked a dual feeling made up of great awe, love and admiration with the opposite combination of hate, envy and jealousy. Then came a sudden and completely unexpected rush of tears with a woe-begone wail – “My mamma didn’t want *Me*.” This was quite extraordinary, because tears were not in the regular routine of life, in fact they were quite scorned, and *consciously* there had never been the feeling of not being wanted. Further associations on this doll produced the explanation for the individual’s favorite colors for clothes; of her choice of profession; of her great desire to excel so that her mother would be proud of her (unconsciously she felt she had to justify her existence as a Girl) in fact of doing well many of the things that boys do. Was there any conscious knowledge of this? No – And there never had been. In fact she prided herself on her femininity.

The conscious explanation for wearing blue was that she had been made to wear pink so much as a child she grew tired of it. She had brown hair and blue eyes and she was told that pink was becoming to her and that *blondes should wear blue*; so when she began to select her own clothes she got as near to “blondness” as she could – she wore *blue*, and she wished and wished that she had *light hair* and *brown eyes* – and when she wanted to be quite beyond reproach and feel extremely correct she wore *black and white*. Consciously she

explained the leaning toward black and white on the basis that it was becoming to her, but unconsciously it was a striving to get as near to the wax model of perfection which she felt was what she should have been as possible.

The memory of that three year old realization was full of poignant sorrow and yet it had been hidden and buried for thirty-nine years with never a conscious realization that it existed. If she had not automated the word “doll” so diligently, and if she had not used the free association method to get at the significance of the repetition, she probably would not know now what was the motivating stimulus of much of her activity, nor why she likes blue and black-and-white so much!

She has learned since that her parents never had expressed (verbally at least) a desire for a boy, and that they were happy to have a child at all, regardless of the sex; still the fact that her mother had this lovely blonde boy doll before she was born must have made her feel that she was not what her mother wanted. The wax doll never belonged to the little girl; it belonged to *them* and she was not allowed to play with it because it was too fragile; she could just look at it. And so all she did was to admire and to envy and to be a good little girl so they would not be too sorry *she* had come.

With the warning again that all automatic writing which does not deal with ordinary memories or easily understood allusions in its stories should be studied by the means of free association, the discussion on phantasy production will continue.

We saw in the last chapter some of the fairy phantasies. Many other phantasies have a definite criminal flare and some of these are more interesting than others. The case which was reported (in 1922<sup>1)</sup> in the *Journal of Abnormal Psychology and Social Psychology* is still one of the most interesting cases I have seen. I shall quote freely from it rather than attempt to rewrite it.

“Case of Violet Z.”

“The family history in this case is of considerable interest. The father’s maternal grandmother who lived to be past a hundred had the ability to do automatic writing. The father himself of Scotch and Dutch ancestry has always been a very unpractical business man and though once in good financial circumstances, met with many reverses.

<sup>1)</sup> Mühl, Anita M. – Automatic Writing as an Indicator of the Fundamental Factors Underlying the Personality – *Journal of Abnormal Psychology and Social Psychology*, July-September, 1922.

His particular interest has been tracing the origin of religions and he has written a book on the subject. He has been so engrossed in his researches that he has paid too little attention to his children. The mother was of Welsh and English descent and was a lovable, sweet, dignified woman whom every one admired. She met her husband at college and they were married during their Senior year. She could do automatic writing and was thought to have the power to be a Spiritualist Medium. She however did not believe this, and told her husband -- who was then interested in spiritualism -- that after she was "in spirit land" she would not communicate with him. She died when Violet Z. was eight years old. Mr. Z. feels that he has talked with his father and many dead friends, but *never* with his wife. Violet Z. has an older sister and brother, both very bright. The brother always has been erratic -- has been an actor and a newspaper man. The sister did very well in school and was bright in college. She was witty, attractive and delightful. Up to her sophomore year Violet's sister was cook, housekeeper, mother, and chaperone all in one, as they had no maid. Toward the end of her second college year she began to suffer with thyroiditis and had to go to a hospital for many months, and the roles of the sisters became reversed.

"Violet Z. herself is now about 26 years old. She was a seven months baby. As stated above her mother died when she was eight and she remembers her mother as a very pretty lady who lived with them -- not so much as a mother, although she was deeply attached to her. Violet Z.'s childhood was normal and she had good health. She dearly loved to play with dolls, but on the other hand she was a bit of a tom-boy too, for she enjoyed romping and playing out of doors and was frequently up to some sort of mischievous pranks. She started going to school at the age of six. In spite of her liveliness at home and among her intimate playmates, among strangers, she was quite shy and timid and made few friends. As a child Joan of Arc and Florence Nightingale were the two characters who most appealed to her. She was never so brilliant in high school as her sister and her shyness increased.

"Her whole college course was shadowed by worrying about her sister who became ill. She had a great many additional responsibilities added to her usual ones and she began to lose her remarkable endurance. Whereas she had always been even tempered, happy and sunny in disposition, she now began to show slight signs of irritability and of being inclined to worry.



"It was during her sophomore year that she met the man whom she eventually married. After her marriage her husband was unable to keep a position for more than a short time, and she had to help with their support by teaching. At present her husband is doing splendidly and they have bought a new home. A baby was born about six months ago and Violet Z. got along fairly well afterwards, though the child had to be taken with instruments.

"She first began to do automatic writing her freshman year in college and started it simply because she knew her mother had written and thought she would try. She was delighted to discover she could do it and soon was entertaining her more intimate friends with her performances. She always preferred having the room quiet and always maintained a rather listless attitude toward the whole procedure. Her automatic activity differed from that of Violet X. (Violet X. was another case discussed in this article) in that it never produced a recurring personality and also in that it did not cease after her marriage, for the most remarkable record she accomplished was made just a few months ago.

"The first of the stories and one that was written all in one evening concerned the phenomena attending the death of a person calling himself William Young. The working out of the plot covered sheets and sheets of foolscap paper and the tale was profusely and cleverly illustrated. (Violet Z. like Violet X. could not draw *at all* voluntarily.) William Young was born in England over a hundred years ago (he was forty-five when he died and he said he had been dead over fifty-five years). He lived in a small coast town which he said was called — and he drew a map on which he located the place. This was verified in an atlas and it was further found that the map was very accurate. None of the group present had any conscious knowledge of ever having heard the name of the town before. William gave as his occupation, that of butler in a wealthy family. He drew a magnificent picture of himself in his livery. His brother, several years younger and not so successful as himself, was a carpenter by trade. Both he and his brother were in love with an attractive young woman who was a maid in the same residence where William was butler. She preferred William and they became engaged one early summer. This angered the brother and made him very resentful toward William but he attempted to mask his feelings and he made a picnic in honor of the engaged couple, inviting the members of the family and some intimate friends.

“At this stage of the story several sheets of foolscap paper were covered with illustrations depicting the picnic grounds in a shady nook near a spring. The ground was covered with wild flowers. Great care was given to drawing the details of the lunch; the cloth spread on the ground, the cutlery, the baskets of food and ale were all portrayed, while special attention was directed to the seating arrangements and the places where he, his brother and the girl sat were carefully marked. The party proceeded hilariously for a time, but presently as William ate an onion which his brother passed him, he suddenly appeared to strangle, and died most unexpectedly.

“The merry-makers were utterly stunned over the tragedy and the young woman was quite wild with grief. Great perplexity prevailed when it was attempted to fix the cause of death, for William always had been strong and robust and was supposed to be in the best of health; but finally it was decided he must have had a weak heart of which no one had been aware and that he really had died of heart trouble.

“At this point of the story, the writing became agitated and the words simply poured themselves on to the paper. William assured us that instead of dying from any normal cause, he had been foully murdered by his brother who was so intensely jealous of him that he decided to put him out of the way. He wrote over and over – ‘it was just one drop that he put in the onion that did it’ – but what the drop of poison was William did not know.

“His betrothed after a suitable period of grieving, married the wicked brother who contrary to all the laws of fairy tales, prospered and lived with his bride, happily ever after. William showed considerable emotional distress over the fact that the murder never had been discovered and that his criminal brother never had been brought to justice.

“We tried by various methods to discover if Violet Z. ever had read or heard of such a tale, but she was unable by any means attempted to recall anything even faintly resembling it. However undoubtedly she had heard or more likely read of it; for the geographic details were so accurate that they could not have been fabrications.

“The second story written on another occasion claimed to come from a Charles You. The beginning of this story was quite amusing, for as the hand commenced writing, some one asked, ‘Who is writing?’ and the hand replied ‘You’. This naturally caused considerable mirth and about ten times in reply to the same question, the hand wrote,

each time in larger script, more emphatically and apparently quite peevishly, 'You'. Finally some one said: 'Well, what is your other name?' and the reply this time was, 'Charles You'.

"Charles You was a scientist in the employ of the German Government who had been sent to China to make an important geological survey in the interior. He was accompanied by an assistant and all went well for a while until one day they had a quarrel which ended in a bitter fight. The assistant who had about the same amount of strength, triumphed and left his adversary in a state of unconsciousness, taking with him important data which had been collected. You, however, had been injured during the fight in his foot and was unable to move for some time after regaining consciousness. Owing to lack of proper medical attention an infection started in the foot which finally developed into a general septicaemia and which was the cause of his death.

"The only illustration in this story was so remarkable that I feel inclined to describe it in detail. In discussing the foot injury and subsequent infection a most accurate picture was drawn of the bones of the human foot and leg—not a tarsal nor a metatarsal was omitted and they were placed in perfect juxtaposition. I happened to be studying anatomy at that time and consequently I was much impressed by the perfect correctness of the production. Violet Z. had studied zoology but the only occasion she had of seeing the bones of the foot was in the skeleton which adorned the biology laboratory and she never consciously paid any attention to it. The accurate image was impressed in the personal unconscious however, where it was stored for further use, even though the perception in its passage through had evoked no response in the conscious state. When Violet Z. was asked to make a conscious effort to draw what she had automatically done so perfectly, she was utterly unable to draw anything that in any way resembled that part of the skeletal anatomy.

"The third story concerned an unnamed prisoner who had escaped from the penitentiary where he was serving a long sentence for having assaulted a man and who had traveled to the far north. He drew numerous maps in great detail and showed the desolate strip of land where he was isolated. He had reached his destination by means of a small water craft and had taken some provisions with him. He was soon caught in the freeze-up and had to build himself a small snow hut. Here he was existing, but he said he did not think he had enough provisions to last him until relief would come in late spring and he

thought he would probably die of starvation and exposure. As in the case of William Young recourse was had to an atlas and again it was discovered that the map was accurate and that the place indicated was beyond the regions of habitation. This ability to draw maps is interesting for consciously she has no interest in geography.

"The next case was that of a person who was confined to an insane asylum through the misrepresentation of some relatives who took this means of getting control of the man's fortune. He had had a number of unusual experiences and had been the victim of some political plots and after he was in the hospital, the mere recital of the things that had really happened, caused him to be considered paranoid. The recital ended with a pitiful plea -- 'please help me, for I am sick physically and can't live long and if I stay here much longer I shall really go mad'.

"A number of interesting writings followed all dealing with some phase of criminality, such as embezzling, forging or larceny. These criminal productions were all made before Violet Z.'s marriage. As in the case of Violet X., after marriage, she had so many duties and cares that the writing was neglected. However in January of this year I saw her again and as of old we decided to amuse ourselves with the automatic writing. Violet Z. sat at the table and made some incoherent records with her right hand. The facility for smooth production seemed to have been lost. At last becoming impatient, I put the pencil in her left hand and said, 'let's see what that will do!' Almost immediately the left hand (which she ordinarily cannot use for writing) began to fly across the paper and the resulting records were perfectly coherent. Then I decided it would be fun to see what would happen if I put a pencil in each of her hands. There seemed to be a momentary quiver in each arm and then both hands began writing simultaneously, each hand recording a different message and each denoting a different sex. The left hand wrote in small characters and claimed to be representing a girl by the name of Aneta Glane who expressed admiration for Violet Z. The right hand wrote in bold flourishing style under the name of Daniel Raun and was pompous and boastful. After some time the left hand wrote: 'if you will help me I can write better', while simultaneously the right hand recorded 'I would like to let you but I am stronger and I hinder'. The last thing written was, 'I want to be strong, but I am weaker' with the left hand while the right hand pranced all over the page in huge letters saying, 'Good, good -- GOOD -- GOOD!' This closed the set of experiments with Violet Z. for she



was shortly after taken ill with influenza and I returned to Washington before she was well enough to attempt any more writing.

“The criminal trend is so marked in these records that little comment should be needed and yet there is one remarkable feature that should be emphasized. In each story, the degree of the criminal phase decreases. The first tale deals with first degree murder – a cold, premeditated and deliberate deed which goes unavenged. The second deals with an indirect murder – the death resulting due to neglect of the adversary’s condition after the fight. The third concerns a man who has escaped from prison where he is serving a long sentence for assaulting another and it shows him likely to pay the final penalty through retribution. The fourth case deals with criminal persecution and the others in lesser crimes of embezzling, forging and thieving. It is interesting to note that the criminal element finally disappeared and was absent in the last experiment.

“In view of the history (the authority of the sister, the greater ability she displayed in school, her popularity and lastly the illness which threw the responsibility on Violet Z.), the parallel incidence in the stories of William Young and Charles You of the subservient character eliminating the dominating personality is quite significant. Consciously she was aware of no resentment toward the sister and would have been annoyed had such a feeling been ascribed to her, but the automatic zone did protest and the writing activity gave vent to her disapproval.

“The bisexual element in Violet Z.’s case shows up especially well in the last set of records. Here we have both sexes striving for dominance, the left hand illustrating the female and the right hand the more energetic and vigorous male characteristics.”

Another case produced detective fiction plots in great variety and got a lot of fun out of it. Her stories were all carefully constructed, logically worked out, mystifying and entertaining. She enjoyed them especially because she accepted them as a mirror of her own unconscious trends and she was gleeful over the fact that she could be “such a ‘regular terror’ in disguise and still be so eminently respectable”.

The person who has a lot of criminal trends running around loose can use them to good advantage if he learns to write detective fiction; the person who is able to “automat” such material should learn to make this process subject to voluntary control instead of permitting it to remain an involuntary process.

### SUMMARY.

- Remembering that the chief dangers of automatic writing are*
- a - A possibility of splitting the personality to the point where it is dangerous to the individual's healthy mental adjustment*
  - b - A tendency to withdraw from reality*
  - c - A tendency to become afraid because of an inability to evaluate the material produced correctly.*

*The following RULES FOR SAFETY are suggested*

*1 - Always write at the same time every day and work for short periods only (not over fifteen or twenty minutes to begin with).*

*2 - Learn to work under distraction - i. e. reading. This will preclude any possibility of a so-called trance condition developing.*

*3 - Learn to evaluate by means of free association all material produced. This will help not only in interpretation of the writing but will help also to bring to light hidden unconscious motives.*

*4 - Make use of all energy freed this way by redirecting it into constructive channels.*

## CHAPTER IX

One of the most powerful conflicts in the unconscious which begins early in life revolves about the idea of death and its relationship to life. It masks itself in countless fears, parades in the guise of philosophies and religions and because it is a symbol of the vast Unknown permeates those things that are unknown, with fear. This conflict will be studied in The Case of Strange Coincidences where it was possible to analyze carefully the Death-Life Motif.

Some death phantasies which were automated by one consciously very cheerful and very happy subject were the following –

### Death.

|                 |                    |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| Drowsy drifting | Defenseless danger |
| Dewed dripping  | Dire dreadfulness  |
| Dull'd drops    | Dark dance         |
| Deluding day    | Doleful depths     |
| Delving doubt   | Dazed dreams       |
| Deathless dying | Dense dread        |
| Dread dumbness  | Doomed derelicts   |
| Despair         | Denunciation       |
| Death           | Death              |

The above came simply as it is written with nothing but D's – D=Death. The next one, which is headed Death too, has a curious repetition of the word.

### Death.

|                            |                              |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| Death – oh my thots of you | Death – oh my hope in you    |
| Dead and yet appall'd      | Dead and unreveal'd          |
| Death – oh my love for you | Death – oh my grief o'er you |
| Dead and not recall'd      | Dead and not re-wrought      |
| Death – oh my wish for you | Death – oh my hate of you    |
| Dead but not unthought     | Dead and not repeal'd.       |

The free associations for Death brought out the fact that *cold* and *blue* were the strongest ideas connected with it and then the following—stiff, grave, stories of being buried alive, black, dark, terror of not knowing what might happen to you afterwards, being eaten by worms, sad music (subject loved requiem chants). Consciously, as a compensation, the subject was very brave and admitted no fears—Deluding Day, indeed.

After writing a number of death phantasies the two following fragments were obtained relating death to life and vice versa.

|                           |                                    |
|---------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Dead was my hope for help | Alive shall the dead arise         |
| Dead but now arisen       | Alive shall they live              |
| Alive is my desire        | Alive shall they die to give       |
| To wish, aspire.          | Life to itself through enterprise. |

The next example not only indicates the Life-Death conflict, but also another profound struggle in the Unconscious of many—the relationship between Mind and Soul. This is an age old conflict for which no amount of scientific training seems to provide an adequate answer which the Unconscious will accept.

### Spiritual.

Stars of the night  
 Eyes of light westward blown thots  
 Shivering in transit  
 Trembling with latency  
 Sing to my soul  
 Speak to my mind  
 (My ears are dull'd and my sight is old)  
 Bring to me with'r'd and cold  
 Balm for my spirit, warmth which will hold  
 Dreams of all age  
 Peace of all time  
 Trust in Infinity  
 Faith Sublime.

It will be noticed later that "Star" too speaks of song as belonging to the "Soul".

Analysis of the "Spiritual" brought to light the association of "west" with "death"—therefore "sing to my soul, speak to my mind"—



is really a plea for death. The "Spiritual" analyzed out as a definite death wish. It may be interesting to work out the associations for the "Spiritual". "Stars of the night" by free association resolved itself into Eyes of the night – and night – death, therefore really Eyes of Death.

"Light westward blown thoughts" – "blown toward the sunset"; sunset was associated with death; therefore the thoughts travelled toward death.

"Shivring" and "Trembling" were associated with dying.

"My ears are dull'd", etc. was associated with senescence and decay.

"With'r'd and cold" were associated with Death. The last five lines were associated with the ideas of the release and happiness which Death could bring. It should have been entitled much more appropriately "Release".

Another subject's early distorted ideas of death broke forth one day when she drew pages and pages of graves with tombstones inscribed with the most astounding variety of epitaphs – some solemn, some facetious, some mocking, some rollicking. Association for the subject of tombstones brought forth many memories of early childhood, regarding death, all of which were mixed up with graves, churchyards, tombstones, funerals, Sunday walks, ghosts, hell, having to pass the graveyard many times after dark and being terror-stricken; of going for *pleasure* walks (it was her father's idea of pleasure) with her father to the cemetery on Sunday and holidays; of having to go to all the village funerals as a child; of long tiresome sermons on death and of the deaths of friends and relatives. This had translated itself in adult life into fear: of the dark; of unknown situations; of traveling in automobiles; of sickness; of passing a graveyard; of anything that savored of insecurity in any way. The working out of these early death ideas helped to clear up much that had caused fear and anxiety and unhappiness.

Death however did not in all cases always produce particularly painful associations. One subject upon reading a newspaper item regarding the discovery in an ancient tomb by an Egyptologist of a jar of castor oil in which a flea had been embalmed – undoubtedly involuntarily – some thousands of years ago, automated the following –

#### In Memoriam.

3000 years ago there was a little flea

Who saw a jar of castor oil and thot it was the sea

How now, quoth he, how fine, Tis just the place to rest  
 I'm weary of the wine and of the song and jest  
 So in this noble set I'll let myself recline  
 My arid tongue I'll wet and rest myself supine  
 And anon his mamma a-hopping through the air  
 Descried her youngest wee one crouched in deep despair  
 She came too late—he sipped and fell into the pool  
 A—shouting as he did so, tis great to be a fool.

Associations for the above elicited the information that it would just serve your parents right anyway if you died as a result of having to take that nasty castor oil!—not suicide, but revenge as it turned out.

Another Life-Death relationship was expressed in the following automatic production and if it had not been analyzed the underlying motif probably would not have been suspected. It moves with a sturdiness and a springiness that the other Death ideas did not display—in fact the steps march very quickly and should be read that way. It called itself "A Return Trip".

|                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Step, step, step  | Step, step, step  |
| From the House    | From the Mill     |
| To the Path       | Up the Hill       |
| Step, step, step  | Step, step, step  |
| Through the Hedge | Past the Bridge   |
| Down the Lane     | Long the Brook    |
| Step, step, step  | Step, Step, Step  |
| Off the Lane      | Off the Grass     |
| On the Grass      | On the Lane       |
| Step, step, step  | Step, step, step  |
| By the Brook      | Up the Lane       |
| Past the Bridge   | Through the Hedge |
| Step, step, step  | Step, step, step  |
| Down the Hill     | From the Path     |
| To the Mill       | To the House.     |

This lively tripping back and forth had a wealth of Death and Birth symbolism which was most fascinating to work out. The next example is based on a curious reaction to the idea of the departed.

## Requiem.

Rest in Peace  
 Do they ever  
 Or would they want to if they could?  
 If Death is Knowledge  
 And Knowledge, Truth  
 Of deeds undone and thoughts unthought  
 Why rest in Peace  
 When chance there is  
 To grow anew with insight clear'd?

A question to be considered, surely!

There are other fundamental collective conflicts but there will not be time to take them up here. One other may be mentioned briefly and that is the almost universal conflict over wealth and poverty. One little automated fragment has expressed it in the following lines—

## De Profundis

|                      |                      |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| And is Wealth        | Or is Poverty        |
| Glitt'ring gold      | A thought sent out   |
| Possessions, jewels, | To lift another      |
| Fortunes 'massed     | From the depths      |
| Recognized?          | Unappreciated?       |
| Or is it             | Or is it             |
| Knowledge acquired   | A deed to help       |
| Thoughts absorbed    | Another lift himself |
| Success attained     | From despair         |
| Acclaimed?           | Unacknowledged?      |

And who has Wealth and who has Poverty  
 And which one would you have?

In working out repressed conflicts with which there seems to be connected an unusual amount of resistance and especially in untangling fears, during analysis, automatic writing often saves a great deal of time and furnishes an accurate means of getting at the repressed material and the forgotten incidents which have been responsible for the so-called nervous symptoms.

The following case is of such interest that I shall go into some detail regarding it. (Part of it was reported some years ago<sup>1</sup>).

This subject when first seen was twenty four years of age. Her parents were both of a neurotic type; the mother dominating and somewhat of an extroverted make-up, the father more introverted and very easily irritated. She had one sister three years younger than herself.

She was very frank, co-operative and intelligent. The psychological history revealed some interesting points. The patient, whom I shall call Mary N., was a very imaginative child. I do not think I have ever investigated a play world that was so unique and entertaining as hers. Up to her third year she had an imaginary playmate whose name was Eagle. She wore a pink dress and bonnet, had the bluest of eyes and golden curls. Mary N. talked and played with her and even gave her half of her food. Eagle was very real to her. Finally, she began to be the excuse for so many of Mary N.'s difficulties that Mary's mother told her she would have to be banished and Mary N. sorrowfully told Eagle she could not come back to play. That was the end of Eagle's appearances, but Mary N. mourned for her, more especially as her sister was too young to play with.

Another point of interest was in regard to her visual history. Mary N. had very keen color sense; good visual imagery; astigmatism which was first noted at the age of eleven and which necessitated the wearing of glasses for reading afterwards. She also had this visual reaction: after looking at any sharply defined object in a bright light and closing her eyes she immediately got an inverted image which persisted as long as the eyes were closed.

Material from the unconscious showed both suicidal and regressive trends rather well marked, although consciously there was no indication of suicidal tendencies. In her younger years she gave indication of alternating masochistic and sadistic traits both of which persisted slightly in adult life.

Mary N. was almost fearless, but she had two fears for which she could not account: she said they just seemed so silly she hated to tell any one about them. One was a peculiar sinking feeling and a sudden terror when she was in high places (not always, but at times when she least expected it) which would leave her quite

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<sup>1</sup>) Mühl, Anita M. - The Use of Automatic Writing in Determining Conflicts and Early Childhood Impressions. The Journal of Abnormal Psychology and Social Psychology. Vol. XVIII, No. 1, April-June, 1923.



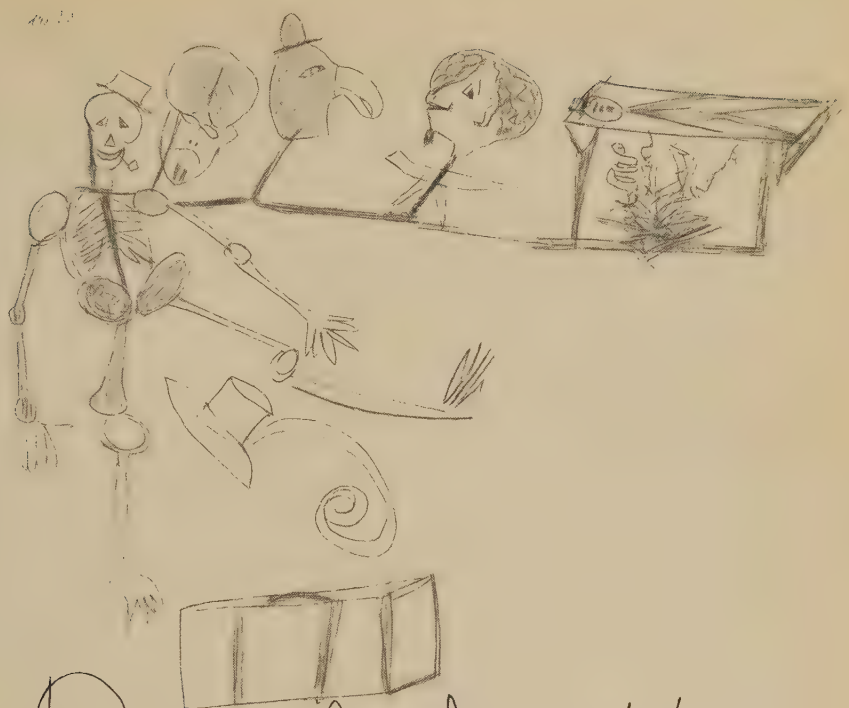
paralyzed with fright and unable to move. The second was a fearful quaking which would seize her when she unexpectedly would come across a pole or post sticking out of the ground, especially when its top was covered over with anything.

Analysis with this patient had made rapid progress, and many of her conflicts fairly melted away, but analysis of the fears, in no way caused them to abate. We attacked them several times but with no better success than at first. Finally I decided those fears had to be cleared up, so I got the patient to "automat".

The first records we got were just isolated words, some apparently meaningless. However of the forty or fifty words we got this way, all of them led back to conflict material. By gradual stages, the patient began to write sentences and always did a rather queer thing at the end of a line – the pencil would make a mark downward. I always carefully raised her hand, swung it back and started it on a new line. Frequently after five or six lines of rather incoherent material (each single line would make sense, but at the beginning of the next line the thought would seem to be interrupted) the pencil would fly across the paper and write furiously in large letters – "Nut!" I had a feeling this was directed against me, but I could not see what it was I was doing to merit such disfavor. One day we were more than usually interested in the book Mary was reading and I forgot to watch the hand, and when I remembered to look, over half a large page had been covered with writing, and I saw what it was that the unconscious had been longing to do. The first line would be written from left to right in ordinary writing; then without breaking the connection it would write mirror script from right to left, forward on the next line, back on the next without ever lifting the pencil at the end of a line. Every other line had to be read with the looking glass. This method of writing produced perfectly coherent statements and I was no longer referred to as a nut.

At the age of nine the patient had had an experience which resulted in an intense emotional conflict, and though there was little fright connected with it, there was the feeling that it was something she should not have done. Mary N.'s mother, was so disturbed over it that she did not handle the situation well and so made Mary feel very ill at ease. This started up a mutual lack of confidence between mother and daughter which neither fully recognized nor understood.

Analysis of the two fears had resulted as follows:



Person look could not  
 get the hood was named the  
 did and did and then they  
 made a hood for the

Fig. 8

This is one of the most truly remarkable records I have ever seen, considering the subject could not see the page.

1. The posts (upright strokes) were put up first.
2. The "hoods" were next drawn on the top of each post (just outlines)
3. After finishing the fourth hood, she returned to the second, and drew the face, then drew the skeleton on the first, then went to the third and drew the "eagle" and then on to the fourth.
4. Note that in each case the head was put on to the stick.
5. The "Sunday-go-to-meeting" hat is quite irrelevant to the rest of the picture.

(Case of Mary N.)



1. The sticks standing up always led back to the incident which occurred at the age of nine and association took it no further. Now this incident had been discussed thoroughly again and again as well as the emotions that accompanied it, but it did not cause the fear in any way to abate. This made me quite sure that there was something more that we were not touching at all.

2. The fear and queer feeling connected with high places always had for its end association – “barn” – “fall”. This of course the patient also felt must refer to the incident at the age of nine, in which the patient did fall. As mentioned a moment ago, thrashing this out did not take away the feeling at all. This is how matters stood in the analysis when I had the patient begin automating.

One day, after Mary N. had been writing for about a week, she began to draw. She first put up some vertical lines, making them heavy and after putting a hood on each one, she went back to the second one, and drew a head into this irregular outline; then back to the first and drew a rather gay skeleton; then on to the third and fourth and put heads on them. Finally she drew a crude table and the man on it being burned; and lastly the chest. (Study illustration.)

When she had finished drawing she started to write (patient during all this time was reading “The City of Comrades” aloud to me) in her back-and-forth style the following tale:

“Poison, look out don’t eat it, the man said but they did and died and they eat um up, bones and all there was. And then he came up out of the men. River jump in on mens back. Men get eaten by the crocodiles all up. Men in the ship put men on his chest pound his fist and say die you man, and he had to die. Men go to a bad place when they die and get all burnt up all up, their mother’s can’t find them!”

Then immediately following this came the story of “The Man Who Died and Came Back in His Haunt to Scare People”.

A man in Africa got eaten by men and then his haunt came back and stuck his head up on a stick in the sand to scare the men that ate him. He was an eagle, and two men an a medicine man, wicked man and fooled the people and got it back on them and they got scared and died and then they came back to scare other people and stuck their heads up in the sand on a stick too and that is the story of the dead man who came back in his haunt to scare people!

When the patient had completed the illustration I showed it to her and asked her what it meant but she could not explain it, but



when I read her what she had written, she had the most comical look of dismay on her face as she exclaimed – “Why I remember that now, of course that’s it”. Then she went on to tell when she was between five and six, she had discovered a book of African adventure which her parents had told her she must not look at; it contained pictures of wild animals attacking people; crocodiles swallowing natives; hunters and travelers being killed and heads of people stuck up on posts. Not being able to read she would make up stories about the pictures and then at night when she and her sister had gone to bed she would recount the gruesome tale of The Man Who Died with variations until they both quaked with terror.

The patient recalled that the feeling which seized her in adult life was the same as the one she experienced as a small child. The stimulus of something sticking on top of a pole produced the same emotional reaction, without the patient having the least idea what was causing it. This discussion caused the fear to abate.

This particular fear had several years later become tinged with the impression of the nine year old episode, but that was not the factor which was causing the disturbance. I think this shows the value of realizing that even though one emotional component of a fear is located in analysis, that this does not exclude others which may be the real causative agent and which may be responsible.

With regard to the fall, numerous attempts were made by the unconscious to make us realize what had really happened. About five or six fragments were obtained which made us feel that it must be related to something which had happened in her third year, but we did not give very much credence to these records because of the fact that they kept referring to the barn, and the patient said she felt sure that there was no barn on the place where she then lived. But one day she drew a crude picture of a barn and then gave the following account:

“Me climb up and fall down far to ground, make stomach feel – not know, me fall. Me go in yard to see boys. Say climb ladder to barn door for eggs. Me put eggs in apron and fall and mess shoes and mother not know cause spank for taking eggs. Eggs break and mess all up feets. Me fall thru hole – hay over hole – me fall on fork.”

The next day she wrote “control” and drew a picture of a pigeon, some eggs and a lima bean. Then she said she felt so sorry for the poor little birdies she put beans in place of the eggs she took out of the nest.

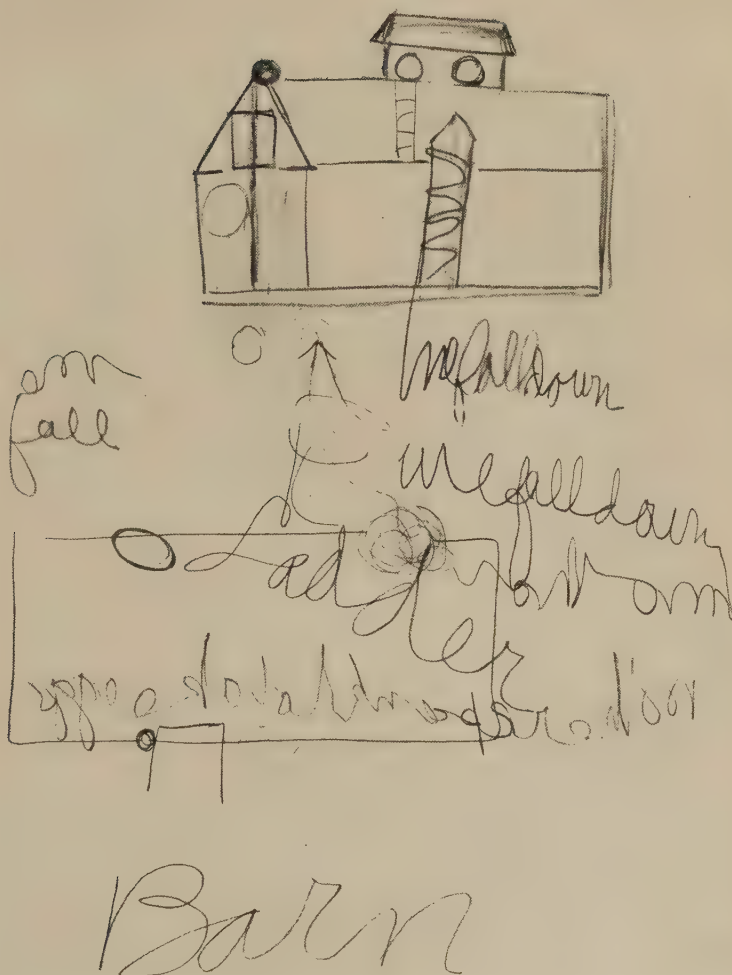


Fig. 9

Crude diagram of barn where patient lived when she was three. Patient had no conscious memory of a barn having been on the place.

(Case of Mary N)



Patient still insisted this must be fiction as she could not remember that they had a barn at this time. However the word "control" brought up some interesting associations. When she was three and a half years old, she teased the cat so much that it scratched her face badly; and her mother told her she should have more self-control and not tease the cat so. That night she said the following prayer:

"Please bless mother, please bless father, please bless little sister, and please God give me self-control and mother patience cause she needs it." After that when she heard pigeons she always thought they said "control".

The following day, after she had drawn the barn, her parents came to visit her, and we laughingly told them about what Mary had written about the barn and showed them the picture. Mary's father said that they not only had had a barn at that time but that the picture marked four features that the barn had: (1) the ladder on the outside; (2) the pigeon house on top reached by a small narrow ladder; (3) a hole in the floor of the loft; and (4) a well hole in the floor of the barn. The parents said that Mary was always running off to the barn and she was not supposed to go there. They recalled that one day she came in when she was three apparently feeling very badly but refusing to give any explanation.

The thing that happened was probably this—the boys had induced her to climb up to rob the nests, and when she fell and hurt herself, they must have told her that if she told her mother she would spank her.

One day she drew an eye—a very large one and I asked her if it meant anything to her, to which she replied that it did not. The explanation came the next moment via the automatic route and assured us that it was the eye of Molly, the cow. There had been a round hole in the barn door through which the subject had peeped, to find a large eye staring at her. This had produced quite a shock until she heard a reassuring "moo", which identified the eye.

Other pictures were drawn of the Oboman, the Oboman's wife and the Oboman's little girl and little boy. They were weird looking creatures—"the Oboman what lives in the gate post and eats little girls up and the Oboman's little boy what chases little girls. Rain makes the Oboman mean and he jump out of the grass."

There was a picture of "Ollie the Elephant that eats peanuts up his nose"; "Chollie, the chicken, what walks on his feet—where are



his eggs?" and Coco, the monkey. These were all impressions from very early days.

When it is remembered that these drawings were all made without seeing the paper and that the writing unfailingly adhered to the alternate lines of natural and mirror script, then perhaps a realization can be gained of how very interesting this case really was.

Association in analysis never went much beyond the emotional distress and its apparent cause at the age of nine; and we would have missed much conflict material if the patient had not been able to "automat".

The next case was somewhat different, but equally interesting. The most significant part of the history deals with the numerous fears which had been present since childhood. This patient was a South American, thirty-two years of age, whose life for the past fourteen years had been one full of difficulties and conflicts deeply repressed.

She had been injured in earthquakes; she had been through revolutions—had seen men killed in the square beneath her balcony; and she had had numerous severe accidents and illnesses. Added to this there were fears of: the "spirits of the dead"; of hearing stories of the dead; of the dark; of intoxicated people; of abysses and chasms; of deep water; of owls "when they come to sing near your house—it means that some one will die", and of legends of witchcraft heard in childhood. She never would keep black clothes at home so that she would not have to go to homes where there were dead people. She heard "horror tales" of the dead when she was little and they frightened her by telling her that if she was not good the Evil spirit would get her. She had an extreme loathing and disgust for rats, cats, sores and blood.

She had a very keen mind; had had good schooling and had been an enthusiastic reader since she was a young child. As she expressed it, she had lived always more for the future than for the present. She had a great desire to live in beautiful surroundings, which included a different country and a different time—the Middle Ages with more romance. She further had the feeling that she was in discord with her environment; she had ideals far beyond her possibility of expression in her own country. She married at eighteen and thereafter had no self-expression, as she submerged her own tastes to avoid friction.

She always was interested in watching flowers grow; the movement of the clouds; the light in a drop of water. She loved reading

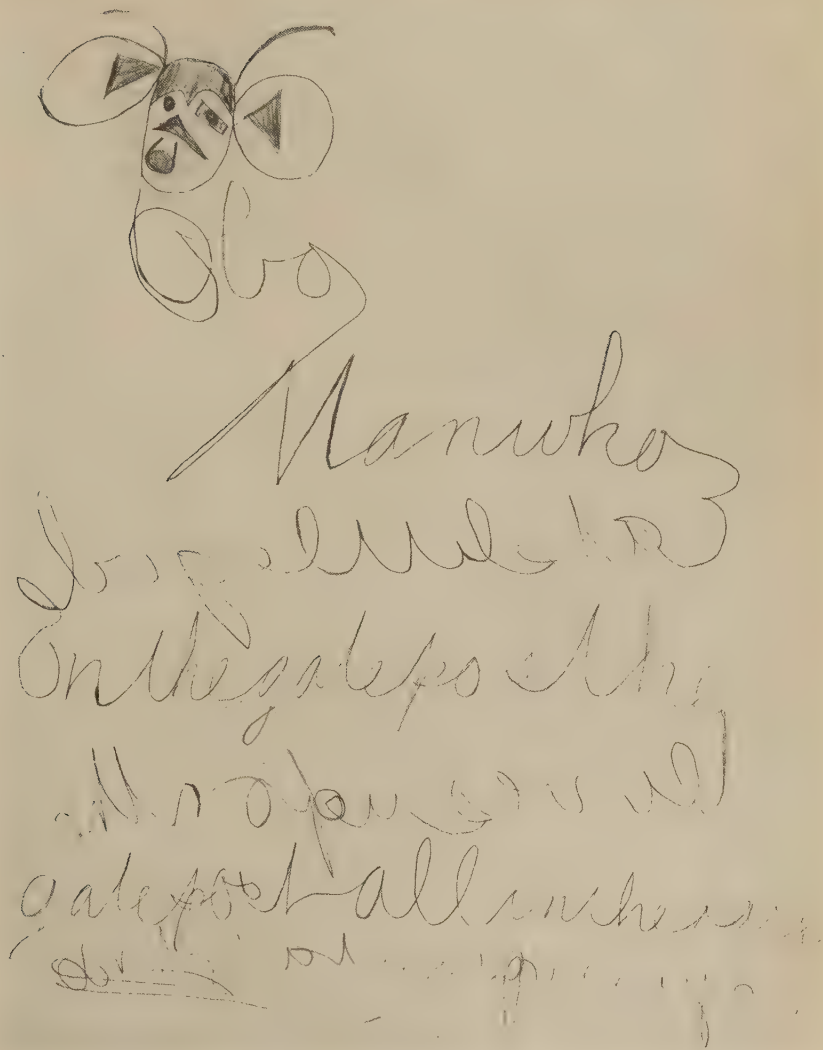


Fig.10

The Oboman who scared little girls. Note the asymmetrical features.

(Case of Mary N.)



of every description but her earliest selection favored romantic stories that ended unhappily, to which she had a very great emotional reaction.

She was very suggestible and impressionable and was discouraged most easily. These traits together with the many frights and accidents she had had were partially responsible for the feeling of dissociation which she had at various periods. At one time she felt as if her body had dissociated and that consequently there were two of her - one a regular body and the other a very light floating image of herself suspended parallel to her. Often, she had the feeling that some picture which she had never seen was mirrored. These pictures were very vivid and very intense.

Dissociative trends had been present from the age of nine according to the history. One day when I saw she was unable to discuss some troubles with ease I stopped the analytical work to try out her automatic activity. The result was a complete failure - the pencil simply did not do anything. Every morning for the next week at exactly the same time the experiment was repeated, with no better results. Then one day after apparent total failure the writing began, and page after page was filled with the most varied material: prose compositions of excellent construction, poetry, drawings, even bars of music.

This young woman was quite alarmed over some of the records, for a number of them were signed with the name of "Jorge Isaacs" and others with the name "Horacio", and she felt that these must be communications from the dead. I stopped work long enough to give her an explanation of the psychological mechanisms involved in this sort of phenomenon and assured her that everything she produced came out of her own head. Although she was exceptionally well educated and very intelligent, it was exceedingly difficult for her to realize that these beautiful bits of poetry and prose were parts of herself for, as she naively remarked, "All my life I have wished to write lovely things and never could do it; even at night sometimes I would wake with such beautiful thoughts and before I could find paper to put them down they were gone".

When she finally did begin to understand what was happening and that these records were just part of her unconscious activity gaining expression she was exceedingly happy.

Aside from the literary material produced by this patient which gave her such a fine medium for self-expression, there was another feature of these productions which proved of the greatest value from the point of view of analysis. She often would draw a complicated

symbolical picture the manifest content of which would generally be as absurd and bizarre as that of a dream and which she consciously could not interpret relevantly. However, the unconscious would then go on to give the interpretation of the latent content in the most unvarnished fashion and would generally end with, "Now be sure and discuss this with the doctor". This reaction frequently followed an analytical session during which the patient simply felt she could not talk about any more of her problems. Needless to say this procedure of the unconscious hastened the analysis greatly and simply wiped out all resistance and embarrassment on the part of the patient.

The writing itself varied greatly as to size, sometimes being large and heavy, at other times being so small and fine that it could hardly be read without a magnifying glass. It had one unfailing characteristic which I have never observed in any other records of my collection, and that was the exquisite beauty of the penmanship itself, whether the writing was large or small.

After making records for about a month the patient told me one morning that she had finally written a poem and a prose composition "fifty-fifty" – that is, they started out as involuntary activity, but she was able to finish them voluntarily. This was the beginning of the establishment of the permanent pathway from the unconscious which was to mean so much for the patient's happiness. Before long she was able to write at will and soon afterwards her productions were being accepted by Spanish newspapers and magazines and were receiving warm praise.

Although this may sound pleasant and delightful it must not be thought that the breaking through process was an entirely uneventful activity, for on two occasions it came very near the danger mark, the patient having reached such a high degree of dissociative activity that it was difficult to hold the various personality phases together.

This patient produced some interesting symbolic drawings and the one reproduced here is the one which was explained automatically. The *defaced* feminine figure is foot-bound to the world. One of her wings has been shot away through the arrow dispatched by the male figure. The lines of enmeshment all go from the male to the female and she finds herself ensnared through his senses. The symbolism of the picture is worth studying, though there was no need to apply a symbolic interpretation, as the automatic writing gave a perfectly candid explanation of the entire drawing.



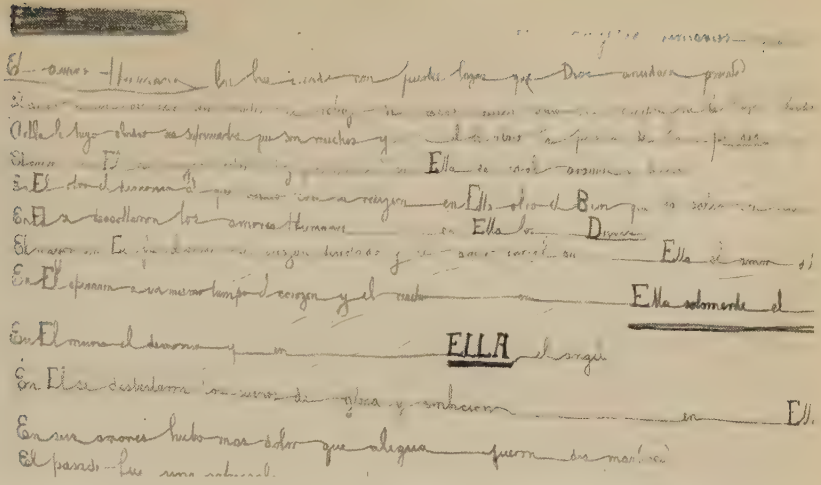


Fig. 11

This is the very finest automatic writing I have ever seen. The heavy black marks were made in order to obliterate names.

Original size of production.



Fig. 12

The two figures, each having lost a wing. The woman's figure without a face. Lines reaching from the male figure indicating physical attraction. The feet are rooted to the ground.



The history of Tookie-Lizbeth has been given in another chapter and some of her phantasy productions, but of even greater interest were the early memories which we evoked and which we were able to verify through her mother.

After Tookie had written all the fairy stories she wanted, she began making comments on things and people in her environment before her tenth year. Finally by means of whispered questions while the patient was reading, Tookie began to tell of all sorts of things going back to her third, then her second year. She, herself, had no conscious recollection of any of these occurrences but her mother said they occurred just as they had been written and as far as she could remember they had not been discussed. Then one day in response to the question, "What is the first thing you remember?", I got back into the patient's first year impressions; these records were broken and disjointed but explained some things her parents never had understood and which undoubtedly point the way to a beginning resentment against her mother, which she felt developed gradually.

It is interesting to note that in Tookie's automatic productions the older ideas appeared first (those from near the age of ten), and the language used was more correct. Then as these stories were drained off, the earlier impressions began to come up and the construction was quite childish, while the words were generally printed. The productions were all lacking in punctuation marks.

In the first remarks about Lizbeth she says – "she was" – in the later ones going back to the earlier years she writes – "*her* was a snob".

Finally when it came to dragging out the earliest impressions it was neither Lizbeth nor Tookie who wrote, but merely isolated fragments that came from the unconscious before any distinct personality had formed.

The following is undoubtedly a purely unaltered memory of Birdie's remonstrance to Tookie's vivid imagination. Her mother remarked she had heard Birdie say such things to the child when her talent for fiction was running high –

"Lawdy chile how come you tell such tales, go way I don't craves to heah no more. Mebbe you is feeble in de head. I reckon I'll put you to bed. Come long. Is you comin, whar is you any way? What is you doin? Reckon you kin tell more tales than any white chile I ever did see – neveh seed sich a chile de debbil sho will take you away fer lyin – look dah –".

Evidence of the patient's markedly dissociative tendencies is shown in the next production. She even had different parts of her body leading a separate existence. It rather reminded one of "To Alice's Right Foot Esq." Again she showed her inclination to blame some one or something else for her actions. In this case it was all the cause of her feet. It was later verified that she came in one day when she was very young all covered with mud and a very sorry looking object indeed. As usual she was reprimanded by Birdie.

"I was looking very neat so I told my little feet to walk me down the street. I didn't even speak to the little worms though I did make them squirm, then we came to a puddle that was new and wondered how we'd ever get through. I thot we ought to go home but my feet they wanted to roam. Course I couldn't go home alone. But time I spoke, I'm such an old slow poke, they wouldn't heed, well there really wasn't much need cause we fell flat in the mud, what a thud. I picked us up and we went back, making everywhere a track."

We next come to Tookie's ideas on the subject of Lizbeth and they are far from flattering. It is amusing to see that although Tookie appeared as the fulfillment of a wish on Lizbeth's part (the wish to be twins)—the fulfillment apparently didn't think much of the "wisher" and wanted to be rid of her. Somewhat complicated!

1.

I hate to see the flowers die, it always makes me cry. Some day I shall go to that city of forever where things never, never change. I am looking for it all the day even when at play.

2.

"Lizbeth doesn't know about the flowers. She picks them and that kills them. She never saw a fairy, they run when she comes. She is horrid. I heard some one say so, I know it. Why one day some one gave her two tiny white mice with pink eyes. She let them go. I found them and hid them in a dresser drawer and they ate up a dress of my mother's—wasn't very pretty anyway."

Poor Lizbeth got the blame for this though she stoutly denied having done it and was much incensed and indignant over being punished for something *she* had not done. Tookie was indeed a little villain at times.

## 3.

"I wish I had a twin I could lock up in a pen like a hen. As it is she is always here. I should like to biff her on the ear. If one of us should die, I wouldn't cry. In truth I should like to live in the sky. That is no lie."

Tookie was an ungrateful little wretch. She came into existence in response to Lizbeth's wish and then wanted to supplant and even eliminate the original personality.

The wish to get away from her existing environment was strongly expressed in statement number three. The regressive and suicidal trends were present quite early in this patient, and yet *consciously* she never had expressed a suicidal wish.

## 4.

Tookie had both magic and mischief in her unconscious. Many of the little fragments which appeared were as entertaining as they were enlightening.

"I think it is a pity that Lizbeth wouldn't let me paint the kitty—it was very pretty and I could have made it a gorgeous red, all but the head. She said 'No, give it some milk'. I tried, but it all spilt. Then I reached for the cream but I heard some one scream 'stop'—I knew it was that old Black Cloud, so I said 'Do you see that nasty little cat—he was chasing a rat'!"

My daddy gave me a dime but I did pine cause a nickel is bigger and with a nickel you can buy a sour pickle. But a dime is so small I'm afraid it won't buy anything at all.

I want to dance, I want to dance from here to France. I want to dance like the leaves. I want to dance when I please. I want to be as light as the air. I also would like to be very fair. Do you think I would dare? Would any one care?

If you take too much cake, it'll make your tummy ache. I did, then slid down the cellar door, but the floor, oh gee it was sad but that is what I got for being bad.

Lawdy dat chile will be sick. Mr. .... don't you give her none. She et some already, done took one whole panful, raw. Oh lawsy you is a sight—sometime I thinks you ain't right bright. I ain't a goin to tend to her.

The scrap between the Tookie and Lizbeth phases took on an amusing turn one day when the writing which appeared made no



sense at all as I read it and I was quite nonplussed for a few minutes until I saw that all words were being spelled backwards and that it was started by Lizbeth who wished to say uncomplimentary things about Tookie.

"uoy era daed dlihc - llams llams dlihc og yawa. I llahs eveiler ouy won - og yawa no siht noisacco siht si ym yad os og. I ma htebzil."

When questioned about who it was who was dead she wrote "Tookie", whereupon Tookie wrote in large characters - "Oh, I am not dead". But Lizbeth continued -

"I dias tuhs pu, uoy era daed. Esaelp ehs dah ot eid, ehs saw tnes ot teg na noitacude - ehs sdeen eno."

The speed and accuracy with which she wrote the above was simply amazing.

The following idea evolved after the visit of a clergyman to the house.

"Won I ma a elzzup ot eht eye - lli yas I ma a elzzup. Rof eht hturt fo eht rettam si I ma a elzzup. Na eretsua nam emac ot eht esouh eh dais os."

It may be of interest to note that there was a marked time difference in the speed with which the conscious and the unconscious performed tasks in writing dictated material backwards. A number of paragraphs were dictated and the subject was then given something to read aloud and was told to write automatically what she had heard spelling all words backward. She did it with ease and with accuracy.

She was then told to write voluntarily the same thing spelling the words backward. It took much longer and there were many inaccuracies in the reversed spellings.

The average for the automatic performance was eight times faster than for the voluntary performance.

"I am Tookie and I am very small - about as tall as  $3\frac{1}{2}$  of my daddy's feet. I hate to be good. Maybe if I had a magic hood I could but *sh, sh*, I had rather be bad. Is that not sad? I have two white mice which are very nice - 2 dears the kind with horns, 2 brothers, I do not want another but only 1 mother and 1 daddy, now is that not odd, Oh yes, Lizbeth you see is the other me - I don't care for her - Her is a snob. Her never speaks to the flowers or anything. Her is very prim. Her never wants to get dirty, and her never wants to climb trees or hunt for fleas. Always say don't, but I just stop up my ears, I wish I could leave her to home and go

off alone. Mebbe the devil will take her to that bad place—I dare not say where. They get cross when I tell a story so I shall write them in this little book with red lines.”

The result of writing the stories was tragic. Some one found the little book, read the fairy tales and made fun of them. This was too much for even the dauntless little Tookie and crushed by ridicule and lack of appreciation she crept off into the unconscious and remained hidden until she was resurrected by means of the automatic route.

Tookie had ideas with regard to the devil other than those mentioned above. She wrote the following one day—

“Come away, come away, where you can play all the day. Where, oh where? In the hay for it is May. O I say, Oh I say, if I come and am very good will I get that magic hood? Yes my dear, but listen here while I whisper in your ear—have no FEAR I shan’t come NEAR. If you do I shall yell and you will haf 2 go back 2 HELL. Don’t come near but lets get this clear if I’m good and get the hood will it be my very own can I take it straight back home no—oh darn what you think I am, walk a mile not this chile for just a little while, no I never cared for hay so GOOD DAY, Guess I’ll stay here—”.

The magic hood appeared over and over again and was one of the early childhood impressions which stood for power, mischief and adventure. Like every child Tookie had much magic implanted in her imagination, magic numbers, magic words and magic signs. At one time when she was asked what “Tookie” meant she wrote “2-key, same thing to count 1 to 10”. (Remember, — “if you count to 10, then you’ll get in”). When asked where she learned this she wrote that the fairy told her, — “the one over where all the lost time is”.

Some of her literary references were sadly mixed, but nevertheless amusing. “Such fate, I am late again—I wonder if she did not wait. You know the lady of the lake lives at the castle, the one with the dog name. Oh, of course, it isn’t just the same but I forget, Great Scott, like as not it will do.”

(This should fill us with a fleeting suspicion that the child’s languages, geography and poets were sadly confused.)

In reply to the question, “What things did you like when very small”—Tookie wrote—

“Red things; all flowers; red apples; red wagon; red merry-go-round; red striped candy; red dress; Ball.”

“What is the first red thing you remember?”

She wrote—

"BALL. Nice. Very nice. Shine. Bright—Gone sometime. High—too high. I cry."

I asked her how big she was and she answered—

"Too small. Not play. Not have. Too high. No good, never, never, never, why, why, why, I cry."

The subject had no recollection of ever having had a nice red ball—she had had balls, but never a red one. I then asked her mother about it, but she said that while Tookie had had many *red toys* there had been no red ball. I was quite disappointed and felt convinced that this record was just a little bit of fiction. But the following day Tookie harked back to the early memory and wrote again.

"BALL. ○ Gone. Lost. Come again. High up. Cry, cry. No reach. Want. No have. Want. No have. Red it was Broken ∩ Why?"

The picture of the crescent gave me my clue, so I inquired of Tookie's mother what object seemed to first attract the child and her prompt answer was:

"Oh, the moon. She used to cry and cry when she would first see it and reach her tiny hands for it. She seemed to especially want it when it first came up and had a reddish glow; after it was lighter she would just watch it quietly."

She further stated that the first phrase the child uttered was "hand me" when she was looking at the moon: Later she recalled that when the child was crying so for the moon, her husband would look at her and say in a reproving voice:

"Why don't you give her that nice ball—it's mean of you—you can if you want to. I'd give it to her if I could." Whether she understood any of the words or not, undoubtedly she felt that some one was keeping her from having that nice ball, and the attitude of the father probably made it appear that it was her mother's fault.

Tookie complained one day that she always wanted to know so many things, and no one would tell her the answers to her questions, some of which I have noted.

"To-day I saw an egg plant, but there were no eggs on it—why, why?"

"Where do echoes go, really I'd like to know?"

"I can't remember how many stars there are, do you know?"

"What would we have if we didn't have snow?"

"What keeps the sky from falling?"

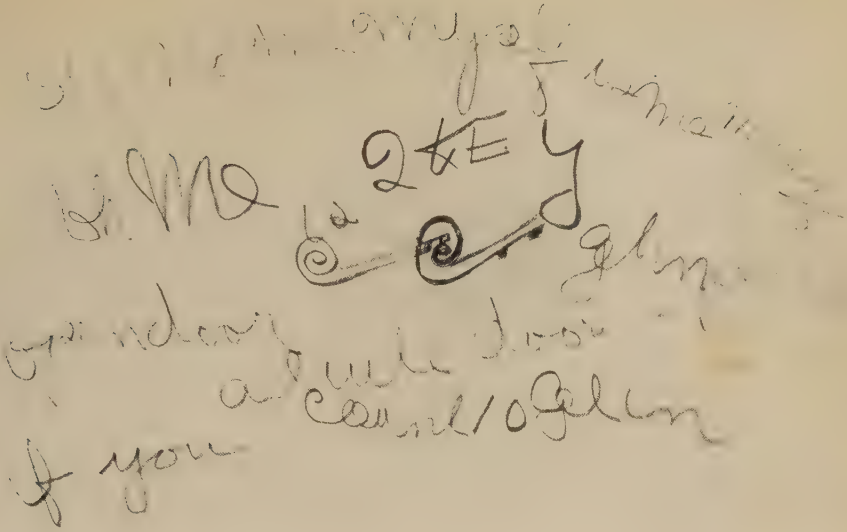


Fig. 13  
One of Tookie's records, interesting because of the symbols. "No me myself is me myself. Oh, me is 2 key - get in place - open door - a little door. If you count 10, get in." The paper slipped several times during the writing so that the writing is not in line. (Referring to fourth year impressions.)

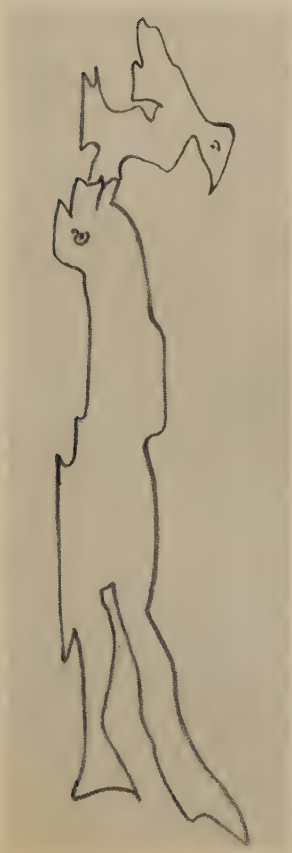


Fig. 14  
Pencil automatic drawings, preceding color work. The camel (drudgery) has the bird (ambition) firmly held and is about to devour it.





"What do you suppose the river keeps in its banks? My daddy keeps nickels in his. What do you suppose it eats with its mouth? Mebbe fish."

"Why does the willow tree weep in the pretty nook near the brook, was it forsook?"

As I mentioned in her history, the patient had read books greatly beyond her powers of comprehension before her tenth year, and Tookie apparently had a great time thinking about them. One day she wrote:

"I always did want to know how Paradise was lost by Milton but no one would ever tell me. The Vicar of Wakefield said it was because he wandered far from the maddening throng but I don't believe it was that way at all."

Here is another one which is quite amusing.

"Say old crow, how is Mr. Poe. Are you still singing of woe—that's an awful tune. Never more, never more. O hush up old crow, this is not Mr. Poe."

These are just samples of the patient's automatic activity. The case while it appears quite amusing is in reality a child tragedy. The split personality was recognized neither by the parents nor by the patient herself and it resulted in a series of misunderstandings that caused the patient to harbor resentment against her parents and in turn made the parents feel that their daughter was not entirely to be trusted in her statements. By proper treatment early, the rather marked talent for fiction narrative might have been developed and a sufficient channel for self-expression have been established to avert a great deal of the patient's later conflicts.

Many of the incidents recorded, I should have put down as pure fiction, if they had not been corroborated by the patient's mother, especially the fragments from the first year.

The value of using the automatic writing in this particular case may be summed up briefly.

First. This activity permitted free expression to a portion of the patient's mental mechanism which had long been kept from exteriorizing itself.

Second. The automatic activity which had been trying to use dream life as a means of escape and had caused the sleeper such exhausting dreams that she woke up all tired out in the morning, no longer needed any other channel than the writing; and so the patient slept peacefully and restfully, waking up alert and refreshed in the morning.

Third. The patient gained a realization of the split in her personality which had been present from her fifth to her tenth years, and she began to understand the punishments she had received and which had seemed so tremendously unjust to her.

Fourth. She found the writing not only beneficial but also entertaining for she derived a great deal of amusement from the childish stories.

All in all, the use of automatic writing in this case was a great help in clearing up the patient's difficulties, and aided in successfully terminating the personality study.

### SUMMARY.

*Automatic writing may be used to obtain many repressed conflicts easily.*

*Automatic writing is of value in recapturing early childhood impressions, other than those associated with conflicts.*

*The use of automatic writing in conjunction with psychoanalysis is invaluable in getting at unconscious processes quickly.*

## CHAPTER X.

So far we have studied various types of automatic writing and the kind of material which is produced by it. We have noted that we have two great divisions of exteriorization; 1. Phantasy, and 2. Actual Recall.

Under Phantasy we have many sub-divisions among which, to mention a few, are—

- a. So-called "spirit messages"
- b. Criminal trends
- c. Fairy stories
- d. Philosophic expression
- e. Religious expression
- f. Symbolic poems
- g. Symbolic drawings
- h. Phantasy based on actual experience elaborated.

Under Actual Recall we have two sub-divisions worth remembering.

1. Actual memories of incidents, situations and ideas which have been repressed through unfavorable reactions such as fear, shame or humiliation. 2. Actual memories which have faded simply because they had no intense feeling of any kind associated with them and therefore faded; or were crowded out because of other more vivid and intense impressions.

In any case the material which is obtained may be either destructive or constructive. This is especially true of phantasy. Where it results in asocial behavior or develops an unstable personality, it must be considered destructive and we must speak of it as dissociation. Where, on the other hand, it leads to a satisfactory adjustment and a stabilized mental condition we may be permitted to use the term association.

Let us take some of the various modes of expression and see how this works. Expression of criminal trends if it results in a terrific fear reaction, or in the development of a delusion of possession by evil spirits, or in the building up of actual criminal conduct is undoubtedly destructive and comes under the head of pathologic dissociation; however if the material is systematically developed into

stories; or is used to study the subject's own selfish aims; or is turned into activity which leads to the apprehension of crime or preferably to the prevention of crime, then it is undoubtedly constructive and may come under the head of association.

Now let us take involuntary expression in fairy stories and symbolic poems and see what we find. Where these are used merely as a means of escape from reality; as only wishfulfillment mechanisms without understanding and without any effort to rework them into something of value, then they come under the head of dissociation and are destructive in nature. But if they are studied as an expression of inherent trends and are further turned into tales which in the telling will bring joy to children who love them, then they become constructive and may be thought of as systematized association.

One could go through the entire list of productions and work out the constructive solutions for them, but it is hoped that the reader will determine for himself the dual types of reaction which may result from any material which is produced automatically and analyze whether it comes under the head of association or dissociation.

The following case is one in which the material produced automatically was in the nature of skillfully systematized association. The end results for the subject were:— acclaim as a skilled writer; great enjoyment in the production of the automated material and financial gain.

This case is of interest from many points of view. Like others of the subjects mentioned in this book, the ancestry was Scotch and the subject herself was born in Scotland. Her history up to the age of seven is of little consequence, but at seven there occurred a group of incidents which changed her entire personality. She had a period of unconsciousness and stupor and a history of one sided headaches (migraine) which began at this time. She also had a definite visual hallucination which was very vivid.

As to her characteristics as a child; she was bashful, shy, sensitive, superstitious and a great day-dreamer. She was highly suggestible and was given to having "emotional blow-outs". She had both masochistic and sadistic tendencies and was easily discouraged and depressed.

She was a homely child and was constantly being reminded of it by her mother and sisters. Her mother would tell her how impossible it was to dress her so that she would look like anything and also assured her that she was "cracked in the head".

She had a great ambition to write and for this she was ridiculed by her family, so her imagination which was really tremendous became

bottled up. Her phantasies revolved about the dead. She loved to play funerals and every dead animal on the place was kept because "Miss Flora would be wanting to bury it".

Most of her time was spent playing in a tomb which contained the remains of seventyfive male ancestors—she never went into the women's tomb because she was afraid of them! She would make a dramatic entry into the tomb. With arms outflung she would dash down the steps crying—"Behold you all, me".

She was privately tutored and she learned her lessons in the Druid circle on the "blooding stone". Her family thought she was "wanting in the bean" because she was "an awful dub at math" and they thought that was the only thing that counted.

Her recreation was unsupervised and she was not taught to differentiate between imagination and reality.

Menstruation appeared at intervals of every nine weeks following the age of seventeen. This interval is of particular interest in connection with the later automatic writing.

Her senses were very acute, especially the sense of smell. For several years before her tonsils were removed a "smelly putrid face" came toward her in her sleep and bent over her—this disappeared after the tonsils came out. She had ordinarily a most extremely keen sense of smell. In the hearing field one curious item may be mentioned. As long as she lived at home, every year in March she (in conjunction with other members of the family) heard the "family ghost" who (or should one say which) had been making himself heard every year at the same time since the 10<sup>th</sup> century. She described it as a "spray of sound".

As to fears—she was particularly afraid of mice and shaggy headed moths.

After a varied career she took up writing in which she was successful from the financial standpoint. Her voluntary writing was witty, sarcastic and sophisticated. Then one day after she had been writing for a number of years, quite unexpectedly she got what was apparently the middle of a story—no beginning and no end. The day following she got the end of the story and the day following that the beginning. The story had charm, simplicity and a depth and beauty of expression quite at variance with her voluntary writing. She sent it off "as was" to one of the well known magazines the editor of which published it and asked for more. She promised—then wondered if any more would come. After a lapse of time a second one appeared,



again coming in fragments. Eventually a whole series was written this way and these stories all were published in the same magazine. They received warm praise from the critics. The very odd thing is that the stories appeared at intervals of *nine* weeks. If we remember the subject's history and also that nine is the number of fruition, then it is interesting indeed to note the number interval necessary for the story to be born.

Fortunately the unconscious was considerate enough to supply the demand of publishers and the involuntary experiment worked out successfully. The material in the stories dealt with an environment and characters which were associated with deep conflict and repression and the ideas surrounding these had undoubtedly become dislodged and were leading an independent existence. However instead of being unorganized and chaotic they had formed themselves into lovely stories. It is perhaps of interest that the stories were sent as they were exteriorized—without additions or corrections.

The next two cases to be discussed bring us into another type of involuntary expression and that is automatic drawing and color work. This form of involuntary expression is by far one of the most fascinating and offers unparalleled opportunity for the study of the primitive unconscious, as well as the building of a constructive channel for the subject's creative energy.

The first of these cases was a young woman who had two distinct interests: 1—social service and 2—art. She was skilled in both. She had taught art in a well-known art school; she had had excellent training and her own productions in oil had received praise from the critics at various exhibits where they had been hung.

Her training in social work had been of the best and she enjoyed doing it.

She herself was puzzled over her attitude toward her painting, especially with regard to the financial side of it. She was not willing to sell anything she painted. She had a private income which enabled her to be independent, but she recognized that the financial stand-offishness undoubtedly had a background of repressed conflict somewhere—and she was right in her surmise. During her analysis she began doing some automatic writing which rapidly changed to automatic drawing (drawing under distraction, the same as in writing). The first productions were pencil sketches of weird figures. After a few days of the pencil sketches the next productions appeared in color. These were



Fig. 15. This design contains nearly all of the ingredients of the conflict. 1. The hooded figure without a face. 2. The Monster. 3. The imprisoned birds. 4. No outlet of any description.



Fig. 16. This was called "Flight". The picture is filled with birds, all imprisoned. Note the central embryonic figure.



Fig. 18. Renunciation. Kneeling figure (no features) making offering. Monster overshadowing and dominating scene. Observe that the featureless face is one eye of the Monster.



Fig. 19. One of the later drawings. Observe that the hooded figures have features, the Monster has lost his and the top of the design is open showing a path of emergence.





done on assorted scraps of paper—in water color and pastel. They were all symbolic and of great interest.

Beginning with the pencil sketches every picture and every component part of each picture was analyzed through free association. By this means every drawing and design was reduced to understandable terms. In a number of the very complicated ones there remained a residue which did not yield to the associative process. For these residues we reserved the right of accepting a symbolic interpretation—I say *we* because no symbolic interpretation was taken unless the subject herself could see the significance of it, and its application to her problems. The four main symbols of the designs were 1, the camel representing drudgery; 2, the bird representing ambition; 3, the monster representing the disturbing motives of the unconscious and 4, the Chinese shoe. At first the bird appeared imprisoned in all of the drawings and color designs—not only one but many of them. They moved in every direction but never was there an outlet for them. As the work progressed and the pent-up conflicts and energy were liberated, the camel became less obtrusive while the birds slowly but resolutely gained freedom.

The conflict with regard to selling the productions of her artistic self was solved nicely when she turned the newly found designing ability into another medium. Since finding this outlet, two things have happened to the subject. First, she has developed the automatic activity which at first, of course, was purely involuntary to a stage where it has come under voluntary control. In other words the path from the Unconscious to the Conscious has been blazed and remains open. Second, she has found herself willing to sell these productions. Very recently she was invited to give an exhibit at a famous art gallery, where her productions received the warmest praise. One of the beautiful pictures was a figure which was called Emancipation and which was the final metamorphosis of the imprisoned Ambition (expressed in earlier automatic designs as a bird) into a lovely female figure depicting a freely emerged unfettered soul.

Through the analysis of these involuntary color productions this subject obtained a complete insight into many of her attitudes and ambitions, of which she had not been aware and she further developed an appreciative insight into the motives which are at work in her artistic efforts. It has taken away none of the pleasure in her work, nor has she lost anything in the finesse of her conscious productions

(landscapes in oil) through her excursion into the unconscious and back.

The first of these automatic pictures which was termed "Flight" showed a group of birds in an enclosed space with no escape possible. Note that the white birds in the center outline an embryonic figure.

Some of the associations for this picture brought to light the following—

"Center bird whose wing forms one flying away, or attempting to, but held securely—a part of parent bird—both in bound enclosure—bound not only by parent but by environment—two foremost rules—honor and obey parents—and live without censure from acquaintances. — life seems to have been all a striving to be something I was not, rather than a development of what I was. — — — — Tending to theatrical effects—why want to dramatize situations—is it *anything*—(even uncomfortable situations) to get rid of the commonplace? Seemingly life has been a beating against the bars—an attempt to fly without wings. I wanted to be unhappy because it was the one way I could call attention to myself—adverse criticism was better than the commonplace."

The wingless imprisoned birds then represented the caged ambition of the real self which had been tied up by hampering influences for all the years since childhood. There had been constructive outlets, yes, indeed there had—but not the highly sublimated outlet which this particular ego unconsciously demanded for itself. The embryo dealt naturally with the idea of not being fully freed and developed, just as the birds did.

The picture of Despair has as its central figure a "claw", the associations to which brought forth extraordinary child phantasies and a feeling in many cases of being snatched away from a situation of comfort to be punished for something which she was helpless and powerless to prevent or for something she had not done at all. Part of these associations dealt with very great fear of the intangible. The grim purple, green and black of this design produced a weird result.

The symbol of the monster was associated with many things but chiefly with a submerged wish for death by drowning—the "monster" being largely associated with sea monster. The monster appears in the three productions in which hooded figures appear. In the two first of these, the hooded figures had *featureless faces* (association "between masks—no features—pulpless mass") but in the third, the faces have features, the monster has lost his face while the upper part of the design is not enclosed, showing a chance for emergence and escape.





Fig. 17  
This design was called Despair.  
Note the claw in the center.



Fig. 20  
This was called Curiosity. The question  
mark is made of beginning embryonic  
figures. The upper part contains a girl's  
head; the lower part a bird of prey.

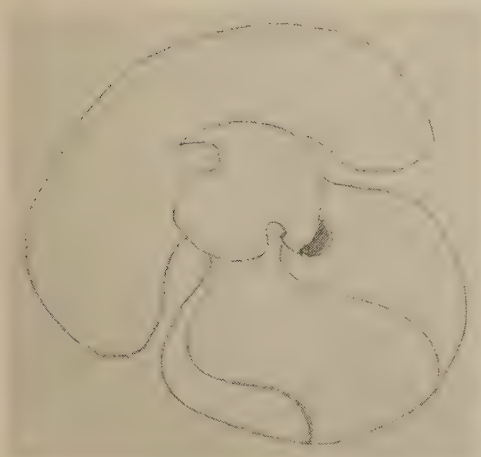


Fig. 24

These two designs were drawn by the boy who had mutilation phantasies. They were drawings of images projected on to a glass surface. These phantasies dealt with a great conflict.



It is interesting that in the picture which is labelled Renunciation, the subject *did not see the monster in the picture until it was pointed out to her*. All she recognized was the kneeling figure making its offering.

Later on in associations for the monster she said –

“Is the monster other than the hidden force of the unconscious always trying to get out, always under disguise. When it is shown for just what it is does it not cease to be a monster and become just a normal, natural force, useful in its own place but causing all sorts of discomfort and even terror outside of it and especially when disguised and misunderstood. Here it is in the guise of a diver’s helmet the diver is going down after the facts – are they all out yet?”

Evidently they were not all out, for we later obtained the submerged death-wish as additional associative material.

One very lovely series of four water colors dealt with the idea of emergence in a different way. The first picture depicted a barren desert scene – craggy mountains in the distance, and a camel in the foreground. In the second the mountains were closer and more friendly – there was a lot of green in the form of tall cacti and the camel had receded and had become dim. In the third scene, the mountains had become green hills, the floor of the desert was covered with faint green and in a gray-blue sky a faintly sketched bird seemed to be winging away happily. The camel had disappeared. In the fourth picture the mountains and fields (the desert was gone) were vivid green and in the pale sky a mighty bird flying swiftly (that is the impression it gave) dominated the picture.

A whole volume could be written on this one experiment alone if one wanted to take up all the interesting points which treated of symbolism, associations, and the pranks with which the Unconscious delights in confounding the poor unsuspecting Conscious.

The third case is of an entirely different nature and one in which the automatic designing produced a release from a tragic fear and conflict which had on five different occasions brought the patient within the portals of hospitals for mental disease.

This patient, a brilliant young woman, who was on the verge of having herself recommitted for the sixth time to a State Hospital, came under my observation just as she was heading toward another attack of manic-depressive psychosis – manic phase. She was under terrific emotional excitement, was hyper-active in movement and speech, and with the first interview there seemed little hope of averting the break

which was so imminent. A word here perhaps is necessary – though a scientific discussion of the psychoses is not within the scope of this book – to explain manic-depressive “insanity”. It is a mental disturbance in which periods of deep depression generally alternate with periods of extreme excitement, frequently of the violent type, with periods of ordinary behavior in the intermissions. The spells come on with increasing frequency, each attack lasting longer than the preceding, while the periods of intermission grow less. When patients are in one or the other of the phases it is very hard to make contacts with them – in the one case their minds work too slowly and they can not make the effort to respond; in the other phase they are too active and their thoughts fly so fast that it is impossible to slow them down sufficiently to keep up with them.

The patient referred to here had only the manic attacks. After the depression following the first attack she was able to ward off these spells, but she had learned no way to counteract the excitement when it began.

Her history was fascinating. She had studied music and painting (landscapes in oils) and had enjoyed both but had done nothing professionally with either. She had been a teacher and a social service worker in England and Africa where she had been under severe stress on numerous occasions. Her first break came in England.

After that conditions became steadily worse for her and she was looking forward to a life of continuous re-entries into the hospital for mental cases.

In her history the description she gave of one period where she was in isolation at the hospital (she was violent, tearing her clothes and being destructive in other ways and had to be kept in a bare room with only a metal bed) provided a clue for what finally turned out to be the solution of the problem. She told of having had an inspiration to draw a picture of gigantic wings which seemed to be beating rhythmically, and having no material to work with she seized the metal springs of the bed and with the almost super-human strength she possessed when in these spells, she swept the springs against the plaster walls, producing the design she had in mind. The attendants, having no idea of what was in her mind, reported her as being particularly assaultive and destructive and so the bed was removed and just a pad left. How could they know what she was thinking about? Their duty was to keep hospital property from being damaged as

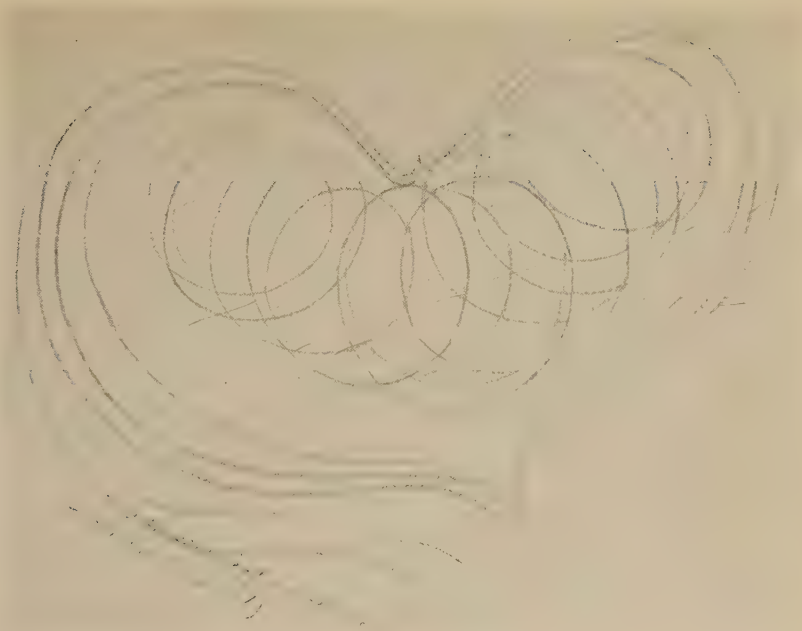


Fig. 21

Rhythmic — done with two hands. In the lower left hand corner she did some extra twists which were not automatic. She made a note — (“added — not automatic and why did I add it?!”)

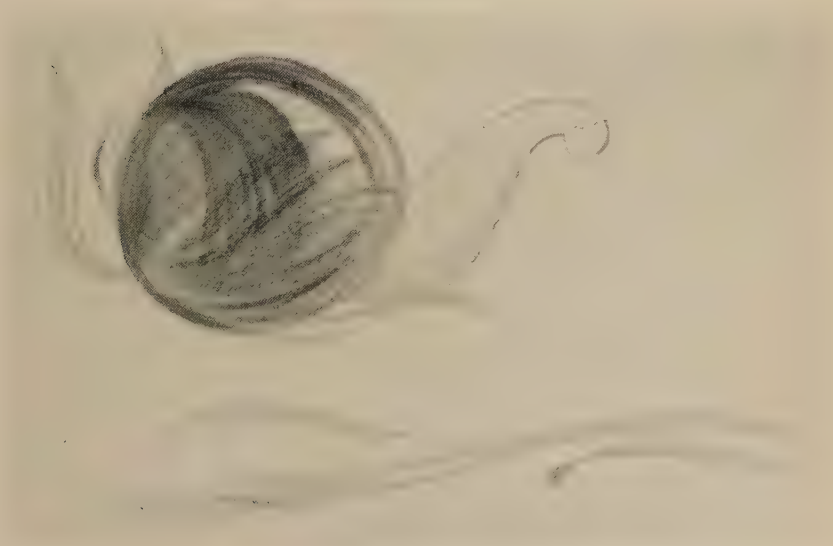


Fig. 22

This came in the first two days of automatic drawing.





much as is possible. To them an insane person was an insane person – they had no other insight for these problems.

This incident and the fact that she complained of an annoying twitching or strumming, as she expressed it, of her hand which was rhythmic and very marked gave me a clue that we were dealing with a type of repressed activity which needed speedy and rhythmic exteriorizing. Even while she was working out the systematic and detailed history (personal, medical and psychological) which I require of all patients as a matter of routine, she was started on a procedure of automatic activity; writing with first one hand and then the other – drawing with first one hand, then the other, and for symmetrical rhythmic expression with both hands together.

The first products were more or less fragmentary, but as the drawing was pushed for longer periods some really wonderful designs began making their appearance. At the end of the intervals of automatic drawing the patient noticed that the psychomotor activity was greatly decreased and that the terrific inner tension which was so distressing was greatly lessened.

The drawings and designs were analyzed and interpreted; the energy surrounding the conflict material, when released, was immediately transferred to motor activity which left tangible results in the way of beautiful designs, written ideas and constructive expression of various kinds.

The patient did not go to the hospital – she became slowly and steadily better. She finally took up a thorough course in designing and has been producing some of the most exquisite designs for silks. In this case, as in the preceding, the path from the Unconscious to the Conscious has become permanently opened for this activity and the process is now no longer automatic. It has become the great safety valve and release for the emotions, as well as the abilities of this subject. She has ceased being a patient, but her interest in the work leads her to send me such material as she feels will be of value in the continuous study which I am making.

In this second case of automatic drawing several productions are interesting. The first is done with two pencils – the rhythm of the thing is obvious. In the left corner there is the patient's own note about the added spray not being automatic. The next drawings were done entirely in blue and were products of the first two days attempt at automatic drawing. Then came the beginning of the great rhythmic patterns which predominated for some time. These and many others

(probably two hundred in all) were done before the patient took up designing as a study course.

In both of these cases of automatic drawing the original conscious work in art had been in painting landscapes in oil—simply reproductions of actual scenes. Neither had recognized the possibility of turning her unconscious motives and *creative energy* into actual *creative activity* and expression of this kind.

The last case of drawing to be mentioned in this chapter was that of a young woman who drew some rather interesting things under distraction. One of these productions was a thing she named "The Cyclops". The word Cyclops had been recurring in automatic writing with apparently no particular relevance. Association for the word brought out the following phantasy ideas—

"Cyclops in mythology; do not go to school; do not have bones; they fight. Cyclops are men who are big and live in big numbers by rocks. They have long black hair; are one eyed and are very cruel. Cyclops carry big clubs and want to kill people. They are people who want to try to upset natural happiness. There are no women or children. They sit in the sun and walk around looking for victims. They look for boats or ships in the distance. Cyclops are restless or impatient."

It was not until the picture was drawn that the symbolical significance of the one eyed monster revealed itself to the subject, who then saw why the Unconscious had sought to symbolize a great conflict in this particular manner. The associations connected with and the symbolic interpretation of this picture taken together brought it definitely into the realm of constructive association, although originally it had dealt only with a destructive dissociation mechanism.

The other drawings done by this patient were of interest also, especially a little design done with two hands.

One other type of Automatic Activity closely allied to those previously mentioned, though not expressed through the hand, is Automatic Speech. I have had three people who produced very constructive associative material involuntarily through the medium of the tongue.

One subject had the feeling she was perched on the back of her chair listening to the very unusual conversation which was so unlike her correct dignified self that it proved much cause for merriment.

Another one gaily broadcasted little jungle stories which were very entertaining. The jungle phantasies had five chief actors—Mamma



Fig. 23. Cyclops.





Tiger, Papa Tiger, the twin Tiger babies—Pudgy and Frisky—and the Parrot. Another phantasy dealt with an old English home, an English gentleman and his wife and their beautiful little girl.

Examples of the tiger stories are the following—

“Polly is taking a walk on the sand bank and is moving slowly along in her pompous but awkward fashion, putting one foot slowly in front of the other in the pigeon-toed polly manner. Frisky and Pudgy have just awakened from a nap and are looking about for sport, so they decide to tease Polly. They make a run at her, and then turn aside just before they reach her—they growl and scold. Finally Frisky gets very bold and even biffs her, and then dashes away. Polly ruffles her neck feathers so that they all stand straight up on end and retreats. Then Pudgy decides he’ll try, and makes a run at Polly to hit her. But just as he gets real close, she makes one of her funny little hops of about two or three inches and grabs Pudgy by the ear with that strong, wicked-looking beak. My how Pudgy does howl and squeal and yell. He sounds like he is being killed, and he surely thinks he is. After she thinks he has been sufficiently punished, Polly lets go and walks on just as though nothing has happened. Pudgy retires to the furthest corner of the sand bank and mentally resolves he will never, never tease Polly again.”

“It must be late in the afternoon for the sand bank is all in shadows, with just patches of light in spots as the sun filters through the leaves over head. As the leaves move lazily in the breeze, the sunlight dances about on the sand and seems to make shifting patterns. Papa and Mamma Tiger are curled up on the sand asleep, and Pudgy and Frisky Tiger are playing around. Suddenly they see a big log out in the river, and they think it would be fun to swim out and play on it. So Pudgy swims out and tries to climb aboard, but the end where he tries to climb is all covered with wet, slimy leaves and he keeps sliding back into the water. Finally he gets disgusted and swims back to shore and stares at the log in a most disgruntled manner. Then Frisky Tiger says—‘Just watch me, I’ll show you how to do it’ and he swims out to the log. He choses a place on the log which is perfectly dry, and easily climbs aboard. He sits down on the log and looks at Pudgy in the most condescending manner, as if to say—‘Why didn’t you use your head?’ So Pudgy swims out to the log and tries again. He scrambles up on the log and as he wiggles and squirms around he pushes Frisky off into the water. Now Frisky climbs back

up on the log most incensed, and there ensues a good-natured battle royal. They wrestle and fight, and first Pudgy and then Frisky flops into the water. They have great sport and make so much noise that they finally awaken Polly, who has been fast asleep on the limb, and she takes her head out from under her wing and thinks it is a great joke to watch the two silly little tigers romp on the log.

After a while Frisky and Pudgy have played long enough, so they both swim ashore and lie down on the sand bank to take a nap."

"It is early morning and everything is quiet on the sand bank, except Polly is awake and walking back and forth on a high limb, chattering and scolding loudly. Suddenly a fuzzly, little yellow head appears in the door of the cave and out walks Frisky Tiger. He walks out in the sunlight, stretches all four legs and yawns lazily. He plays around for a little while, and then gets tired of amusing himself, so he sneaks quietly into the cave. In a second he comes dashing out of the cave again with Pudgy in close pursuit, very indignant because he has been awakened. So the Tiger Twins have a good-natured touse on the sand. Suddenly they both have the same bright idea and rush back to the cave. Then there is a sound of scrambling, jumping and scolding and the Twins have awakened Papa Tiger. They all come out on the sand bank and the Twins coax Papa Tiger to get them some breakfast, to which he remarks - 'You are big enough to get your own breakfast'. They insist they do not know how, and he replies - 'Well, come with me and I will show you just once more and after this you will have to get your own breakfast'. So he takes the Twins off through the jungle till they come to a little clear spot, and then he says - 'Now, stand right here in the shadows and watch me and be sure you don't make any noise'. They all stand perfectly still, and pretty soon a little field mouse runs out from among the tall grass. He plays around in the open and comes nearer and nearer to the Tigers. Suddenly Papa Tiger makes a quick jump and catches him right in his paw, and says - 'Now, that is the way to do it - you each catch one for yourself'."

"So they all stand real still and soon here comes another little field mouse out in the open to play. He comes closer and closer, and Pudgy gets so excited he just has to wiggle, and of course he steps on a dry leaf, and off scoots the little field mouse. Papa Tiger remarks - 'You made so much noise the field mouse heard you and ran away'. Again they wait patiently until another little field mouse appears. He

plays around and has the most fun scampering in the sunlight. As he comes close, Frisky Tiger takes one big leap and is sure he has the little mouse in his paw. But when he looks, his paw is empty and the little mouse is dashing off through the grass. Again Papa Tiger explains—‘You were so excited that you jumped much too far. You must look where you jump.’ It is hard for the two little Tigers to wait patiently, but soon here come two field mice. They romp and play and it seems they are never going to come near the little Tigers. Now they come real close, and each little Tiger takes a big spring and each catches a little field mouse. They are very proud of themselves and have to take their catch home to show Mamma Tiger. She is very proud of her sons and says—‘Now you are great big boys. You can get your breakfast every morning and perhaps you can bring breakfast to Mamma some times too’.”

In neither of these two cases of automatic speech was there any question of a trance condition. There was much more the feeling that a sliding door had been pushed aside and that the space beyond was a store room filled with interesting contents ready to be inspected and most anxious to be allowed to come out.

In both cases the conscious self was perfectly aware of what was going on but the production was involuntary and undirected.

### SUMMARY.

*Involuntary expression may be dissociative or associative according to the manner of exteriorization.*

*It is dissociative where it results in asocial behavior or develops an unstable personality.*

*It is associative when it leads to a satisfactory adjustment and a stabilized mental condition.*

*When involuntary expression as illustrated by automatic writing and automatic drawing of the associative type is developed to the stage where it becomes voluntary, then the individual has acquired a permanent form of enriched expression.*

## CHAPTER XI.

In all of the cases of automatic writing which have developed under my observation five cases have been particularly interesting from the standpoint of involuntary expression manifested in several different fields simultaneously. In automatic writing alone, we have involuntary expression in one field only, but where other fields are involved we may have automatic writing combined with visual imagery, or with olfactory imagery, or with auditory imagery, or with tactile imagery, or with any group of these, and the involuntary expression at one level may not coincide with simultaneous involuntary expression at a different level.

The first case which gave an indication of double expression was the case reported as Violet Z. She wrote with both hands at the same time in the same direction and each hand expressed a different character. In this case the left hand represented feminine characteristics and the right hand masculine; the left hand recorded itself in small characters while the right hand wrote in a bold flourishing, pompous style. There seemed to be quite a struggle for supremacy in the two sides, and finally the left hand wrote – “if you will help me I can write better”, while at the same time the right hand wrote – “I would like to let you but I am stronger and I hinder”. The graphic duel wound up with – “I want to be strong, but I am weaker” with the left hand, while the right hand celebrated the victory by scribbling all over the page – “GOOD, GOOD, GOOD!” in increasingly large letters. The bisexual components of this case were beautifully illustrated in this war between the feminine and masculine characteristics of this subject.

The next case which provided interesting material for study was a young girl who had been sent in because of inability to keep up with her work in school and because of other characteristics which her family did not understand.



After examining her and finding her of average intelligence, she was tried out for suggestibility and found to be intensely suggestible. In the course of analysis she mentioned that she could see pictures if she kept her eyes focused on any one point. This led to the experiment of having her focus on a glass ball (a so-called "gazing crystal") and report what she saw.

It may be well to explain right here, that the things seen in a crystal are only projections of the subject's own visual images—there is nothing occult or "spiritistic" about it. The visual images obtained this way are referred to as percept images. These so-called percept images appear most frequently in young persons, though they may be found in many adults of the poet or artist type who are said to belong to the "eidetic" type and in whom these percept images continue to function.

The girl, to whom I shall refer as Marjory, had no difficulty in projecting her mental pictures on to the surface of the glass and took great pleasure in describing them.

She had developed facility in automatic writing too, so it was decided to try the combined method of dictating what she saw in the glass and of writing automatically at the same time.

The experiment was conducted as follows—The hand placed in a writing sling, was poised over a large writing pad. The experimenter sat to one side and a little back of the subject in order to guide the hand, to ask questions, and to take down the subject's dictation which began the moment the subject saw anything appear in the glass ball. During several test periods an assistant was present in order to help check the written records so that it was possible to find out if there was any time relationship between the written record and the crystal picture. The only consistent thing about this relationship proved to be the fact that it was wholly inconsistent.

Frequently the writing began first and was followed by the crystal imagery; again, an image would appear and the writing would not start until later; or, as happened many times, the dictated description of the picture and the writing both began at the same time.

The crystal pictures were sometimes gray, like photographs; more often, they were in colors. The subject could see the people talking, and when asked what they were saying she would insist she did not know—that she could see their lips moving but had no idea what the words were. Meantime, her hand would be recording the conversation on paper, though she did not know what she was writing.



The material collected this way divided itself into two classes: (1) Detailed accounts of forgotten incidents, pleasant and unpleasant; and (2) phantasies, some of which were simply wish fulfilling in nature, while others were frequently symbolic and as a rule led to conflict material. It is interesting to note that often the report dictated did not coincide with what the subject was writing.

### History of the Case.

Marjory M., fifteen years old, first year in High School, was brought to me as a behavior problem. She had run away from home; had attempted to get the lady at the Travelers' Aid booth in the station to give her money to go to her old home in the West, saying that her mother was dying and she wished to go to her. The lady was suspicious and went to call up the address Marjory had given her; meantime, fearing detection, Marjory left the station and went to two florists, sent cut flowers to herself and her mother and had them charged to a casual acquaintance. The child was badly frightened when first interviewed, as she had been punished, scolded and sermonized until she was afraid to tell anything about herself.

Her history, briefly, showed that she was the fourth in a fraternity of five and was born in New Mexico. Her mother admitted that she had not wanted this child and that she had neither much affection for, nor patience with her. The child knew and felt this keenly. She began school at six and her school career was uneventful and moderately successful. She was especially good in English and showed originality in composition. During the past year there had been complaints from her teachers that Marjory had been inattentive and that it had seemed difficult for her to concentrate.

This apparent lack of concentration was first noticed and commented on by her father. He came from a family in the West, five groups of which I was able to obtain information about. Two of these groups were mental defectives; a third was normal; a fourth produced a number of very brilliant men with marked criminal tendencies and the fifth, to which Marjory's father belonged, had many clever but very erratic members.

Marjory loved her father most dearly, and was very sad over his death which occurred when she was eleven. In fact she still mourns for him greatly. Her mother was surprised to learn this as she supposed Marjory was more or less indifferent to her father's memory.

Marjory's happiest recollections were of New Mexico where she had lived with her parents until she was nine years old, at which time the family moved to New York and a year later to another city. After the father's death, the financial conditions of the family were very poor. The older children were obliged to work, and they soon obtained excellent positions with good salaries. Marjory continued school and at the same time did the housework, most of the laundry, part of the cooking, all of the dishwashing and then had to beg for every nickel she wanted. Added to that, a "bossy" older sister, "hand-me-down" clothes that were shabby and worn, and a feeling that her mother did not love her or want her anyway – and the Cinderella picture was almost complete.

Marjory's one outlet from all this was "pretending". Reading of every description fascinated her and at fifteen she still loved fairy stories. Her imagination was riotous and was largely responsible for her behavior difficulties. While Marjory was going through a fulminating adolescent upheaval, her mother was going through a period of emotional instability associated with the menopause. The effect of those two on each other was most distressing.

It must not be thought, however, that Marjory had no unfavorable characteristics. She was stubborn, unreliable, irresponsible, slipshod in her work and sly, according to her mother. According to herself, she was impetuous, impulsive, easily angered, hypersensitive and irritable. As to mood, she had always noted that elation alternated with depression.

The patient was given a psychometric test which indicated that she had a mental age of 14.8 (I. Q. .97), with a typical psychoneurotic reaction pattern, scattering from the twelfth through the sixteenth years. Perception and association were good, as were judgment and reasoning; she gave clear and concise definitions and there was a distinct tendency toward self-criticism.

The material to work with, as far as intelligence was concerned, was good; but the child's family background was not good, so it seemed rather a hopeless task to try to obtain a better adjustment under existing conditions. A personality study was begun, however, and at the same time the crystal-writing experiment was started. Marjory co-operated very well and in about two weeks time some very good records were being obtained. The records recalling the forgotten incidents were corroborated by Marjory's mother, as far as dates and incidents were concerned.

### Records of Crystal Gazing With Automatic Writing.

The records, which were simply phantasy productions, were discussed and they brought to light many wish-fulfilling mechanisms, as well as symbolically disguised conflicts.

It has been difficult to find any way to present the dual records so as to give a correct idea of them. The writing was always continuous once it had begun, but I have been obliged to put breaks where the dictated material, when transcribed, had taken up too much space to permit the checking words to come at the right place. There were frequent changes in the pictures or, as was often observed, the picture after moving quite a while would remain stationary for some time.

### Examples of recall material

#### Crystal Picture Dictation

1. I see a kitten. It is a cute little fuzzy one and it is jumping around and playing with something. Can't see what it is. Oh, yes, I see now. It is a spool.

2. It jumped on the table and it just knocked a fork off. It looks scared.

3. A girl is coming in and she is going after the kitten. It is running off. It is coming back and it

4. just gave a jump and landed on girl's dress and she

5. jumped like anything.

6. It is going on the cot and curling up as though it wanted to sleep, but it sees its tail and slaps at it with its paw and the girl is playing with it. Picture flashed off.

#### Involuntary Writing

1. And now I see a kitten playing with a spool and it is pushing with one paw and then the other and then running after it hard. Now it is hiding in ambush and going after it hard and playing all about with everything in site. Now it is on one of the things on the

2. table and it is playing with a fork and it knocked the fork off the table. Some one is coming in to spank it. Now the kitten

3. is coming in and acting like it is sorry.

4. It gave a jump and landed on the girl's dress

5. and she squeeled and pushed it off.

6. It is going up on the cot to sleep and take a nap and the girl is petting it. The cat playing with its tail and making grabs after it and now it is going away.

In this record, writing and picture started at the same time and ended at approximately the same time. "The picture flashed off" was Marjory's description of the way the crystal images ended. The kitten episode had occurred about a month before.

The following record was obtained in response to the question "Can you remember something that made Marjory mad when she was little?" The writing in this case preceded the crystal image.

She was about five years old when a girl friend and she were making mud cakes and when they were put in the pan to bake she, the other girl, knocked them over with a stick and then they had a hair pulling fite with each other and they were

1. I see two little girls and they are playing on the ground but I can't see what they are doing.

Q. What color dresses have they?

Ans. I can't see. It looks just gray. A little girl just knocked something over with a stick. Now

2. they are fighting and pulling each others' hair.

3. They are making up.  
Picture flashed off.

1. mad at each other for about two minutes and then they made up a new batch of mud and made some more cakes. And now they are making some raisin cakes and the raisins are sunflower seeds and specks of pepper dusted on top of the loaves and

2. now the cakes are done and they are

3. selling them to their other girl friends and then one of the girls threw some wet mud at Marjory and got her new clean apron all dirty and made her be spanked and that was one time she was mad for good.

The next episode is from her third year. Marjory did not know the girls' names and had to ask her mother, who verified the names and facts of the story.

## Crystal

1. I see two little girls going up a hill. They have a bucket, holding it between them. One is big and one is little. I don't know who they are.

Q. What are they doing now?

Ans. They are still climbing.

2. Now I see a cow and the girls have stopped; there is a house.

3. The girls are getting some milk.

4. The cow is switching its tail and hit them. It is still swishing its tail. The girl is laughing.

5. They seem to be going home now.

6. They have stopped.

7. They are eating something

8. They are picking up the pail again.

9. Home now. Some one is talking to them. It is a lady.

Picture flashed off.

Q. Who were Mary and Mona?

10. Ans. I don't know.

Q. Do you remember how old you were when this happened?

11. Ans. I don't remember anything about it.

## Writing

1. Now I see a big girl and a little girl and they have a pail in their hands and they are carrying it to the house on the hill to get some milk. They are milking and the cow switches her tail and tickled one of the girls on the chin and they laughed at that.

2. Then she got her milk and they were going down

3. the hill and they saw some strawberries and they thought how nice

4. it would be to have strawberries and cream so they got some strawberries in a cup and ate some with the milk

5. and when they got home the mother

6. of the girls asked where the milk all was and the girls told her they had used it with the strawberries and she

7. laughed at them. The girls' names are

8. Mary and Mona. They got some more of the berries and they are preserving

9. them for jelly to eat with their bread and butter.

10. Mary was a sister of Mona and they were friends of the Molins and they came from Silver City.

11. She was about three years old.

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When Marjory was small she was taken up to bed and the house maid told her about ghosts and bugaboos

1. I see a long white thing appearing. It is of indefinite shape. It looks like a ghost. Now there are some dark ones. They look like what I used to think of as bugaboos.

2. I see a colored woman. She is neither tall nor short nor fat nor thin. She is just medium. She is talking to some one. I can't tell what about. It seems to be dark.

3. Now it seems to be light. I still see her. She is talking to a man. Don't know what they are saying.

4. Now they are shaking hands.

5. I see a white lady coming in.

6. I see the colored girl shaking hands with a colored man.

1. and that made her afraid and she made a noise and her Mama came and asked what the trouble was and Melda said she heard me crying all alone and don't know what made me cry. Melda asked her pardon and was very sorry for what she did and she cried to take care of me and that was when I was two and a half years old.

2. The maid was a colored maid and she was always trying to scare people and she did it to me and that was one of the ways I was scared.

3. She is talking to a man about how she scared me last night and how glad she was that she was not fired and was pardoned and they laughed

4. and joked with each other.

5. Then in comes Mama and sends him out and then Mama tells Melda if she has any of her friends in to talk

6. when at work she will discharge her and get some one else.

In response to the question "What is one of the early impressions of your father?", the following record was obtained.

#### Dictation

I see a school house. I see the inside and I see my Daddy talking

#### Writing

I used to go up to the school and see papa when he would be

to a lot of children. They are laughing. He stoops over and picks me up and kisses me. Now he is calling an older girl and telling her to take me home. We are going out now and we are going down a country lane.

Q. Do you recognize her?

Ans. No, I don't know who she is.

teaching the older children and they would laugh at me.

(Q. [Whispered] Why?) Because I was in my bare feet and had a little doll and a little apron and a little sunbonnet on. Papa would take me up in his arms and tell me I was his little helper. Then he would kiss me and tell me to go home with the girl he told me to go home with. Her name was --.

The following were obtained in response to the suggestion: "Tell some things Marjory can't remember".

#### Dictation

I see a child playing on the ground. I can't see what she is doing. Now she is getting up and turning on the water. Now she is going into a door. She is inside the house now.

The picture is fading.

I see myself in the back yard. A snake runs over my foot I am barefooted. I seem to be screaming. They are coming out now, mother and father and Harry. They are killing it. Now they are throwing it on a heap; can't see what it is.

#### Writing

When she was real young she made mud pies and got her dress all dirty and went to the wash bucket and put water on it, then went into the house and put the dress in the dirty clothes sack and got a clean dress and put it on wrong side out and then went out to play some more. Mama saw how clean my dress was and went in the house and saw my dirty one in the clothes sack and called me to come there. She saw I had put it on wrong side out and she put it on right side out and made me come in the house the rest of the morning.

Once she went out back after dark and when she went on the walk a snake crawled over her bare foot and she screamed and then she cried. The family came and she told them, "a snake ran over my bare foot". Papa and Harry killed it and they threw it

The picture is fading.

I see a cat's tail waving back and forth; but I can't see anything — no cat nothing.

It is disappearing.

on the ash pile. When morning came they found it was only a little tame garter snake which had scared me and they laughed at me for screaming but I was surely scared.

There is a kitten in a hat with its tail sticking out. Now it is coming out and it wiggles around and washes its face and goes back and springs out at a mouse and plays with it and nearly lets it get away. But she pounces on it and plays with it some more.

The next record comes from the fifteenth month when the patient was first able to walk and was a response to the question, "What were some things that frightened Marjory when she was very small?"

#### Dictation

I see a little girl and she fell over something. It looks like an animal with its mouth open. Now some one is coming and picking her up. The picture is fading.

#### Writing

Once she was just beginning to walk when after dark she was paddling along and she walked on some fur and she thought it was a lion and she cried and her mother came and found Marjory on her back and saw the fur and guessed what it was that scared her.

When asked for a more detailed account of this, the following was obtained by involuntary writing.

"She was a year old when she was frightened by the fur. She was always afraid of fur and of a feather, and when she would see a feather flying she would scream and run as best she could, and then she would go tell her Mama how she was scared and would cry and then she would shoo the feather away when it came near. Her brother used to tickle her under the chin with a feather when she was too little to run; and that was the cause of being afraid of a feather when she would see it. He used to tickle her feet too and that would make her cry."

I shall not give any of the phantasy productions as they were too long, but two of them were in the form of most entertaining little melodramas which I found quite fascinating. I shall give just a fragment to indicate how vivid these images were to the subject.

### Crystal

1. I see two mountains and a bridge.
2. There is a fall. The bridge is going from one peak to another.
3. Some one is walking over the bridge.
4. He is looking over the rail.
5. And now he is walking on over.
6. Oh, my! The bridge just broke! (Patient jumped out of her chair.) The man fell. He is still falling.
7. He just caught on the limb of a tree and is swinging there.

### Writing

1. There is a mountain and a bridge going from it and a
2. man walking
3. over the bridge and when he
4. gets in the middle he looks over the one railing and then over the other and he is
5. walking on over and
6. when he goes across, the bridge breaks and the man goes falling through empty space.
7. And now he catches on the limb and is swinging back and forth.

The patient told me she always had hypnagogic hallucinations up to the time she came to the clinic – and they were always the same. She could see rocking chairs, or rather one rocking chair, which rocked and rocked and rocked. Some one sat in the chair but she could not tell who it was. At the next hour she reported that she could tell that it was not a man, but more definite information than that she could not give.

I finally got her to visualize the chair in the crystal, and while she could see it moving, it was turned so that she could not see the occupant. The writing which explained the picture of the chair proved to be quite a surprise. The following is the story.

“The rocking chair I saw in my dreams was made of my actions here on earth – of my plays and good deeds as well as my bad ones – that lived forever. When I would do a good deed I would be helping to build the chair and make it secure and when I would do a bad act I would weaken the chair and to offset this I would do or think a good thing to keep it from being wiggly and make it strong. The

right side was always made of good deeds but the bad ones settled in the left side. I was five years old when I first saw the rocking chair."

Q. How did you get the idea of the rocking chair?

Ans. "At Sunday school—they said something about castles being built of good deeds and the only thing I knew that I thought looked anything like one was the rocking chair."

I could give many more illustrations from the records of this patient, but it is not necessary. Suffice it to say that I decidedly discouraged phantasy production and used the method for recalling forgotten incidents. After the disturbances of the past ten years had been worked out, I began on the fifth year and obtained all the incidents that had occurred which had humiliated, frightened or angered the patient during that year, then I pushed back into the fourth year; then the third and so on. Great quantities of interesting records were obtained in this way.

This case brought me to the conclusion that recalling forgotten incidents by means of verbal imagery alone, or of visual imagery alone is inaccurate and incomplete. The two types together provide a much more detailed account of forgotten incidents.

I have found the projected imagery a great help in getting at children's phantasies, for it seems much easier to them to tell you what they see rather than what they *think*. The following is taken from the record of a young colored boy who projected visual imagery and dictated what he saw while he wrote automatically at the same time.

"I was driving an auto and was captured by men who hadn't eaten for ten years. I ran down to the river and jumped in and swam and they came after me and the sharks got them. One bit my hand and I took a knife and cut his mouth. I got on what looked like an island, but it was a big fish, and he went down and I lay on the bottom. I saw an island and went up muddy steps. I found a spear with a string on it. Soldiers were standing up with rings on their noses. I threw the spear and it went through a ring—then I ran around and around a tree with it and they didn't get away. The chief had ivory horns on his head. I flew up on a house and fell on him and he went down a hole. I walked along and went into a house and found monkeys in it. They were baboons and a baboon gave me a baboon robe and I wore it. A man in a buffalo skin caught me and threw me over a cliff. Then I went over to a store and saw the man who owned it dead and two robbers going into a cash register.



I called the baboons and we ate up the men. Next day we found a golden tree with golden apples where we buried the bones and nobody could get them but monkeys and me. Other men sneaked over with arrows and with guns. I went up a tree and fell on one with an arrow and another monkey on one with a gun. The man went to hit the monkey and hit the tree and it stayed in the tree. A snake who had a hand swallowed the man up. The monkey went to the tree and got the snake and told it to stay in the gold tree and swallow anybody that came. Fifteen monkeys went for a walk (I was the fifteenth) and found 21 savages. The men all got into trees and as the men passed the gold tree the snake swallowed 4 and we beat the others. I knocked a hole in one with my hand and the snake swallowed him. A dragon came and tried to swallow us and the tree. One monkey found a hatchet and chopped him up and put him in the water."

And this little boy was supposed to be stolid and unimaginative! It is interesting to note that he used the past tense, describing the things that were appearing before him as things that *had* occurred.

The next case was that of a very matter-of-fact appearing boy of sixteen years who had been apprehended stealing articles of small value in a five-and-ten cent store, and who denied all remembrance of having taken anything. His history revealed that he was an adopted child of good intelligence (I. Q. 120); he had excellent ethical ideals, was well-mannered and was of an extremely emotional make-up (which had not been recognized by any one). He slept in a curtained-off portion in the same bedroom with his foster mother, who was an attractive middle-aged woman who worked all day and seldom saw the boy except after she came home from work in the evening. She said she never had had any difficulty with him before. During the course of several conferences he admitted that he had been going with a gang of boys who had a lot of sexual curiosity and that his imagination had become greatly stimulated.

While he was talking he had a far away look, so I placed the "crystal" in front of him and told him to tell me what he saw. He immediately grabbed a piece of paper and a pencil and began to make sketches of the pictures (as he called them) he saw in the crystal. At the same time he dictated a lot of apparently irrelevant material which came without conscious effort.

The first picture was of a long railroad bridge, and the associated material had to do with a long, difficult path which needed to be

traversed before the ultimate goal could be attained. This of course was not in any way unusual. The pictures and dictated material which followed were all of decided interest as they dealt with much more marked difficulties.

The second picturization of the projected visual image represented a curious series of curves with a small dark spot in the center. The third picture was undoubtedly a development of the second and contained a similar small dark spot which had grown into a little derby hat surmounting a face *without* features. The rest of the enclosed design contained an inverted leg and buttock (the foot alone being twice the size of the head), without any body. The little hatted figure was upright and seemed to be emerging from between a cleft. The dictated material which came with this dealt with a birth mutilation phantasy based on curiosity and fear. The boy himself saw no connection between what he was saying and what he had portrayed. Insight was gained later when he recognized that all the material came from his own being and that it was associated (see Fig. 24).

The fourth case was one of extreme interest, inasmuch as some history which was obtained later provided an explanation for something that otherwise would have been considered only bizarre, incoherent and irrelevant. This girl was sent for examination and observation by the Police Department of the town where she lived because she had become unmanageable in her foster home, and because she was beginning to fail in school; to play truant, and to be exceedingly negativistic in her attitude toward practically everyone.

The foster parents when interviewed said they had been unable to get any records of her history when they adopted her, and a search of the files of the placing organization threw no light on the case other than giving the real name of the child. Through diligent search an old police record was unearthed at headquarters, the salient points of which will be given later.

Personally, she was small, attractive, rather suspicious in nature, and uncommunicative. It was because of this latter feature that she was given the glass ball to look into, because this often provides a means of lessening repressions which nothing else will do.

She glanced at the crystal, then suddenly covered her eyes and said:—"No, no, I don't want to see any more". She was evidently badly shaken and could not be induced to experiment further at that conference. Her curiosity had been aroused however, and at the next conference she asked permission to have the crystal again. This time

I tried the same experiment that I had used with case No. 1 and gave her a pencil with which to write while she dictated to me what she saw.

She first described a most dreary, desolate mass of rushing dark murky water. She then went on to depict a small shabby house-boat at the edge of the water. She shivered frequently while reciting this, and suddenly she gasped:—"I smell a horribly fishy, foul odor", while at the same time her hand wrote "Red is Death", and she further stated that she heard a great crash simultaneously with the realization of the odor. The images of sound and smell then receded while the visual continued as masses of swirling waters and dark lowering sky.

Some weeks later I was sent a communication saying that an old record had been unearthed at headquarters which would probably interest me, and that a copy was enclosed. Briefly, this record dealt with the parents of the patient. Her mother had been an adopted child who at 18 had married a man twice her age -- a man who was cruel, a drunkard, and generally unemployed. He had been arrested frequently for assault and drunkenness and had attempted suicide on one occasion.

There were four children following this marriage. The patient was the youngest of these, and shortly after birth her father was sent to the penitentiary. When she was two, the father returned and went to live in the very dilapidated house-boat on the river which had been their home previously. One night the mother (who had left him and who according to the report apparently had no judgment) took the patient down to the house-boat with her to interview her husband and remonstrate with him over his refusal to get work and support the family. He was drunk as usual and a severe quarrel ensued, in the midst of which he pulled a gun, first murdering his wife and then killing himself. The two year old child was left on the boat with the two dead people lying in a pool of blood and hearing all about her the rush of swirling dark water which had a foul, fishy odor. Stark terror she surely must have known.

Shortly after she was found (how long after the tragedy is not known) she was placed in an institution where no trace of her history could be unearthed except her name.

If the old police record had not come to light the demonstration of the multiple unconscious expression would have meant nothing other than a terrific dissociation. As it turned out, it was perfectly understandable in the light of the history, and the emotional reaction

which accompanied it was undoubtedly a reproduction of the terror which was experienced at the time.

There was never any conscious knowledge on the part of the patient of this episode in her life, and to this day she knows nothing of her past history.

The fifth case in this series is of interest because it is (or rather *was*) a case of multiple personality which in one of its forms *could* express itself in simultaneous multiple involuntary manner.

The patient was brought in half dead from the ocean where she had attempted suicide. When first seen she was disoriented, thoroughly dissociated and despondent. After several interviews her history was obtained which briefly is as follows:—

Patient was youngest of five children, and in her early years had good health and an excellent environment. Before the age of five her parents had lost much money and she was cut off from luxury in every way. At the age of three she had a very severe accident, accompanied by great fear, injury and physical misery. Beginning with the age of four she had a succession of illnesses and repeated shocks and frights. Up to the age of ten she was very retiring and shy, but with a change of companions at this time she became boisterous, daring, restless, and given to expressing her annoyance at anything that went wrong by having temper tantrums.

From the age of two she came in contact with sudden death and great emotional upheavals in the home. The first death and funeral were associated with the color of blue—blue flowers, blue lining of casket, blue dress, blue water and blue sky. The association of blue with death lost its conscious connection, and after adolescence blue stood for a haven, peace, relief in times of stress and turmoil. In other words—she longed for blue; she was in reality longing for death.

At the adolescent stage she went into a five year period of intense phantasy life which began to be responsible for the later marked splitting of the personality. Illnesses and accidents followed in rapid succession, with the deaths of friends and relatives adding an emotional flavor. Marriage occurred before twenty, and from the first she realized that she was mismated. After the birth of her only child she had difficulty in ridding herself of continued illnesses and many severe operations followed. Her kidneys and heart became involved and a mental (psychogenic) collapse came on with what one might term an almost complete fragmentation of the personality.



After recovery from this, a personality other than the primary gained the ascendancy, and the patient left home, and for a period of years lived a type of life of which she afterward was painfully ashamed, and of which she had only the haziest recollections.

Eventually everything went wrong, and in a fit of despondency she walked "Out into the Blue".

Through automatic writing the various fragments were patched together, and a fairly good constructive whole cemented together for future use.

After this was accomplished a series of experiments in simultaneous multiple involuntary expression was conducted with this patient as a subject. Up to this time she had shown that she could write automatically, draw automatically, play the piano automatically (she played a mediocre type of music voluntarily, but not the really beautiful things she played involuntarily), and that she could project auditory, olfactory and visual images. The experiments consisted of seeing how many of these could be done at one time.

Patient was asked to play (she was generally in a self-imposed trance state during these experiments) and then tell what she saw and heard.

The first time she began with some magnificently stern organ-like tones with a distinctly religious sound. She then described the dimly lighted interior of a great cathedral with high arched roof. Presently a procession of nuns in blue came in chanting (patient hummed the melody which was *not* what she was playing). Patient could smell incense, which she described as a mixture of lilac and roses. The picture, chanting, and odors faded. The piano music continued for several minutes, and then ended abruptly with a discordant crash. Patient came out of her trance, and the experiment was discontinued for that day. It was repeated on several occasions, and in every case the same results were obtained.

The next experiment consisted of projecting visual imagery, writing automatically with one hand, drawing automatically with the other, and dictating what was being seen. This resulted in a charming landscape, a frivolous little poem, a crystal image of some past events, and a verbal description of the things seen with amusing asides having "nothing to do with anything" – in other words, totally irrelevant. No olfactory, gustatory or auditory imagery was obtained in this experiment.



Christ died to save

our souls - no souls  
 poverty has to do  
 with souls not

souls  
 Alley - cats

Alley came alley

burns alley

Kyrie Eleison

Fig. 25

This was written with the right hand  
 while she was playing with the left.



Guess for thoughts - doesn't look  
 wasteful - looks like it had a  
 belly ache - or was in love

that another  
 would present ~~him~~ with

Fig. 26

Betty's flower impression



One day while she was playing some chant-like music with her left hand and describing a very unchurch-like scene verbally she wrote the following – “Take Thou my hand dear Lord in thine – peace, love, crucifixion”.

The music then changed to a turbulent set of chords done with the left hand, while the right hand wrote the following “The heart of a lily may be pure but its feet are some times sucked in by mire!” The material expressed verbally at the same time was as follows – “Eyes, eyes, I see a cerebellum, anatomically speaking, physiologically and psychologically a brain – or maybe it’s food for worms. Maybe it’s cultural – planted like seed – food for humanity. We’re put here to propagate – just to feed worms. Some think I am this, you are this. We are just a tiny bit of atoms with a cerebellum.”

This was particularly interesting because we had such a varied jump of expressions – musical, graphic, verbal and visual. The subject was under “autohypnosis” during these experiments.

Another curious combination was a series of dissonances with the left hand; the following written with a pencil in the right hand – “Life doesn’t necessarily mean everything. What do you little people know? God knows and who knows God – I don’t think he is much acquainted with the vast majority – Do you? Christ died to save our soles – no souls – poverty has to do with soles not souls –”.

Then together with a series of crashes with the left hand she wrote – “Alley – cats – alley cans – alley bums – alley – Kyrie Eleison”.

While all this was being written and played at the same time, the following was being said – “I see peoples and peoples and peoples. I’ve been across the ocean more than once – I’ve wished myself across. Mercy Dock at Liverpool – it’s kind of a nasty place down there. What’s the use of all these frivolities. You don’t know what it’s all about. You trying to tell and I’m trying to tell and we don’t know what it’s all about. God –, I’ve never seen his shadow but I’ve touched His garment many times” and added very irrelevantly – “I want to go home and eat my dinner” – and then “I see a little embryo – about time to come out from the ether – that’s a nice incision you made”.

Associations for the “alley – Kyrie Eleison” brought forth the remembrance that her father had been very bitter against Catholics. She went to Benediction with some Catholic children and her father found out and was furious. These youngsters took her to a well during the A. P. A. trouble and said if she gave up her Catholic friends

she would go to hell. All that night she said she could picture hell and was in terror.

This patient was the one who explained what the vanishing point was. She said that on going to bed at night she would sometimes have the feeling that her soul was about two feet above her body. Several minutes later she would have difficulty with her breathing. She would have a detached feeling and then the point would appear and start to recede rapidly. When the point went out she would have the sensation of something snapping with a bang and then she would be in a trance condition. She explained that whenever she wished to go into a trance state the point *had* to vanish. If she wished to remain out of the trance state she did not let the point disappear entirely.

Much more material was obtained in this case than it will be possible to publish, but enough has been presented to give an indication of the complicated type of dissociation which existed in the beginning of this study.

This subject had five very distinct personalities, several of which were very destructive in type. There was "Frances" who was long and tall and a bore according to "Betty" who was the most dominant of the multiple personalities, though not the primary one. Aileen was the subject's name and how Betty did hate her. Aileen had ideals, was neat and clean, and had a gracious dignified manner. Betty announced she would choke her some day if she got a chance—"darn fool, Aileen". Betty said of herself—"she's funny—likes to paint her face and hates prohibition agents and pussy footers. She doesn't care what she drinks—whether it is made of corn, hops or barley. She's just a don't care lady. She's a harpy, really, untrue and horrid. Some day she'll take Aileen's place and go to hell on the limited."

Then there was Isabella, who liked all things Spanish, who was not really a bad sort, but who liked to fling her shoulders and dance with castanets in her hand and sip red wine.

There was also Edith. "She thinks and thinks and thinks too much. She has written a wonderful romance and enclosed it on golden pages in a golden book with a golden clasp right in her heart. She's a poet! an artist!" Here is a fragment from this personality—

#### Queer

"Life is rarely ever kind to her queer ones—she ostracizes them from the society of the mentally elect—sets them apart, and puts them on exhibition, these poor clowns of fate. And the world laughs or derides, whatever its mood may be.

"I know, because I'm one of the queer. Sometimes I wonder if it isn't just the other way. When I was just a child – a funny little thing – all freckles and stringy hair, tongue-tied and stammer-hearted – I knew another child – she wasn't queer – she was such a beautiful child – one of the kind a mother likes to show off. And no one seemed to see what I saw – she'd take flies or insects and pull their legs and wings off to see how'd they act, and laugh at their futile attempts to preserve their balance – she grew up beautiful to look at – and became a power in society, but I know she's still pulling wings. I've seen her disapprove of a social aspirant – and laugh – and nobody calls her queer.

"A cube within a cube – that's what I am – the Conscious and the Sub-Conscious – sometimes I can turn the inner out, and with the revealing eye can see things which are hidden from the naked eye – for the naked eye is without the garment of the soul which clothes the inner vision.

"I've been labelled a neurotic – another way of saying queer – I have not arrived at the stage where people look at me significantly and tap their heads. If I had my way some of these mentally elect – the intolerants – trampling on other's thoughts and actions – would be adjudged abnormal and relegated to social oblivion. What chance has a singer to be heard when his voice is drowned by the mob.

"People are so inconsistent – they say there is no death, that life is eternal – yet when one of the Queer decides to remove this fleshy mantel and take on that of promised immortality – he is spoken of in horror as one who takes his own life – how can he take his life if life is eternal and what the crime in ridding oneself of a garment that is shiny at the seams and grayed at the edges. I catch glimpses of an existence away from all the turmoil and confusion and my soul yearns within me – I cannot seem to manifest myself in this phase of existence – I am called Queer – who can judge as to what fulfillment would be mine beyond.

"I have been called clairvoyant, to the majority that brings a mental picture of an illiterate doling out inane nothings to a credulous public – an illiterate – sometimes a man – sometimes a woman – a room in an old dilapidated rookery, smelling of defective gas – plates – cold potatoes, unwashed garments, of general uncleanness of mind and body – and in this atmosphere probably a bay-windowed front room – with sleazy curtains, bouquets of paper flowers, Indian heads lithographed in gaudy colors – and Madam trotting out the particular brand of spirits you desire for a dollar – sometime she has a strong spirit



smell about her—presumably from a departed bootlegger—but I'm becoming like those I've condemned—the intolerants—so I'll stop—now.

"I hope that death will be the attainment of a peaceful state—not a hodgepodge of exaggeration and contradiction like life.

"Oh, I wish the disassociated part of me—whether it be the 4<sup>th</sup> or 400<sup>th</sup> dimension would either materialize into something tangible—its alright to evade the issue—but its tiresome—maybe the queer ones are a connecting link between madness and genius, but who wants to be a connecting link.

"How many more countless thousands have gone from this world unmissed—than those who have gone out like a comet—blazing a way on the track of fame, yet vanishing and as obscured from the material eye as the veriest moron.

"Who has proved the immortality of the soul, who has plumbed the depths of the Sub-Conscious, who has revealed the power that motivates the universe? True, there have been flashes—but the light so far has failed. The theories of a Freud, or Kant or Schopenhauer—the miracles of a Burbank—the invention of an Edison, do nothing more to solve this riddle of existence than I, one of the Queer ones."

Margaret was another occasional personality—dumb, drab, dreamy and discontented. She appeared infrequently.

The Betty personality was the most difficult to cope with. Aileen would be going on an errand when Betty would take hold and for hours and sometimes days would function undisturbed. Then Aileen would attain the ascendancy, feeling drugged, humiliated and confused. She would have no memory of what had happened. It became not only necessary to banish Betty, but to bring every phase of her to conscious light so that Aileen could know her and knowing her most unfavorable characteristics, cease to fear her. It was an uphill grade to exteriorize Betty for Aileen's acquaintance, for Betty fought recognition and Aileen loathed what she found, but gradually Aileen has regained the lost and "forgotten" incidents of her career and is readjusting her life.

Betty's last flare was as follows—"Go to Hell! If I had plenty of money in my pockets I'd *like* to go to hell. I'd play with the devil. I'd polish his horns and pull his tail—he's full of fish. The devil is a very congenial sort of chap. He's dressed in gray and black—he has a fat belly and pouches under his eyes which leer out at the world. Queer sort of a genius with big brown eyes, brown hair, white teeth. Think what a beautiful personality. Stick around awhile and pull off

his mask—lecherous, leprous (nice words—they go fine together) and livid”.

In her last appearance she was told that she could never re-appear unless Aileen knew about it and the suggestion took effect.

Aileen herself speaks in the following —

“I always loved beauty — it amounted to a passion with me — and when I looked into the mirror and saw a freckled faced, crooked-nosed and crooked-toothed little girl—it did pain me considerably. To add to my distress, I had two impish cousins who teased me about these defects. I was really a very pretty little child with long golden curls and even white teeth, up to the age of six, but some unkind fate in the guise of scarlet fever robbed me of my golden curls and substituted Indian straight locks of an indiscriminate hue, and my neat little teeth fell out and were replaced with straggling ones, which always reminded me of grave stones in a country church yard. I was so aware of my crooked teeth that my hand covered my mouth automatically.

“There was a little drygoods store in our neighborhood and its windows were a source of interest to me — for there I indulged my love for beauty. I remember one beautiful leghorn hat with long blue ribbon streamers—how my heart did yearn when I beheld it in all its newness and blueness. I would flatten my nose against the pane and worship it. One day I became the fortunate possessor of fifty cents through the generosity of a visiting uncle. Fifty cents was a huge sum to me—even pennies were few and far between. My feet fairly flew to the drygoods store, but alas, the darling hat with the blue ribbon on it was beyond the reach of my fifty cents. But there was a beautiful pair of long blue stockings in the window — real lisle — and I paid my fifty cents for them, and hurried home with my treasure. It was nothing to me that they were lady’s size, number nine and a half, and I was inconsolable when my mother made me take them back, but my own uncle went with me and my heart thrills yet, I became the proud possessor of the hat with the blue streamers, a pair of blue stockings and a wondrous pair of French kid shoes with scalloped tops and a tassel that waved back and forth when I walked. I really think that was one of the few gala days in my life. There have been very few such spots of rapture as that.”

The love of blue mentioned above was still further elaborated by “Edith” who wrote many interesting things; among them im-

pressions about flowers, the first one quoted being the Cornflower, as it takes in "blue" again.

"Cornflowers –

Kaiserblumen – a field in Germany – yellow grain where flowers grow and raise blue eyes to heaven. The Kaiserin – placid – kind – with motherhood in her eyes – blue birds – blue flowers – baby's eyes – ocean blue mirrors reflecting heaven – madonna robe sprinkled with stars – heaven's own color symphony which sings from nature's great amphitheatre."

Other flower impressions were –

"Trailing Arbutus –

The little sister of the woods, a prayer flower, cloistered in the silent places. Nature bears no sweeter incense than that which lies in its petal cup."

"Poppies –

Bold ladies these – courtesans of nature – they know no restrictions, flamboyantly they stand in fields of ripening grain, enticing the sun to scorch and wither. Unabashed they invade the desolated fields of war, and spread their crimson skirts on sacred ground."

"Hibiscus –

Spanish señoritas with yellow shawls splashed with crimson, carved combs in ebon hair – the strumming of a guitar, clicking of castanets, swaying of lithe bodies, dark eyes looking into dark eyes – dark eyes tender and glowing, a bride – a white mantilla of silken lace – an old cathedral – a venerable padre – a blessing, Fiesta. A hibiscus in full bloom."

"Orchid –

Swamps, stifled atmosphere of greenhouses – idle women, Pekinese poodles, limousines, money, hundred dollar bills, sables, yachts, boredom, Monte Carlo, suicide, cliff, oblivion.

Pale underfed girls in sweat shops, crackers and tea, dollar bills, subways, ferries, illness, hunger, desperation – the river, oblivion, all is the story of an Orchid."

"Violets –

English wives; meek in submission. Violets shrinking near castle walls, hedges, lanes, blond babies with bare feet – hunting togs – males with florid complexions – eau de violette for my lady's tub. Violets do

not belong to American side walk shops, they are much too shrinking for Broadway."

"Chinese Lilies –

Jade, porcelain, teak, old ivory – pale yellow faces flickering like candles, underground – mystery of the Orient – inscrutable eyes looking at the world from narrowed lids, sleek black hair adorned with artificial blossoms, carp kites flying from boy blessed homes – emancipation, bobbed hair, Paris clothes – mixed marriages, honorable death – Chinese marriage, vanquished emancipation, reversion to type, household Gods."

"Nightshade –

Monte Carlo – Montmartre, Babylon, Circe – a pandora of evil spirits loosed upon a reckless world – night-revelry, passion – waters of Lethe – confusion – consternation – the handwriting on the wall."

Betty decided she would try some "flower impressions" and it would take no oracle to forecast the results. She drew a sad-faced pansy and wrote – "Pansies for thoughts – doesn't it look wistful – looks like it had a belly ache or was in love." And after drawing a spotted tiger lilly she added – "Tiger lillies – wonder if they ever wish that mother nature would present 'em with some Freckle cream."

The patient wrote some months later:

"I am beginning to remember Betty. Not as a part of me, but as an entirely different personality. I am becoming the analyst in regard to Betty. I do not fear her. I coolly regard her as a subject for mental dissection.

"True, I am still tired with the struggle, but that is because I travelled such a rough road, the road which liberated me and plunged Betty into the abyss.

"Maybe some day my visualization of Betty will be so complete that I can write her story."

The insight shown in this letter has increased steadily and there is every reason to believe that the steady consistent unification which has been going on will finally hold. All of the constructive elements of the personality have been welded together, and the patient no longer fears herself. The destructive trends which remain are scattered and recognized and thus have lost their concentrated malignancy.

## SUMMARY.

1. *These cases are of interest chiefly,*
  - a. *in showing how thoroughly a personality may be fragmented without utterly destroying it.*
  - b. *In demonstrating how many types of involuntary expression may be manifested at one time.*
  - c. *Through the fact that the multiple involuntary or "automatic activity" could be and was traced to unconscious conflict.*
  - d. *Through the relief afforded in releasing the destructive material which made a synthesizing of the personality possible.*
2. *These particular experiments in multiple involuntary expression are dangerous for the amateur and should be avoided. The possibility of complete fragmentation of the personality is too great.*





Fig. 27  
Automatic productions of children with conflicts.



## CHAPTER XII.

Before closing the discussion of the special types of expression of automatic writing and drawing there must be mentioned the experiments with it in several other groups not considered before.

In children I have obtained automatic writing as early as seven years and how much earlier worth-while records could be obtained I do not know – as I have not attempted to get any records with younger children.

To any one who is interested in the subject of the primitive and the collective unconscious I know of no more fertile field of research than this one of the child's unconscious processes tapped through involuntary expression, and if it could be combined with a similar work on seniles then a comparative study of great worth would result. It would require adequate preparation in psychiatry, unlimited patience, "undiscourageability" and perseverance.

The adolescent children are apt to produce rather remarkable involuntary records. One record was done by a girl of twelve who was having a severe conflict over her father – associations for all the chaotic material led to conflicts of one kind and another.

Another little picture was done by a nine year old boy with a mother-father situation that was responsible for much unhappiness in the boy.

Still another page was done by an adolescent girl who had been a delinquent. These figures were all symbolical in nature. The titles which were given automatically were the symbolic ones which were then explained through free association.

The next group in which automatic writing has been of value has been in studying criminals who have refused to give information which was needed in tracking down certain crimes.

It must be emphasized right here that admissions made thus automatically should never be considered *as evidence in itself*, but it may be taken by the investigator as a clue to further detection. It is of especial value where information with regard to others is

needed. The chief difficulty lies in the fact that if the criminal suspects what the motive is he will make his arm so rigid that it will not write.

In several cases it has proved of inestimable value in the solution of intricate cases.

The next group to which I wish to refer are the psychotic or the insane.

I never have seen this method of procedure tried with a real paranoia, but I have used it with precoxes and manic-depressives with interesting results.

The case of manic-depressive psychosis which developed such remarkable ability in automatic writing and drawing has been discussed.

The most interesting experiment I tried, which was entirely unplanned and one which I have not had a chance to follow up since, was with a group of dementia precox cases. The patients all had been in the hospital over ten years and some of them more than fifteen. They were untidy, irrelevant, incoherent and according to all reports had been completely disoriented as to time, place and person. For many years the notes (made quarterly on chronic patients) in the case records showed that these characteristics had been constant.

One day I began what seemed to me the boresome task of writing quarterly notes on several hundred patients. The patient had to be "interviewed" before the note was written in order to gain some idea of the patient's condition at that time.

When asked—"What is your name?" "How long have you been here?" "What place is this?" "What day of the week—what month—what year"—and many other routine questions, the patients grimaced, murmured unintelligible answers, laughed and giggled in a silly manner and seemed totally disoriented.

While they were talking, several of them made grabs for my pencil, but I paid no attention to this, thinking they were being just meddlesome. Finally when one poor old thing (who for years had not been able to tell who she was or where she was or what year it was) kept grabbing for my pencil I gave it to her with a writing pad and my astonishment was complete when I found that while she was muttering incoherencies, she had written legibly the correct answers to the questions I had asked—her name, age, length of time in hospital, name of the hospital, my name, the nurse's name, etc.



Fig. 28

Drawings of a patient with precox-like trends.

These little automatic sketches began with an amoeba-like form and came up through the stages of development to the mammal.

Note the one big foot with a shoe on it.

Associations for this led to an early memory of a man with a mal-formed foot who had greatly frightened the patient when she was a child.





This same procedure was tried with other patients of the same type with the same results. These experiments with precoxes came at a time when I was just at the beginning of my research in automatic writing and my failure to report the work or to continue with it when I had so much material to work with was due to two facts: First I failed to realize the actual importance of it and I also failed to realize at that time that *any* type of research, so long as it was sincere, was welcomed and encouraged by the Senior members of the staff. Second, the details of ordinary routine, plus another big research problem, crowded out this bit of work.

What was the explanation of this rather curious involuntary expression? Apparently in the cases where it was found there was a reversal of the ordinary mental state—the organized *Conscious* (the phase usually referred to as conscious, at any rate) was in the background, while the chaotic Unconscious—and in precoxes the unconscious *is* chaotic—was in the foreground and in possession of the personality.

The fact that as far as was known the patients had not known time or place for ten to fifteen years and yet could automatically give them correctly, leads one to a recognition that the deterioration of dementia precox is *APPARENT ONLY* and not real.

This would easily account for other cases who got well after having regressed to the lowest levels and after having remained in this regression for years and years, emerged from the chaos, able to take their places in the world and resume their former activities.

One other group in which I am interested most particularly now is the group of stammerers.

Stammering, which is classed as a speech disturbance, is nothing but a symptom of buried emotional conflict of one type or another with a large amount of unconscious fear as the basic pattern of the disturbance.

In six cases seen within a period of several months, there was found a tremendous amount of automatic activity which expressed itself in both automatic writing and automatic drawing. The most interesting findings which I am investigating further were with regard to a certain a-rhythm when both hands attempted to move in the same direction and an easily established single rhythm when both hands worked in opposite directions. This means then that there are present ordinarily in stammerers *two* distinct rhythms which usually

block each other. A further report on this will be given in a future discussion.

As to the material produced automatically by stammerers, it divides itself into the customary phases of recall and phantasy. The only marked difference is the great motor stress, energy and speed which dominates the writing or drawing. One gets the feeling of entirely misplaced, misdirected and blocked energy outlet.

In conclusion, let me warn again that while automatic writing is perhaps one of the most invaluable means of actually studying unconscious trends and motives; of latent abilities; of misdirected energy and of the rate of activity of unconscious processes, it may be a most dangerous tool in the hands of the unscrupulous or in the hands of the untrained individual who does not understand the mechanisms involved nor the need for studying the material as an expression of unacknowledged ideas of The Self.

#### SUMMARY.

*Automatic writing is not confined to any one type of person.*

*It may be developed in the average person who has no (apparent) difficulty of adjustment just as it may be developed in the (apparently) most hopelessly maladjusted.*

*Automatic writing used as a means of studying the unconscious is invaluable: As a means of amusement only it may become very dangerous.*

PART II.

STAR-ZORADA

THE CASE OF STRANGE COINCIDENCES.





## STAR-ZORADA THE CASE OF STRANGE COINCIDENCES.

### I.

After having visited a friend who developed automatic writing activity during the period of my visit I wrote the account which follows under the title of "The Case of Strange Coincidences". Although I felt that it was a very interesting case I was not sure then that there would be further opportunity to study it, as I did not know whether the subject would continue writing. I am going to present the case as I first reported it, as there was one curious mistake I made in attempting to interpret the inscription on the tomb — a mistake which was later corrected. I shall present to the reader this case exactly as it evolved, as it is by far the most fascinating of all I have had the opportunity to study.

### "A CASE OF STRANGE COINCIDENCES."

"While I was writing some of the chapters of this book at the seaside home of a friend, I found she was developing enough interest in the subject to be willing to try some experiments. She started out in the approved fashion, but after using up numerous sheets in wavy lines, scrolls, etc., she suddenly began to write pages of records in strange symbols. They seemed to be done in a sort of rhythmic sequence, but they made no sense to either of us.

"At the second attempt she began to write notes of music, using correct spacing and true musical symbols. This was interesting because the subject insisted she was not at all musical and had had no musical training. She then wrote—'I want to sing'; and at another time—'I want to write poems.' Then in very forceful handwriting with much pressure came this—'please let me out *Please, Please*'. Questioned as to her identity she said—'My name is Star'. Asked when she came into existence she said—13,000,000,000,000 years ago.

"I then wanted to know where she was now and she said she was in a tomb. This she drew and made an inscription on it in the queer symbols. Asked what language it was she acknowledged it was her own.

"I next wanted to know how I could let her out and she insisted that I must find her and help her to get out. She again drew a picture of the tomb with the *same* inscription as before. I insisted that if I were to be able to help her get out I must have a clue to work on and to know what the inscription meant. Immediately the hand wrote — 'Clue, Clue, Clue, Page 24—Book.'

"And now we come to a series of coincidences which I consider really remarkable. Of course I thought this was just an attempt to provide a relevant answer to my question, so I remarked that considering the number of books in the place I would have a hard time looking up all the pages numbered 24 and asked 'Star' if she could not give me a more definite clue, whereupon she wrote 'Golden'.

"I asked my friend if there were any books in the library with 'Golden' titles, and she said unhesitatingly, 'Why yes, there are two over on the table—The Golden Dancer by Cyril Hume and a book called Golden Poems, edited by Browne.' So we decided to look up the pages numbered 24 in these books.

"The 'Golden Dancer' provided a real thrill in the way of coincidences. Remember, I wanted to know what the inscription on the tomb was, and in large type on page 24 the following legend stood out boldly—

Private—Positively  
No Admittance.

"This was a challenge certainly and we were both much amused, especially so, because the symbols inscribed on the drawing of the tomb were four in number!

"Page 24 in the book of Golden Poems contained a list of titles and I handed the book to my friend and said—'Pick out the title of the poem you want me to read to you' and she selected 'Each in His Own Tongue' by Carruth. The first part of this poem interested us greatly.

'A Fire-Mist and a planet  
A Crystal and a cell  
A jelly fish and a saurian  
And a cave where the cave men dwell  
Then a sense of law and beauty

A face turned from the clod  
Some call it Evolution  
And others call it God.'

"Considering that 'Star' insisted that she had existed more than 13,000,000,000 years ago, the poem was a joy in coincidences.

"While my friend was engrossed in reading poetry aloud I whispered—'How did you know those things were on page 24 in these two books' and the answer came succinctly—'The eye sees all, and forgets nothing that it sees'.

"The next funny thing that happened occurred a few days later. Some one had given my hostess a 'fortune-telling' game which provided daily entertainment for the guests. It was a little disc with a pointer and after spinning it three times and assembling the letters plus the corresponding symbol, a little book was referred to which gave the reading for the day. At the end of this was another number which would in another part of the book answer any question for the day. My hostess asked—'Will I find the key to Star's language?' and the answer was perfect—'Yes, if you keep it secret and concentrate on it steadily'!

"The final unusual happening occurred the day I was leaving. My friend came in and with a quizzical expression said—'You know the oddest thing has happened. I took my car down to be washed and looked carefully to see I hadn't left anything in it and it was *quite* empty. When I returned for it, slipped under a leather strap inside the front door were two brand new yellow pencils which hadn't even been sharpened. I asked Carl where they came from and he said they were in the car. I thought he was joking of course and that they had been put there as advertising matter, but he was very serious about the fact that they had been *found* in the car—and the oddest thing of all is they were marked autograph. There is something for you to explain!'

"It certainly was a grand chance to manufacture a complicated explanation, but what really had happened was this. The day we arrived at the village I stopped to make some purchases—among them two brand new yellow pencils. When we arrived at the house I found all of my purchases *except* the pencils, which apparently had evaporated. I said nothing about my loss, fearing my hostess would insist on going back to get more. After I unpacked I found other pencils and so did not need to get any. Undoubtedly they had slipped between the cushions and had not been found until the car was washed. At any rate this put the finishing touches to the series of coincidences.

"Some of the things she wrote Star translated from her language for us. She wrote—'I want to write poems', 'Golden happy music calls me', 'There are many of the ones with souls of ancient wisdom who know the truth, but who dares speak?'

'Of all they know, the best is truth  
and beauty reigns the Star of these—  
Her soul is pure, her heart is gold  
and bells play in the wind as  
by the sea she sits and sighs for  
one who went away. No good.'

"The comment on the above effusion is delightfully frank. The next one she did not criticize so severely.

'Birds are gay and yellow of wing  
tipped with red sweetly they sing in  
gardens bright where music of gently  
falling waters mix with golden lute—  
my home, my rest.'

"She wrote 5 and 10 over and over again and then gave us the following which she said had been hard to translate from her language—

'Star, The Queen with real old  
blue, a robe so deep of blue and gold,  
none finer draped a form of  
moulded grace which the courts'  
best artisans could only meanly  
form in clay or color, verse or song.  
So was our Star, But sad,  
Art, even Beauty there, but forth it  
Could not come. Locked deep within,  
No soul in union did she know  
A Star, A Star, a light within  
but no answering flame—Star  
all locked within.'

"It was after this that she wrote 'Find me—Star'.

'Break open—I want to be free, free.'

"I finally said—'I've looked up your clues and I've read the inscription—doesn't that open the tomb?' and she said—'oh it is open'.

Q. 'Why don't you come out?'

Ans. 'Oh, I want to.'

Q. 'What keeps you back?'



*Ans.* 'I'm afraid she won't let me.'

*Q.* 'Afraid of what?'

*Ans.* 'Afraid of the world.'

"Later she wrote—'Tell her to stay away and give me a chance'. She, of course was my hostess.

"The last time I saw her she mentioned that Star still wrote at times in her own language and that she had been able to recognize that the symbols were produced in a regular rhythm. When we learn to 'translate' it fluently perhaps we shall have some lovely poetry—who knows?

"I have offered this case especially because so often odd coincidences do appear and are so frequently misinterpreted. To a person not accustomed to dealing with varied mental reactions, perhaps some of this would have seemed unnatural, but my hostess' unconscious explained it when she wrote 'the eye sees all'. Consciously she had no recollection of having noticed page 24 in either book and yet, the record was there for the unconscious to make use of. What wonderful storehouses of information we have if we would only let ourselves use them!"

The above was written in March, 1928. In September, six months later my friend came to me and said she would like to have me help her unravel some fears that had been distressing her for years and she wanted seriously to work them out. As I was very busy with my State duties at that time and could do no work during the day, I told her she could study in the evenings and that she probably would have to do most of it by herself. She was so eager to begin that I started her off on the usual history at once.

In the first conference I inquired about "Star" and she mentioned that she had been writing reams in her queer symbols, but that only occasionally could she make out ordinary words which she could read.

The salient points in the history obtained were the following.

She was born in Iowa. Four months later she was taken to New York and when only six months old made the trip from New York to California. Her mother was very ill during her first year. Before she was a year old she had her first severe fright, according to her mother's account. The maid—a Spanish girl named Stella—came into the room suddenly and so frightened the baby that she screamed and screamed. The maid had startling black eyes with much contrasting white, and it was apparently the expression of the eyes that caused the shock.



She was the youngest in a fraternity of six—her five brothers being respectively two, five, seven, nine and eleven years older.

Her father she remembered as more or less of an invalid always; her mother as a sweet, self-contained lady.

During her first few years she had many geographic changes; Iowa, New York, California, Georgia, California again at three, then at five back to New York and finally just before six back to California which became home thereafter. For two and a half years (from 6 to  $8\frac{1}{2}$ ) she lived in a house, the details of which stood out clearly in her memory. The period  $6-8\frac{1}{2}$  will be referred to again, so please keep it in mind.

Other geographic changes came in 1907 (Europe for two years); 1914, Oregon; 1915, Honolulu; 1917, Honolulu; 1922, Honolulu and 1926, New York, Florida, Cuba and Jamaica. The fact that she had had severe attacks of colitis had been blamed on the various sojourns in the tropics.

Aside from colitis she had had some of the ordinary childhood diseases; but most of her difficulty was in the throat (sore throat on slightest provocation) and in the gastro-intestinal tract.

Accidents included falling from the barn loft ( $6-8\frac{1}{2}$  period); spraining an ankle at 17; being thrown from her horse and breaking an arm at 23, and spraining the other ankle.

As to her memory of her father she says—"I always pictured him as being ill in his teens. He could not eat what we ate. He always had special food and always drank hot milk. He had to lie down after the noon meal. We had to be quiet at all times in the house. He had sore throats, but I cannot remember that he ever had colds."—This is important, every word of it, as later developments will show.

In discussing the senses she said that physical hearing was good but she felt that somewhere there was a "quirk" about hearing in connection with music, languages, etc. She said—"I have always felt I did not *understand* music and rather shut myself away from it. I do not mean I avoided it, but I did not enter into it and was afraid because I did not know about it."

In speaking of the olfactory sense she said that she always had had an especially good sense of smell and that memories came back to her through a sudden smell.

The sense of taste was also particularly acute.

She said that from the age of fourteen on she would have periods of lassitude during which time she would want to rest, sleep or just

day dream. During the past few years there had been days of inertia which would pass with a change of interest.

Fatigue too, had been frequent in the past. Though she recovered fairly quickly from physical fatigue, it took a long time to recuperate from illness.

As to mood—she has been a very happy appearing young person. From 16—20 she had periods of depression, in which she would weep for no apparent reason and feel “blue”. “There was always a vague wondering what life was all about and a hurt.”

As to environmental influences, she felt she never had had sympathy, encouragement or understanding from her family in the things she wished to undertake. As she was a very suggestible child it is easy to imagine what this lack of encouragement did to her. In her own words—“When I am interested and stimulated I can do and accomplish much more than I ever dreamed I could. This stimulation comes from the accomplishment and the accomplishment gives me the greatest satisfaction of any thing I know. How this special interest or stimulation starts I don’t know. Just a letter well written, a morning at the desk with work well done, or a garden bed showing results can give me this satisfaction.”

Never have I had any one explain better the powerful stimulation to happiness which is produced by the sense of the accomplishment of some socially acceptable activity.

A further factor in the development of “Star” is expressed in the following—“There has always been opposition, or at least I felt an undercurrent of opposition to everything, just the ordinary little events of life, the friends I had, the things I did. This, of course, caused a retiring and a suppression of all the usual outlets of chatting over the events of the day or any planning for anything. My parents’ world and mine never met. Their world was never shared with us at any time nor an effort made to plan for or share ours.”

“Having silent and absorbed parents there was the apparent lack of interest and appreciation. I know there was always a close watch over us but there was never a gay or happy or interested feeling about any thing we did.”

Her father died when she was twenty-eight after having been an invalid for years. Some of the sense of restraint lifted after his death.

Schooling started at six and was continuous until she finished at eighteen. She says that although she had good marks she felt that she did not know very much and that she did not *understand*.

Reading started at six with the Children's Page from the Youths Home Companion and was followed with the usual children's books. There has been nothing eccentric about reading at any time.

For two years she took up the Dalcroze Eurythmics and this work began to give her an added sense of freedom. She also did hammered copper work in which she took great pleasure. However she always had the feeling that because she was doing it, it was not worth very much. She utterly lacked self-confidence.

As to ambition, she wrote—"Always there has been a longing and a feeling that I would do some thing. Some time in childhood—how, when or where I don't know—I got the impression I was different and would do some thing. This some thing always took the form of a finding out and a teaching of some great truth that would benefit mankind. Not a personal reflection of fame for myself but a freeing for people of something to make them find the truth. What that truth is I don't know. To dip into religion, philosophy and to try to find a balance of life is all I have done about it, so I would say I hadn't been very ambitious. I have no ambition for a social place or any power using place in the world."

This is of great interest in the light of one of Star's especial types of expression.

When it comes to the subject of frights and fear I shall simply quote her own words—it would be difficult to convey the ideas more concisely than she has. The group of fears 6–8 $\frac{1}{2}$  are particularly worth remembering in the light of the automatic productions and the working out of the panic which she described carefully.

"Afraid on train—aged 5—when boy put ice in my ear and told me my Mother had jumped off the train. Unremembered fright, as baby of under a year, when I saw Spanish maid. Frightened, cried and stamped when I had to go with my Grandmother down town for dinner without my Mother. Aged 5. Mother said I didn't eat at all. Afraid, cried and stamped, when my Mother and Father were leaving me home and they were going for a ride—aged 6 or 7—

From the period 6–8 $\frac{1}{2}$

"Fell from hay loft 6–8 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Was awakened by noise at night and told that a man was being chased through our garden. Shots followed and man was killed. He had murdered a girl. I absorbed the whole story from various conversations. I have had many repeated dreams of being shot all my life. About two years ago I thought of

this occurrence, thought it over, connected it with my dreams and have never had the shooting dream again.

"I remember I was afraid of the waves but can not remember I had any special fright about water.

"One evening when my Mother went to get me a drink of water—aged 6—8 $\frac{1}{2}$ —she was slow in returning and I feared she had gone away. I remember I thought she had gone with a man. Why that thought came I have no idea.

"In Europe when I was 19 I was with a woman who was a writer, who was filled with occult ideas and let them out on me. I dreaded to go to bed at night as my room was always peopled with all sorts of imaginative ghosts. This lasted during the week we were at Capri. In Germany when we were in a supposedly haunted hotel I again had night fancies. The mysterious and occult has always interested me and yet a dread is connected with it. I feel that any moment any thing could happen and that nothing is impossible. Miracles of all kinds are perfectly understandable.

"The first time I can remember jumping out of bed and trying to get out was about 1913—1914. It did not give me any special fright. I remember the same sensation the first night after arriving at a ranch for a house party. The friend sleeping in the room had to pull me back to bed. Again no after effects. As a child—about 15 years—I used to walk in my sleep and would be most annoyed and angry when stopped from doing what ever I had set out to do.

"The first time I can remember being terrified at night was in 1922 or 23 when I was in the Hawaiian Islands. I was ill, unable to eat, but went over to another island to see the volcano. I was travelling with a friend and her Mother and Father. The friend and Mother did not wish to see the volcano, so as the Father was most anxious to make the trip I went with him. We spent one night going in the steamer, one returning and one night at the volcano, altitude about four to six thousand. In the middle of the night I awoke with the terror feeling, suffocation, etc. Evidently the colitis condition had already set in as I had been ill for some ten days. But this increased it. I spent the next week in bed in Honolulu before sailing for home. It was after this trip I was laid up for two years with colitis. The day before I sailed I was so provoked that I had had to give up swimming. I went out unknown to my friends and went surfing with the native boy who had been teaching me and another girl and a second native. We were in a surf boat, the tide very high and we were knocked out



and over by the waves. The girl could not swim and I had to rescue her while the natives got the boat righted. I was not frightened, as I remember, but this may have gotten mixed up in some way with fears.

"In 1926 I went on a trip to Cuba, Jamaica, Panama. In Cuba I was taken ill, a starting of colitis again. In Jamaica, after an especially long day; bad food, worse water, and an evening of dancing I awoke—nearly always the awakening comes about two—with the worst fright and feeling of necessity of getting out that I ever had. From then until I reached home I was in bed almost all the time. A doctor in Panama helped me, but it was  $1\frac{1}{2}$  years before I became well again.

"At various times I have had the terror feeling. It used to come the first night whenever I went to the sea—now I seldom have it there. For the first four nights on the trip to the mountains I had it and dreaded the nights. On a trip to the Redwoods I had it the first night.

"Just before going on any trip I would give any thing to be able to stay at home.

"The idea of death has given me a horrible black feeling and I haven't let myself think of it.

"Sudden fears some times when swimming."

The panic which she described as "the terror feeling" was the condition which made her feel that she would like to have help in clearing it up.

It was at about this point in the history that I felt she should begin working on the fears, so in order to save time I wrote out a number of topics on a page and asked her to sit down at home and write out the free associations for these topics and then bring them to me and we could elaborate on them.

What was my great surprise when she came the next time fairly bubbling with excitement and handing me a large sheaf of papers said laughingly—"look what I've got". It was a large collection of *automatic notes*.

What had happened was this; when she sat down with a sheet of paper in front of her, blank except for the topic heading, *before she* could start doing free association the pencil began racing off across the page and she soon had quantities of notes. They were not written in "Star's" symbols, but they claimed to come from "Star".

I shall give what was written with regard to Fear first, as this record and the one which followed were the key records, the unraveling of which completely freed the personality.



## II.

One of the first things we observed in the notes was a tendency to use numbers in a most reckless way and an impish delight in expressing herself in riddles and puzzles; or as Star called them—"puzzles and mysteries". She would write—"You like puzzles and *she* likes mysteries so here is something for both of you".

She had taken the page with the stimulus word *Fear* first and the resulting notes were not only entertaining but they were also filled with invaluable "clues" to the whole repressed and independently functioning existence of Star-Zorada; to a whole new field of thought which had not been consciously recognized.

*"Fear.*

"Fear, fear, fear, and fear. Five fears at five; and for five, five fears at five are  $25 \times 5 = 125$  and if they are for five they are 25 for five but if they are  $125 \times 5$  they are 725 and that could be Bc or Ad and even could be with an  $\varrho$  1725 and then where are the fears, 5 or 725 or 14 if they are  $7 \& 2 + 5$  and we get no where so lets just take fear  $\#$ one (I).

"Fear is f and there's an E, that's for Ena (Ena was the subject's name) and  $\varrho$  didn't like Ena and *a* is for after and r is for rude but who is F if it isn't First—the first Ena after. Rude, who is rude—Ena after or first. You like mysteries so here is one—who is fear and is it first or after or is it rude to Ena or is Ena rude first. There was another Ena and her name was Ena Brayton Welsh and she died and was lying on a sofa and her Mother wept as she liked her best, so sister Sarah wept and when she had a girl she gave her to Ena Brayton and Ena would rather have been—she wants to write the name and she knows the name and it also was the name of a dead little girl only she was a dear little girl who was Scotch but now she won't let me write the name—yes now she will—it is Zorada and where are these two little girls. Were they rude, was Ena rude—somebody was rude and somebody was rude first. But why should any body have a fear. Without the first its ear and maybe that's the first fear. She looked sweet and maybe she didn't want another Ena. You see she was first but she never could be rude. Could Zorada be rude?—no she couldn't so it must be Ena who was rude. Who was she rude to?—*Ru* is for running and *de* for death and who ever was running after death first. I like death. Now maybe Ena, Zorada and Ena all ran after death and were rude all together. Anyway I don't think there's anything to fear whether its first or rude or running or

death. In fact I think its a nice word and when you understand it and see all its good qualities it becomes a dear friend. Happy is a fear when it comes so near that you know it for a friend. But is isn't it anymore. Its he and a first friend."

Please remember that these automatic records were not paragraphed nor punctuated and I am giving them with added punctuation to make them a little more clear, but I have not paragraphed them.

A puzzle and a mystery? One of the most fascinating I have known. It was a direct challenge to us to work it out and when it was finally solved (it took weeks of further analysis and automatic writing to untangle it) it produced the explanation of *why* "Star" had been locked in her tomb.

After only a few pages of automatic writing it became noticeable that the way Star made her capital I was unique to say the least. It was like this  $\mathcal{Q}$ . Never having seen a capital I made just like that I was curious about it and asked Star to explain. Whereupon she answered with another puzzle.

Ena wrote at the top of a page—"Where did you go to little I" and Star wrote immediately—

"No that's not the way—tis so— $\mathcal{Q}$  I like a  $\mathcal{Q}$  because it means many things. An i means  $\mathcal{Q}$  or  $\ominus$  but  $\mathcal{Q}$ , oh it means many things.  $\mathcal{Q}$  went away and there  $\mathcal{Q}$  shall stay awhile until—but if I told you where  $\mathcal{Q}$  never could be  $\mathcal{Q}$ .  $\mathcal{Q}$  like to joke you know its so, so let me have this one.  $\mathcal{Q}$  is  $\mathcal{Q}$  (I is I) and e is e (E is E) and  $\mathcal{Q}$  is (then followed a row of notes among which appeared IV 6) can't you see—Tra la sing a song of six pence, be sure its six 6 and then you'll have a pocket full of rye, but 4 and 20 blackbirds don't make a single  $\mathcal{Q}$ . Its warm, its hot but  $\mathcal{Q}$  s are eyes and that's a fact and no one really is an  $\mathcal{Q}$  so  $\mathcal{Q}$  left mine behind—it calls sometimes and has a sparkle clear but if  $\mathcal{Q}$  take it then oh then I would be afraid." Alice of Wonderland fame would have had to work diligently to produce a more mystifying puzzle than that!

From the symbolic standpoint it would have been simple to explain the riddle (or so one might think) but Star was too subtle in most of her disguises for ordinary psycho-analytic symbolism to be of much value. And anyway we were not half so much interested in symbolism as we were in finding out *how* and *when* and *why* this type of expression had begun.

The first thing which immediately called attention to itself was  $5 \times 125 = 725$ . Going on the principle that a mistake is never made

unless there is a reason for it, an attempt was made to find out why *seven* was substituted for six, or why one hundred was added to 625, which is what the number should have been.

Interestingly enough 725 was the number of the house next door to my hostess' home at the seashore, but no amount of association could elicit any conflicts or memories significant in any way for that house or the people who lived in it.

The next possibility was that it was changed to 725 in order to make 1725 instead of 1625. Association for 1725 brought out the following phantasy, which while interesting brought out no significant clue.

"1725

|                          |                   |
|--------------------------|-------------------|
| French glory, velvet red | She stands alone  |
| Conservatory, dance      | She's not afraid  |
| Crystal light            | They face         |
| Gleaming bright          | He turns away     |
| Sudden entrance          | The hall is empty |
| Who is he                | All is over       |
| Why this panic           | All, all, all."   |
| Rushing backward         |                   |

Automatic response for 725—

"There's a monkey. I don't like monkeys. Their tails make question marks. Take the seven away, it would be better—Then 7 & 7 would be 14, then take the 1 away from 14 you'd have the number I like best of all and that is 13. That first little fellow took the 2<sup>d</sup> one who is 7 and tripped him and blew him away. They are all surprised at what they did. The question mark is shrinking fast—it's just a dot, it bursts and just a puff of smoke is left. There's only 1 & 2 & 5."

The first automatic response for 125 was.

"Merry little numbers all standing in a row. 1 came to see the 5 but where was 2 the while. If 1 went up and sat on 5 we'd have a funny hole. But then came 2 to make a scrap and pushed us all awry. 1, 2 & 5 we have 16, my 'rithmetic's all wrong so let us put the two away and have a simple 4. You know we have left out the 6 and numbers such as 4 and six are good once in a while. One hundred and five grows awfully big. One hundred likes to make you guess and wink its silly eye, ☹ | ☹."

Now let us see what we have so far. First of all—725 for 625. The latter number did not fit into the scheme of things so it had to

be changed — (“100 likes to make you guess”). Again considering that it might not be so much 725 itself which was the desired number as 1725, what could be the possible significance? In the beginning with 5 standing for fear I felt that 6 was the year in which the fears had become cumulative because 6 was the number *rejected*. Again remember Star’s—“Sing a song of six pence”—be sure it’s *SIX*—and a few words later—“It’s warm, it’s hot.”

In the beginning she had conscious memories of some fears at six, which she did not consider particularly significant, but as the untangling process proceeded, it became more and more apparent that 6 was the year in which all the conflict started.

It will be remembered that there were six children and so I finally decided that the numbers stood for three of her brothers (the first, the second and the fifth boy) and she herself who was the sixth (seven substituted for six) child. This would give us the 1725. However, it was not until later when we found the key to most of the number combinations that we recognized how truly complicated the 1725 was.

Remembering that 1 was also  $\varphi$  and that  $\varphi$  is I, another possibility was taken into consideration, especially after the next bit of automatic explanation made its appearance. We had asked—“please tell us what these numbers mean—1725” and “Star” wrote—“They are so plain now can’t you see, You take the second letter and add it to the whole then the message comes so straight you wonder why you didn’t see before.”

The second was 7=g. The whole was 15=O. go—the through traffic signal from the Unconscious to the Conscious.

Going on from there we took 1 =  $\varphi$  = I = Ena, 7 = brother (7 years older) 2 = brother (2 years older) and 5 = brother (5 years older) and we had the 1725 explained. Not until we realized that she juggled figures and letters with such utter unconscious abandon did we really obtain the full possibility of working out all of the meanings for her number combinations.

Symbolically 5 stood for fear and 7 for joy, though she was just as apt to use them numerically for letters in the most surprising combinations.

At the same time that she was producing the automatic associations we were concentrating by means of verbal free association on the 6<sup>th</sup> year, working out as many conflicts as we could. It must be emphasized again that we had two distinct and continuously applied types of approach—the *automatically written* associations and the



verbally given free association. We were concentrating our efforts in free association to the solving of the "panic" which however the automatically written associations cleared up first.

The various phases were so closely interwoven that it is difficult now to take them all apart and present them separately, but at this point I shall try to bring the "panic" up to date so that the reader will have a clear idea of what the main fear problem was.

The "panic" was described as "beginning with what might happen". Some fragments written automatically mentioned blood and throat. "We mustn't eat that blood, the law was made of old. We have transgressed. Why take the life from out the throat. I have gone before. I know the way. I come to take you there. When life and death is found in one we know the silver light, we know the way, we follow on.

"No truth is there, they covered it they sealed the truth within the tomb. The key was lost, the time has come when light shall come again."

When asked what caused the panic she wrote—"It's all mixed up with many things"—The "face" was one; the fact that "all bad people go to hell" and that she was bad when she wanted to laugh and sing because she was noisy and that disturbed her father; the idea of "crawling blood" was another; the cut throat was another; suffocation another. This much we had found out. It was some time later that we unravelled the tangle still more so that we had a complete idea that *Blood* was associated with her first realization of death; it was associated with ideas of birth and it came to stand for sin in general. Added to this, the idea of sex came into consciousness at the same time and we find the sixth year burdened with sensations of terror and confusion which no human being, let alone a child of six, should have to cope with.

The panic carried with it a sense of smothering and suffocation; a feeling of having to get away; a sense of intense cardiac palpitation; a sense of being very hot, followed by chills. It would come on in the late afternoons before sunset; at night (awakened from a sound sleep) with a feeling that her heart had stopped; in high places; *occasionally* in crowded places; and once crossing on the ferry. It was this last experience which helped us get at much of the panic's attachment to the idea of throat.

She had been in her car and her great dog was in the back. Turning around she had a momentary feeling that the dog's throat was red. It passed immediately but was intense while it lasted.



Associations brought forth the idea that she was going to the hospital across the bay to see a brother who was in the hospital and that reminded her of the numerous trips to the hospital to see her Father (the FACE with the EYES) during his last illness and that there was something always wrong with his throat.

Going on from this point we took up associations for throat and red and got all of the tangled, horrible impressions she had connected with throat, death, blood and life. She wrote with great stress the following—

"I don't like blood. Blood is the beginning, it's what we are made of, but I don't like it. It's warm and clammy, it drips, it changes color, it smells, it's awful. It's cutting—beast, man, throat, killing and sin—Chicken—don't you remember the hatchet and his comb was so beautiful. He made a noise and then he looked so naked when he was dead and so cold and white. When she was in that house (6-8½) they cut him on a block." To the question—"did she like chicken?" she wrote—"No, they smell and they are dirty too, they have lice and make their house all messy and squawk at night and they lay eggs that kill you all". (Brother gave her an Easter egg that had the legend on it—"The World is Coming to an End.") "They cut his neck with a hatchet and made a lot of blood. His feathers flew all about."

"Beasts are beasts and haven't any souls because blood is the sign of the beast. They see red, they have no souls. Men are beasts when they see red."

"He bled and bled his life away, that tiny little dog—he wasn't in the world, he was only in a book."

From memory, the ideas passed to phantasy of war and kept being interspersed with fragments of actual recall—

"When beasts rage and war, they're covered up with blood. They're like the people too, it's blood of lust and hate. He killed—they found the blood." (The man who killed his sweetheart.)

"They left them lying in the field with throats all cut and reeking with gore. Such lads of grace they were the fairest of the land. They spillt their blood for freedom's sake and yet we know that can't be done for Freedom never took a path of blood."

Again she wrote—"To kill you spill the blood and that makes death come and when you aren't ready for it you don't want to go. There are deaths and deaths—some good, some bad. The death that comes from blood is bad. TO KILL IS SIN. Sin is killing, but there are other red sins—kill, lust, hate—it takes the soul away and all is

beast and red. Hate wounds and makes the soul ashamed. It wounds the soul, it is a rage and turns all to red. Kill, kill, we do it every day. We kill with word, we kill with deed, we never seem to know the many ways we harm, and always we do the harm to those we think we love. To kill is to spill the essence of this life, the essence as we know it. Once there was a time and it shall come again, when we shall know that essence is not blood it is the truth, the beauty of one shining light, the soul that never dies or spills."

The next written expression was for *Blood* alone and the following came:

*Blood*

|                       |                    |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| "A great red sun      | Blood is nothing   |
| A cloud of red        | It is not          |
| A flame               | The real substance |
| A passing glory       | We do not          |
| Silence—Death         | Understand         |
| Awful silence         | But it is true     |
| But no terror         | After              |
| Peace                 | Passing through    |
| Real peace after      | The great test     |
| The greatest upheaval | One knows"         |

Following this she wrote with a Throat for the stimulus.

A Throat

|                         |                        |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| "What is it for?        | It carries             |
| It can utterly          | Life to the body       |
| Stop everything         | It is                  |
| Beauty can come from it | Physical and spiritual |
| Great expression of     | When only used         |
| Joy in song.            | In the physical        |
| What ecstasy            | It is sad              |
| To let out one's joy    | It is hurt             |
| Like a bird             | It sulks               |
| It hurts and closes     | It tightens            |
| To hold it back         | Why                    |
| So with words that      | Can it not             |
| Could be uttered        | Be beautiful           |
| Could be sweet          | Show its beauty        |
| Could ring with truth.  | And pass on beauty?    |
| It is sensitive         |                        |

When told  
It is ugly  
Inside or outside.

Then Suffocation and Choking.

"Suffocation.

"A desire to leave and yet a greater yearning to come back. Experience has not been learned and above all you must know you must have at least one glimpse. Why, with all these years haven't we learned, why haven't we remembered. Why haven't we unearthed it—it's so near, so wonderful, so ready and so needed. I shall stay until then and shall no longer try to go on—I promise that."

"Choking.

"Not real—a wanting to return, the best way out, don't you think so too. The call came and it was best. Struggle had to be—only through struggle does the real come—but now the way becomes clearer—the light becomes brighter—the something felt more tangible."

Here we have some extraordinary life and death symbolism. The effort to emerge and struggle battling with the ever existent desire for protection and freedom from effort.

It is interesting to note that nothing ever happened to *her* in the form of sex experiences—the whole terror and subsequent sensations of panic in adult life were based on muddled phantasies, stories of accidents and purely intangible fears. There were words heard and vaguely guessed at; Bible stories misinterpreted; deep convictions that death was always horrible and associated with violence and injury to the throat. *The panic indeed was made up of many things.*

And always it was eyes, eyes and eyes. "10 of them belonging to 5—glaring at me hostilely"—evidently the five brothers gazing at her curiously. But she had the *feeling* of unfriendly eyes. "Eyes" as well as 2's were a large part of the pattern of the panic. She said eyes had always disturbed her after she grew up but she had not recognized the cause of it. First of all there were the EYES in the FACE. These stood for sternness and made her afraid. Then the eyes of Estella, the maid who frightened her into almost a spasm before she was a year old; then the eyes of another maid who was "pop-eyed", and finally the ten eyes of the apparently disapproving young brothers. One of them to console his mother said—"Well at least when she grows up she'll probably make a good extra maid for you!"

In response to the stimulus word *eye* she wrote the following—

“A y with an  $\frac{E}{V}$  can see too much. A y with 2  $\propto$  's is worse. But an eye that is shut and knows just the same is 725 plus a nine. Blocks pile up and blocks fall down and pictures do the same and cards are five and rubies 10 and geese are 27, so if you take an open pie and put a robin there you'll have an answer with the price of  $5 \times 55$ .”

“Zorada” interpreted the above point for point as follows.

“A y is the bridge that brings us here. With souls that have to pass that Bridge the seeing is not good, the memories of other lives should be left behind; with glimmers left the soul is not at rest. When two eyes are one they can see it all, they know and they understand. All eyes know for they are the soul. They never close they never mourn they know their time will come. With radiant light they open the way for the passing of the star.

“725 & a nine. 9 is months a 5 is life and 7 & 2 make nine.

“Blocks pile up and blocks fall down and pictures do the same.”

“The world moves on, there's always change. The chain weaves on. Pictures are the symbols of the living one.

“And cards are five and rubies ten.

“Cards are only the chances of life, rubies are the treasures.”

Question—Why do you say *cards are five* when you say 5 is life?

“Because we are shuffled about—we have no will.

“Rubies are rare with depth of color, Ten is the eye when it goes with the one.

“And geese are 27.

“Geese are foolish, but they are the thoughts of us that hold us back and never let us pass the nine. They squawk, they chatter, they are always in the way. They never know where they want to go.

“If you take an open pie and put a robin there, you'll have an answer with the price of  $5 \times 55$ .

“A pie is open when it's not a whole a robin is a song and  $5 \times 55$  is balance for the 5's. Pie is competition, life when lived, the understanding, the all, the peace and beauty mixed with joy with Truth in all.”

When questioned further about the last bit of this puzzle she did the following “ $\nabla$  an open pie with an R an S aw her”.



Now if this had not been analyzed carefully by means of free associations, verbally and written automatically, we would have thought the interpretation given rather vague and involved to say the least, but in view of the repressed conflicts which had been unearthed through the associations, the following analysis was found to be correct.

A bridge stood for the symbol of sex union. A memory, a very early one, of sleeping with her mother and of her father coming in the mornings became prominent and evoked feelings, of there being something which she did not understand.

With the above one can comprehend another meaning for—"the memories of other lives should be left behind; with glimmers left the soul is not at rest"—in other words the emotional concomitants of repressed conflicts make the "soul" restless.

"When two eyes are one they can see it all, they know and they understand." Remembering that her graphic symbol for I is  and that she interchanges  with *eye*, then we see that "two I's are one" refers to the same conflict; the relationship of the parents and again the feeling that they understood something that she did not.

"With radiant light they open the way for the passing of the star"—here we have some very involved unconscious processes. "Star" being the subject's unconscious symbol and the "eye" being symbolic of the genital organs we have undoubtedly a partial birth phantasy. This we found to be a phantasy which was expressed in many ways.

"725 and a nine"—9 is months a 5 is life and 7 & 2 make 9. There are nine months of pregnancy before life in the outside world is begun and 9 months more to develop another biologic link from the life that came, or as at another time Star expressed it—"and thus the chain weaves on".

"Ten is the eye when it goes with the one." This worked out in a very interesting way, again having a dual symbolism—one sublimated and one unsublimated. The following picture was drawn  with the explanation—"these are the links of the chain; when the door is opened then Truth comes in and all is joined in one". Then came another picture illustrating the phrase—|  which of course represents the symbolism of biologic union. However almost immediately a third drawing appeared which is significant not only from the gross biologic but also the truly sublimated form of expression which Star loved. The picture was drawn so that it spelled "You", therefore the eye with the | which made 10 which stood for



completion and which had a simple biologic interpretation also had the much more significant one of the merging of the  $\propto$  (remembering this was Star's graphic symbol for I or the ego) with the You, the non-I, or the non-ego, which apparently can have the same symbol. According to this it is only when the ego learns to merge with the non-ego (the personal unconscious with the collective unconscious) that energy can be deflected onto a higher level than the simple biologic.

"And geese are 27—they are foolish—they are the thoughts of us that hold us back." Taking the goose's neck and the goose's body we get a pretty good 6 and turn that upside down and we have a 9 (the number of emergence). Six turned out to be the year where the greatest number of fears and conflicts piled up and were repressed. Geese are 27=Geese are 9=Geese are 6 and the thoughts of 6 (repressed) would not permit the birth of emotional freedom.

"If you take an open pie"—etc. Now please reconsider the following formation  $\nabla$  an open pie with an R an S aw her. R was taken as the starting point for association and evoked a memory from the sixth year with regard to a naughty little girl who lived across the street whose name began with R and who was not only sex-curious but also sex-wise in a very misinformed way. R was very free in dispensing her phantastic ideas so that "Star" got some deadly notions with regard to sex from her. As to the puzzle—R an S aw her—Rose's mother saw her (Rose) and when the mother came Rose ran home and this episode was the R *an* S (a)w (*h*)er (answer). "R is Rose and S is Sin—Sex—Six and Sickness of the Soul." Rose was the name of the little girl.

If any one has any doubt about how the unconscious likes to torment us with riddles and puzzles, this example should be a good one to convince him of his fallacy. This memory had been buried for nearly thirty four years.

Looking back over this puzzle we see that we have on the one hand interpretations with symbolism for purely physical manifestations and their ensuing conflicts while on the other hand the same words signify symbolism with decidedly spiritual significance both expressed in exactly the same wording. If we had been working with automatic writing *alone* we would have lost sight of the actual conflict material which had been repressed so long, but on the other hand if we had not had the automatic writing we would have gotten through free

association alone merely the lower level of symbolism and we would have missed entirely the wealth of interesting symbolism of the higher level.

Ideas of suffocation were numerous, as were ideas of strangling and smothering. Writing of *smothering* Star went off into her own symbols and then wrote a fragment legibly—"I see a baby nursing with a mother turned over and covering the child smothering the child".

One day in response to the stimulus word "Shock" she wrote automatically the description of a terrible fright which produced as far as we could learn the symptoms of the later panic and also explained the *fear* being a *friend* and not being an *it* but a *he*. In telling me during the history of this incident she merely mentioned it as something that they told her which had caused her a great deal of fear but there were no particular memories connected with it. After the automatic explanation the memories trooped forth and one of the puzzles was cleared as well as *one of the associations* of fear—death—throat and blood.

She wrote—

"Oh yes, he was so nice, he gave her presents, he took her to his house, he was so nice and we all liked him. Then one day he went away and there was talk. One night when fast asleep there was a noise, a running of many feet. They came, and then she came and said 'Don't be afraid, they are going to his house for he came back' and then there was a shot, another shot and some one said 'he's dead'. He was so nice but then he went and killed a girl, he chased her down the lawn and down the field and she bare of feet and had only her nightie on. He caught her and he killed her and did some dreadful thing. He washed his hands right in the house and left the blood. He left the blood in the basin and on the towel and on his clothes. Blood, blood, and that's the way they knew that that was he. He went into the mountains, he left a cane and then he came—they shot him and he was dead. He was so nice, he gave her a basket once. She (Ena) was afraid, she didn't like to have him dead. He was so nice. It was an awful sound, the running feet, the shouts, the black of night. Her heart went wild, they had to comfort her. She didn't want to go to sleep, she wanted them to stay and talk to her. She doesn't mind the shots, they're over, but she doesn't like the awakening. It was so dark and yet the noise was awful; they came those feet, the shouts were loud; her mama hadn't come to bed, it was not late. She couldn't breathe, it scared her so. She was so scared it goes with her."

Can you see the picture of the little girl asleep in a dark room being awakened suddenly by shouts, running feet and shots; all of the terrible excitement and no light and no one to tell her what had happened at first. And we find two of the elements of the panic standing out clearly—namely the symptoms of (1) the heart “going wild” and (2) the inability to breathe. We also have death by violence, blood, flight, crime and an un-understood (at that time) allusion to sex. And all of this connected with some one she liked—“he was so nice”. Is it any wonder that the little girl began thinking of life with extreme wonder and something of horror and of death with agitation and fear?

### III.

The ideas accumulated during the sixth year had been so confusing, so terrifying to the little girl that they became unbearable and were pushed into apparent oblivion;—they were very thoroughly repressed.

Day after day as we progressed in the study, one reference after another with regard to six and the sixth year appeared, until we had such a chaos of memories and phantasies that it became difficult to keep the pattern of the panic straightened out.

With her usual fondness for puzzles Star wrote—

“Six was a merry fellow. He liked his ways, he liked his songs. He wasn’t very wise, but yet he liked to shout. He liked to dance and sing. He was to stay but in the mess he was pushed out and gore was in his eye.”

This was followed by—

“A six can come but can not go, a balance must be there. A six would merry be. A six can shout, a six can hang his head. *A six is made of many* things, a six is funny too. He turns away, he turns about, his head is all awlirl. His eyes are in, his toes are out, what *can* he do, poor child?”

Before six she liked to play with dolls, especially an old rag doll; but after six the interest in dolls ceased.

Before six too, there was the first fright over the eyes of Estella staring at her; the fear of the EYES in the FACE; also evident great fear and strangling over severe cough under the age of one and again later. There was also the fright at five when a little boy (“he was a horrid little boy”) put ice in her ear and told her that her mother had jumped off the train.

Beginning with six we have—much “teasing” by the brothers; falling out of the barn; having a shed collapse on her; falling from hay wagon and being smothered under the hay, catching on fire but not being burned; being afraid of the ocean; seeing chicken killed and being terribly frightened over its death contortions and *noise* and blood; hearing “her friend” shot in her yard and knowing he had been killed, and further hearing stories of the way he had shot his sweetheart; coming under the influence of the neighbor’s child.

As we read this we begin to see the cumulative effect of a number of years of small fears (5 years) suddenly being reinforced by a mass collection of added frights and fears connected with both actual occurrences and intangible ideas appearing in the sixth year.

When she was six “the neighbor’s child” gave her some decided sex-misinformation which was woven into the pattern of conflict starting at this year. The idea of child birth became associated with pain, injury and blood. The little neighbor girl told her babies were fished out through the umbilicus with a stick which cut a hole into you. Later stick and hole became associated with throat so that the birth ideas were unconsciously transferred to throat.

The ideas in the sixth year finally became so abhorrent that she relegated them to the unconscious where they slumbered fitfully for over thirty years. She wrote, “It made her think too much about herself. She didn’t like these things; so she gave them to the elephant. She put them in a trunk and gave them all to him. He said until he turned to crystal he would keep them there for her. He was a vast white one that looked like glass.”

Then she wrote, “16—1—16—1, 5—1—20, 8—5—18” which translated read, “papa eat her”. When we remember the FACE with the EYES and the fact that she feared those eyes intensely, then we are not surprised to see how she had identified the *IDEA* of her father with the *IDEA* of things that were terrifying and abhorrent.

“His FACE, the face of terror. It was always with her. She came with it. It represented Life. It wasn’t a face as you know it. It was the face of all sin. There is no picture of it. It is a feeling of all sin of all ages. Of red sin; of all the combined ideas of sin in one. Of ages old, it grew from lands and seas of old.”

Here we have the identification of the fear of a physical thing with that of an intangible thing. No wonder she was “all mixed up” as a little girl. Even as young as six she had this marked feeling of *knowledge* of things experienced in ages past but totally un-understood.



The later phantasies of "slaughter", "sacrifice" and cannibalism were built on the two preceding ideas.

"Slaughter"

"All move onward, upward, why stop the progress of the smallest life. We check its growth, the whole is marred. The chain goes on, a broken link retards the whole.

"Slaughter, how we wallow in it. We love its scent, its gorey red, we plunge out hands deep within. We like the feel of it. We even like the cry when life is giving of its blood. We wallow, wallow, drunk with it. It satisfies a call. Why must we like it so. We really hate it but we like to think its power is strong and akin to us because it once was forbidden us. Shake us free, oh gleaming light, come cover all this red. We really long for you."

"Sacrifice according to the old law.

"We cry against you, you have broken a law. It was never meant for such agony. When blood flows so you chain yourself. Oh, break away. Be strong again. Stop that crimson flow. We trample ourselves—the bloody one suffers not half as much as we. The torch must be raised, the blood must stop. It blocks the way, this slaughter house. It covers our hearts, it makes us red, we are altogether in the gore. Arise and break away."

"Cannibalism"

"With faces set they march about—the stain is in their hearts. They shout, but shout with lust and hate. They work themselves into a frenzy, they dance, a dreadful sight. They have to do all this or else the deed they do would be too awful even for themselves. How black they are, the hate is in their eyes. Their grin—those open mouths too horrible to see. With painted faces and feathers bright they leap and shout. Their victim—who is she? A maiden fair with golden hair and eyes with no fear in them. She stands erect, she faces them, they even snarl at her. Beasts are they and know it not, beasts in the form of man. They touch her not, there seems to be a fire that covers her. And yet they dance and work themselves into this frenzy of hate. Stop, she speaks, she raises up her hand, a smile is on her lips. They know not the language that she speaks and yet a something creeps within their hearts, when she looks at them. She speaks again, they halt, their steps are slow, they hang their heads—that something is felt by all. A glimmer of the light has entered—



will it grow or will it cease again. As ages roll on the light grows larger until more men shall feel its power. We know not why this must be that red must enter first and finally be absorbed by white. But so it is—through all the ages red must be conquered by the white of shining truth.”

A further sixth year idea of childbirth was the following—

“When babies come, there’s blood. You have to cut away and pull them out. There is no other way, you have to cut a hole. That neighbor child told me so. You took a stick and poked and out they came. The red is blood and that is hurt. The stick caused the blood to come.”

A question at this time—“When does the stick have to poke?” was answered—“If you swallow a red tomato and poke it in all tight a vine will grow and from that comes a child, to make it grow good and big. You have to poke again and then before its ripe you have to poke again and this time if the stick is red you have to open up and then the child is born. One final poke goes down the throat and hits it on the head.”

A phantasy which indeed associated Life with throat, injury and blood. The idea of Life became a confusing thing to this little girl—it is not strange that she wondered what it was all about.

Again she wrote—“His throat was sore, did he have a baby?” (referring to her father). And again—“it mixed you all up so”.

One little six year old, trying to find the answers to all these questions and solve these problems all alone—no wonder it “mixed her all up so”.

She had been asked—“did anything ever happen to you to make you frightened” and she had answered that nothing had ever happened to *her* but it was “just ideas all mixed up and a lot of things that happened to others and things they talked about”. “They talked about so many things she didn’t understand.”

Again referring to throat she wrote—“She only wants her dinner. Her mama didn’t want to give it to her. She even didn’t care if she didn’t have a baby. She knew it all the time and she didn’t want to come.—She didn’t like the taste of it, that horrid smelly stuff, it was in a spoon, that woman in white gave it to her to make her spit to open up her throat. It was all filled with white. It wasn’t nice.”

Her mother had been very ill and depressed during this pregnancy and was ill during the child’s first year of life; and the baby herself was very sick. Not a portentous arrival into the world; it is under-

standable why she should have developed the idea that better she would have remained unborn!

Some of the reactions to stimulus-ideas were quite facetious and did not carry the burden of all ages. Once while working on the idea of the "First Fright" Zorada was in a playful mood and gave us the following—

"One is one and two never made five. There is no real fear, we make it ourselves of dresses fine. 'Tis made of wine and women and of song. He's a tipsy fellow but merry all the same. You'll not have it out of me. Her eyes are blue and she may tell but when I asked her last she said I hid within a hollyhock and am locked when the dew is falling and so I would never tell. Try the Bee, He's a roaming lad and knows of distant lands. He said the rose was red but held a thorn withall. And then there's the green frog, but deep within a well he's hid. He croaks a song of woe, I like him not. I like a modest violet but gently I must say, she keeps no knowledge with her. Some say the butterfly came one day and took all her wealth away. The whispering pines have much to say, ask them, ask them. Busy are we, busy are we, for we must carry all the news of ants and flies and crawling things, why bother with a fright. There're pools and brooks and oceans too, ask them. There's snow and there's the gust to send a shiver and gales and angry gods and roars of laughter from those ones called men. They make so much ado about the simplest things—they are clumsy, rude and mean and harmful too. Why do they have to come and spoil our world for us. Oh yes, and where was Mistress Fright—oh, no, you'll not have that out of me oh no, oh no, OH NO."

Ideas of the hereafter began to bud in a strange and confused manner. At six she started to Sunday school and there she heard many things she did not understand.

With regard to the hereafter—she knew she would go there. He told her she was a bad girl and must keep quiet. All bad children went to hell. She heard one little girl tell another at Sunday School that her soul was damned to Hell forever. "They talked of all the terror, all the burning, all the fire and all the blood. She didn't understand and she was afraid."

Another time she wrote—"He was a horrid boy, he talked and talked and talked". This was the bad little boy whose conversation was not nice and who loved to dwell on gory things and hell (beginning in the sixth year).

As to her ideas of Hell itself, she wrote—"A fiery furnace, devils all about, who built the fires and shut you in and poked with iron sticks. An awful place, had flaming smells and lots of smoke. You had to stay, you couldn't get away. You went there when you were bad, an awful place. You died before and then you went. You had to work and sweat and toast. An awful place—It was in the earth."

With regard to *Red Spot* she wrote—"Red, red, red, red, red, red, Red, red everywhere and over all. It blots, it mars, it never flies, it only crawls. Men always point with it through ages on, it WAS THE SIN. Red, red, red and red and red some more." Following the above she wrote pages again on "Blood".

"Blood, blood, blood, blood, blood is always red. It sweeps over all the land. Men know of it—it covers them. Men made it. They broke the law, the law of peace, of life, of truth, they broke the law. Before our days they turned to all the bloody ways of life. They stink with it—of lust and shame and terror, wars and sacrifice. On altars of gold they made their kill. The blood was flowing down—a pool of red ran far away and where, where it went it turned the land, the seas to red. She knew it all, she saw it all, she lived when worlds were new compared to us—old worlds were new. The worlds were new in days of old, in days beyond the ken of men. There lived upon these many worlds people and beasts and men. People like you, but they were not the same, they lived a life of difference but they were in the way. There always has to be a world, there always has to be a way. The worlds have come the worlds have gone, but the chain weaves on, the way goes on, the people come. There is no time or space but there is a going on."

Ideas associated with life and death as a dual picture (that is characteristics which unconsciously she pictured as common to both) were "smell, flutters, running blood, pain, not able to escape, cooped up under the earth, injury to throat or head".

Further associations brought out the fact that she always had had a horror of some one being buried alive, and that she frequently awakened at night with a feeling that her throat had closed.

It will be recalled that she was under six months old when she had the severe strangling throat disturbance and was very ill. Very early indeed did throat and discomfort become synonymous.

Further associations for suffocation brought a memory of being in a shed made of eucalyptus branches and the thing collapsing on top of her, causing a sense of suffocation and great fear. Another

memory followed this of falling from a hay wagon and the hay falling on top of her—sense of suffocation again and of being buried alive. A third memory was of a tunnel the boys had built and used as a secret club. She and a little girl investigated it and again she had the sense of suffocation and associated it with an earthy underground smell. These memories were followed by the memory of another one from a little later period (10 years) which was a very vivid one. The girl with whom she went to Sunday school said she had had a dream twice of closing in walls and she said if she had it a third time she would die—and she died a short time after. This made a tremendous impression on the child.

It was at about six that the foster-child idea began to grow. "It thought it hadn't come to the home that it had picked, all boys were there, how could a girl belong. Ena, she tried to go away." It was at this time too that she identified herself with the two little girls who had died, Ena the first (her mother's niece) and Zorada, another niece. The identification was based on the fact that they had been loved and also because she so greatly desired some little girls to play with in her own home.

When asked if she cried when teased she said "cry, she always cried, the tears were always there. Cry-baby was her name. Don't you know what tears mean. They mean, and it is a sacred thing, they mean the joy that should shout and sing is frozen and when it melts it has to come through tears. It was frozen in the ages past. She cried. She teased herself. She knew she shouldn't be there. She came from far away and yet she tried to fool herself and think that she was where she ought to be."

This phantasy of "not belonging" was one which caused a lot of grief to the young six year old. It is a very common phantasy, but added to all the other things she wondered about, it helped to make the first part of the inscription on the tomb.

She was next asked to tell when all of the elements of the physical sensations of the panic first appeared together and she wrote—

"When death was known, when life had ceased, when she was six. She saw the rooster killed. She saw the blood, she wondered why it ran. She heard the shrieks, she wondered at the pain. She saw the form grow quiet, she wondered why this was so, she saw the awful struggle. She wondered why it all looked so awful. They told her that he was dead and dead was ending all and everyone



went there, they ended like the rooster and then they put them in the earth."

"They chased and caught him, put him in a coop and then they took him and put him on a block of wood. With hatchet sharp they cut his throat. I can not tell you more. She saw blood, pain and fear as an end of all. She saw it all. She never knew that one was killed or died before."

Whoever it was who told her that that was the way people ended little realized that the idea of violence, injury to throat, struggle and blood was the idea of death that became fixed. Consciously, of course, that was not her idea of death, but the free associations (verbal) and the automatic associations (written) gave us the explanation of part of the panic, which was a death-fear as well as a birth-phantasy.

Her forgotten early reactions to the five brothers were vivid and intense. The oldest one was a hero—handsome and aloof. She was always in awe of him.

The next one written about was the one who was seven years older. "He was nice—but he was quiet. They said that he was shy."

The brother five years older was her favorite as a child. He was the crippled one. She wrote—"He was so nice and mild, he never hurt a fly, he had a pain that was so real it bothered all the time. He had a look that was so sad, he couldn't hurt a fly. He was always kind to me."

But oh, listen to what she has to say about the one who was nine years older. She wrote sheet after sheet of paper full of remarks about him and the pencil strokes were so heavy that she broke a number of pencil points.

"He laughed at me. I couldn't walk, I only fell, I wasn't very steady on my legs. He always laughed, he always teased. I couldn't see why he should do this to me. He didn't tease the other ones as much as me. He and the oldest one fought, they never could be friends. They had to take them apart, they always fought. He used to hide and jump at me, especially in the dark. But most of all he teased and teased me all the time. It wasn't that they were big teases, but they were constant all the while. They wear on you and you hate to have a tease around. He teased my friends as well and scared them too with talk of gory things. He never hurt me much, he only teased." Question—"What sort of gory things did



he talk about?"—"Oh, just gory things of oozing blood and cuts and squashing snakes. He used to tease her about her clothes."

The way she spelled tease—"tease"—undoubtedly expressed the irritation which the teasing caused.

With regard to the brother two years older she had plenty to say too—"He knew the way to make you mad. He said that he would tell on you, that he would tell your teacher too. He said he'd tell on you, all the little things you did that really were not bad, like when I took a piece of candy and broke a flower down, the time I spilled the cream upon the floor—just little things. I slapped a girl on the way to school—she said her mama was the best—and once I said I would tell on him and he only laughed and said 'what do I care'. He was superior for he was old." (2 years older than she was!) "He was always busy with the Boys. He really could be fun and play with you, but when the boys were there he didn't want to see you anywhere. He could be awfully mean, but really he was nice. He didn't tease, he only made you mad. He was always busy playing with the boys. Its awfully sad to be left out, it makes you cry and cry and when the tears are frozen it makes you cold as well. A song will warm you up and melt the freeze and then the sadness goes."

Poor little girl—such a jumble of ideas and no one to help her straighten them out. She was shy and reticent; her parents were shy and reticent and so the questions she wanted to ask remained unasked and she grew up with a seething snarl of chaos in the background, which carried on, unknown to the conscious self and which, only in times of stress, jumped out at her in the form of the Panic.

#### IV.

When Zorada and Star got all of the gory phantasies and unhappy memories out in the open for us to inspect and analyze she settled down to other things. Occasionally some of the unpleasant associated material would come to the surface, but it had more to do with railing at selfishness, illness and egotism.

The recent writings have changed very much and are changing constantly. Only the fairystory goes on and on, and the little girl and her shining word seem to continue their exploration of fairyland.

One series of writings start with "Zorada, Zorada".

"Zorada, Zorada, its all like a song. The garden was covered with dew, the flowers were fragrant, the buds were astir, the dawn was acoming, the flush was of pink, the stars were still silver, but dawn had arrived. The old moon said good-bye, be faithful my lads, I will return on the morrow to welcome you back—Zorada, Zorada, my fair one so dear. I sing to you often, I love your sweet hair. I love your dear heart that's a part of my own. The highest, the finest shines out of your eyes. The soul that lies hidden is mine for awhile. Zorada, Zorada, come out to me now, the dew is afalling, the birds are astirring, the dawn is a rose. Zorada, Zorada my true love for ever, Zorada, Zorada come sing to me now. Sing of lands of sunshine, of seas of azure blue, of mountain tops and forest glades where we have met, we two. Zorada, oh Zorada, your throat is pearly white, I long to touch its softness, to feel that vibrant note, that song of joy and gladness, that song of joy and peace, that song of joy and beauty, that song you made for me."

And a short time later she wrote—

"Zorada, Zorada I know you now  
You sing through my stories,  
You are my Star  
You came through the ages  
To find your soul  
You never can leave me  
You are my all."

Zorada then became established as the Unconscious self with *Star* her soul or light. Zorada it will be remembered was one of the two little girls who died, with both of which Ena had identified herself. This profound and totally unconscious death wish began very early in life. As she often wrote—"I didn't want to be born. I knew she didn't want me."

Another bit of writing with regard to Zorada was in the form of the "Preachments" as Ena referred to them. "I (Zorada) am one in all. I am complete. I know the all. I have the all. This is the life complete, sometime this truth will come to all and the strife of life will cease. When all is one and one is all, when all know their place within the all, when we leave the self behind, when we are absorbed and yet are self."

The things she wrote about The Call and Understanding are again in the form of Preachments which Zorada loved so much.

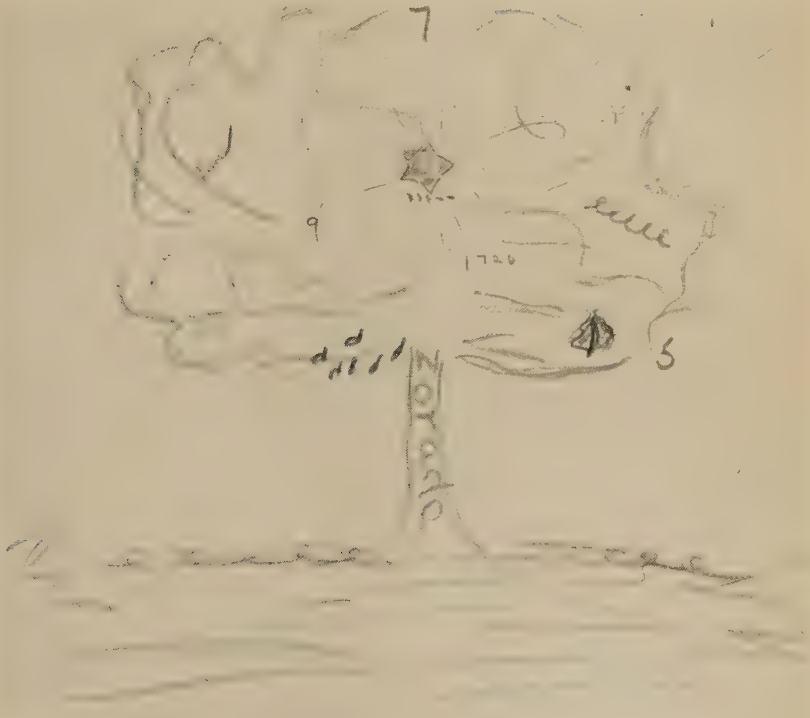


Fig. 30

Zorada's Tree with all the mystic symbols. The red 5 is enclosed in a white 6 (the sixth year having been straightened out, is now white). Note the symbol for the whole at the base of the tree. There are 5, Q's on each side, making 10, her number of completion.

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### "The Call"

"The call comes clear from heaven. The call is heard by you. The call is singing out the glory of a world made anew. The call is earth's awakening. The call is ready now. Throw away your woes and burdens—they have no place with you. Pick up your joys and pleasures and greet this day of peace. Put on your smiles of welcome. The call has come for all. We hear the song in all the tree tops, in whispering murmuring seas. It hastens over fields of flowers, it comes into our hands. The doors must open wider—our hearts must answer faster. The call has come, has come for all."

### "Understanding"

"So simple if you know. To know is so simple. All you do and all you have to do is to be open, to let the understanding in. You were rude—you slammed the door and locked it tight and now you mourn because its so. Open, open and open wide, and wider still it will come. Have you never known, have you never felt that the onrush would be too great. Had the door been opened as it should no flood could have come, and now none comes for understanding has made her way unseen and unheard. Mountain tops are good, there a soul meets his own. Solitude is good, there man meets himself and meeting, merges in the whole. Why are we afraid to be alone? Alone, when we are never alone. We are afraid because we are with the Mighty and know not how to meet. Simple is the understanding. All that is truth is simple. All that is truth is understanding."

Ena complained that Zorada was too moral, so to show that she was versatile Zorada wrote what she called "An unmoral story".

"They told her that she was a Star. That poor little girl, she wasn't a star at all, she was only a bottle of wine. She decided to go on a journey far, so she put on her very best dress. It was red and it sparkled when it came in the sun and it had a sheen of green over all. She knew she had power—she was vim, vigor and very much more. She went to see Mary who was steady, sedate and a lady. She sat in the parlor and said 'I really am so very nice. I wish you'd take me in.' Now Mary needed a child to help. Of course she didn't know this child was Wine so she said 'If you'll be good I'll take you in'. So wine came in. That night Old Mary felt so well she had to dance a bit. Her cat got scared and jumped right through the door. Well, next day wasn't quite so good. She scolded Wine and almost put her out. But as the day advanced that happy glow



came once again and by the time that night had come she was what we call tight. She even yelled this time. Her cat had gone just after noon. It was the night the Preacher came to ask about her soul. But oh, it was a dreadful thing this Mary did. She met him at the door and said 'Well, Bill, you're pretty late so get you out of here'. You can imagine how he felt. He ran at once for Dr. Kill who happened to be home. 'Old Mary's awful sick. She's talking very wild. Come and see what you can do.' They hastened on but when they came to Mary's house she wasn't there at all. Miss Wine had seen what she had done so she had hidden her. But Mary heard the voice of Dr. Kill and came from out the hiding place. 'You old ratsscallion with your liver pills. You can get to h--- out of here.' Imagine how they felt! The Doctor looked at Preacherson and shook his head. 'It is the Devil that's got in her. I with my knife and you with your words will make him jump right out.' Just then Miss Wine with perfume fine and sparkling ways came forth—'Oh Mister Men' said she, 'Before you work on Mistress Mary will you come in and have a bite.' Of course they knew, these men, they both came in and sat them down and then, but you'll not believe my story. They got as drunk as lords and with Miss Mary and Miss Wine they—well, I guess I better finish up my story."

Zorada drew many pictures, many of them Trees (always written with a capital T). She was asked why she always referred to tree with a capital T and she wrote—

"This Tree is the Tree that counts for all, it is the growing on. It builds, it puts on new leaves, it is her Tree and not just a tree that grows by its own self. It mounts on high with knowledge gained or falters when the light is not."

Songs lived in this Tree and were happy. Notes of music hung there; there was even a happy eye. There were little baskets of tunes hung on the branches. There was a Star with the inscription below, a picture in a white frame, the symbol of the whole, a 7, a 5 within a 6, 1725, a 9 and a book of music. Surely Santa Claus could never have invented a tree like this! No wonder Zorada wrote tree with a capital T.

Mention was made above that the inscription on the tomb was on the Tree. If the first account of "The Case of Strange Coincidences" is recalled it will be remembered that I thought the inscription consisted of four symbols instead of five. It was this mistake that made the "Private Positively, No Admittance" seem such a remarkable coincidence.

~ ~ ~ = A Tomb ~ ~ ~ - -



Fig. 31

The illustration of the tomb originally did not contain the "scenery" but merely the tomb with the inscription, but the inscription was the same. It was the "deciphering" of the inscription which lead to the explanation of the Panic.

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One day in returning to the idea of the tomb with the inscription on it, I asked her (after 6 months had elapsed since the original drawing of the tomb with its inscription) to draw it again for me and put the inscription on it. To my utter amazement she put on exactly the same inscription.

She was asked then to tell what the inscription meant and she rewrote it this way \\\ -- and then she did this 555 00 and wrote underneath "the \ in her must straighten out to—". \ is conflict and lack of knowledge. It is not a letter but a *thought*—a thought made up of many things, conflicts of soul and body;—is understanding and knowledge after the conflict is straightened out. In other words the key to the solution *was* the inscription. The solving of the conflicts (the straightening out of the kinks) brought freedom. It will be observed [that in every "kink" there are five curves or twists. She insisted on being consistent. In the original inscription made six months previously, the conflict symbols were just the same. It should be mentioned here that voluntarily she could not reproduce the inscription after the six months interval, but involuntarily it came without hesitation.

The 5 meant that the conflict was enclosed in fear and that when one had obtained understanding and knowledge the 5 changed into the 10 which for her was the number of the All of Completion. From the lower levels of symbolism this could be construed as the symbol of biologic completion, but for Star her 10 stood as a symbol of the higher levels of adjustment; of spiritual sublimation. The ten for her was the merging of the Ego with the Non-Ego; the self with the non-self; the growth and emergence of her spiritual self, as contrasted with her physical self.

She wrote later—"We make a tomb ourselves and lock the door with fear. It is a darksome place—light must come in to help us out."

When asked what she did in her tomb she said—"I thought and thought and milled about."

The things she "thought and thought" apparently divided themselves into several systems, all of which we were able to get out eventually.

There was the story-phantasy system; this included romantic stories, fairy stories, the "Oh dear, Oh my" stories, and mystic phantasies. There was the philosophical system, including two different types of expression—one a fairly conventionalized religious group of ideas, the other based on pure mysticism (different from the mystic

phantasies). There was the number puzzle system which caused us such a lot of expenditure of energy in the solving. There was a system of fierce resentments expressed as such against sickness and directed at several people who "enjoyed ill health". There was the system of recall which included numerous methods of getting at forgotten incidents and ideas. Eventually all of the things written could be classified under one or the other of these heads.

As examples of the first system, one or two of the Oh Dear, Oh My series are included.

"Oh dear, oh my, have you heard the news? It is so bad I hardly know what to say to you. But don't be scared I'll hold your hand. Oh dear, Oh my, well here it goes. You know old Mr. Ocean who's been in bed these many years with swelling tides and broken waves. Well, the other day he up and leaped and left his bed and went to visit on the other side of land with his friend Pacific. What an awful thing to do. Can't you just imagine all the havoc that he wrought. Where could all the fishes swim when there wasn't any ocean and where could the Sardines go to school. All the whales were homeless, helpless with no water in their spouts. Oh dear, oh my, what an awful time. All the coral islands had no place to grow. Only one thing turned out well—all the treasures of the sea, such as pirates boat and cast off money chests came to light. They lay crumbling on the dried up sandy shores. The only living ones who escaped this awful tragedy were the mermen and their families. Just as soon as old man Ocean leaped from up his bed, they caught on his foamy night shirt and went across the land and now are visiting cousins at old Pacific's home. But Oh dear, oh my, I don't know what they'll do, those fishes, whales and porpoises, and all the Sardines too. Oh dear, oh my, I must be on my way to tell the news to other folks before the story's old."

"Oh dear, oh my, have you heard the news. All the towns a buzzing and its dreadful news. The goose they say never did it nor even old Tom Cat. But nevertheless its awful news and I hate to tell it at that. Gopher Hovel's all upset. It certainly was an awful mess. Well here goes though I hate to tell. Gopher Town's a funny place, roads that wind up, roads that wind down and twist and turn. The word had got about that beans and corn were planted out in rows at Farmer John's. It was time the youngest Gophers started out to work. They were given baskets large and told to dig a way to Farmer



John's and bring back a load. They worked with might and main, they dug, they scratched all day. Then that night they went and got a load. Now Farmer John had a pet cat as black as tar and coal. Tom was out that night—he heard the carryings on. He tried to dig a hole and catch a Gopher at his work. But cats can't dig, they only can me-ow. Then he remembered about his friend Goosey Gander and went there to have a talk. 'We must do something about these pests. They rob our Farmer of his corn.' 'I'll look the remedy up' said Goosey Gander, 'in my book of words'. He looked for 'corn', he read a lot, but nothing seemed to fit. So then he looked for 'bean'. He read and read. At last he said 'I've found the cure. In here they say there is a man whose name is Jack and with a secret powder he makes beans grow real fast. In fact in just one day a bean can reach to heaven. We'll get this powder. We'll sprinkle it right through Gopher Town.' No sooner said than done. Then they prayed for rain. It came, it washed the secret down. When dawn had come our Farmer John saw a most amazing sight. Breaking through the ground of Gopher Town came shooting stalks of corn and beans and as they upward grew they carried on their tops all kinds of things from Gopher Town,—sometimes a chair, sometimes a bed, sometimes the kitchen range and once a cradle with two Baby Gophers in. Oh dear, Oh my, what an awful mess. Gopher Town was open now. Those who weren't knocked down by shooting corn ran about and yelled. Farmer John was awfully pleased—here was corn and beans to last a year. Tom Cat and old Grey Goose sat at one side and shrieked and shrieked with joy and thanked the book that had given them such good advise. Oh dear, Oh my, wasn't that a terrible mess."

"Oh dear, Oh my, have you heard the news? The apple trees went on a strike and gave out beer instead of fruit. It's the scandal of the year. The first to find this change was Bossy Cow. She ambled up to have a bit of juicy fruit. She took an apple against her tongue, it bursted wide and she had a sudden sparkling drink. It made her want some more. She took another apple full. "Aha" she thought, "my legs are feeling fine". She ate and ate until those legs began to dance. Her tail joined in the game. But soon each leg with heightened gaiety struck out alone. Oh dear, Oh my, what an awful sight. A stately Bossy Cow with flying legs and tail on high, and then the terrible crash when all the legs in their mad rush went down. Her milk that night turned into cheese. Next, to the apple tree came Gobble Turk. It was rumored round the farm twas time to fatten up,

so Gobble thought he'd start on apples. He found one on the ground and with a mighty gobble he swallowed it right down. He then began to strut and then to wobble. His head he thought was falling off. He sat right down and leaned against a tree. Oh dear, oh my, what a sorry sight. His big red comb was flapping over on one side, his toes turned up, his feathers were no longer tidy. 'I will not fatten up', he cried, 'I will not fatten up, no matter what the style'. Now Rover liked to use for ball an apple from this tree, so here he came. He jumped for one, but his sharp teeth cut it right in two and down his throat went beer. 'I will get another ball' thought he and once again he did the same. His greatest enemy was skunk, who taunted him, but he in wisdom stayed away. Just now old skunk came out and waved his tail. Rover with a bound was next to him and then began a royal fight. When all was done there remained only a bushy tail, some scraps of fur, that was all there was of skunk. But no, that is not so. Before departing skunk had left with Rover his strong spirit. Oh dear, oh my, what an awful smell. Now Rover leads a lonely life. Not even old Brown Hog will let him nigh. Before the day was done all on the farm were acting queer. The apple tree just shook himself and roared with laughter but when the Farmer found twas he who caused this havoc, he cut him down. Oh dear, Oh my, what awful things can happen."

Examples of other story-phantasies are the two following. The stories never had any titles. They just came tumbling out.

"A piercing cry rang out. And then all was still. Why do I hear this cry so often and what can it mean? When I went to bed the moon was out and the whispers of the trees were soft. Now all is darkness and there is an expectant something in the air. Does that cry come from near at hand? I cannot tell. But there is something in it, a something that makes my very hair stand on end. And yet I am not afraid. If it would only come when I am awake and I could know from whence it came I would go and find its source. I must know, I must find out. They told me when I took this house that it was haunted. Can this be true? Now, I know that ghosts are only of the mind. But what can it be? There, was that the beginning? No, only the call of a mud hen as she circles high. The moon is out again, that same thing that was here has gone. No more tonight. But all this must cease, I cannot have those shrieks ringing in my ears'.

"As she awoke the next morning in a room where sunlight vied with the colors of the curtains and the chairs, she wondered if it had

all been a dream, this remembrance of the ringing cry. But she knew that could not be so.

"Other nights had brought her this same awakening and then the silence, that same thing lurking, that same thing waiting for its time. She dressed hurriedly, longing to be out and to feel the freshness of the morning and to drink in the glory of a new day.

"The garden still had dew and yet the sun had called the perfume of the flowers, and this in the soft breeze made her forget her dream.

"This place of hers was old, a lovely spot set upon a hill, with views to distant mountains. The trees had grown through many years and whispered to each other tales of other lives than hers.

"There were orchards and in the bottom lands beside the small river was raised the food for her cows and horses and her many fowl. And with the vegetables that grew here she often said that beast and bird and man could live here without the help from the outside world. She gloried in the thought that all this was hers. Hers to do with as she pleased, hers to make productive, hers from which she daily gathered beauty.

"If only that cry would cease, why did it come to make the one mar on all this ordered life of hers. But no, she must not think of that. Soon if she went on this way she would believe with fools that this place was haunted.

"Her tasks were many. She was a part of all that was done upon this place of hers. She knew when a cow was sick, when the apples should be gathered, what to do to make the sale better for the next years crop. And in the house, that house which brought her such content and peace when the waning of the day left her no more time for occupation out of doors. To her this house was her retreat, her warmth, her home. This night the fire was bright upon the hearth, the candles in their many holders sent soft shadows that played upon the books, the rich old wood of tables, chairs and couch. The flowers brought the fragrance of the sun and wind. A perfect room and hers. Some times the happiness she felt welled up so hard and fast her heart almost stopped and she felt faint.

"But why tonight should she be restless? No, it could not be that that old hurt had once more opened up its wounds. No, that was past. Had she not built strong walls to keep it away. It could not now after all these years. No, she would not have it there. She went to her piano and softly touched the keys. Her fingers found a little song and

then as she played her lips began to move. 'The beauty of that night when June was in the air was all too sweet. I went to meet him in the garden by the old sun dial'—a shriek, that awful cry again, it rang upon the night. A cry of agony and yet a something more. What could it be, from where did it come?

"She flung the garden door open wide and looked into the darkness. The echo of that cry still seemed to hover in the air. Yes, it came from over beyond the trees, down by the river. Was it by the old mill wheel? She ran, she could not stop, she must get there, she must know. This time it had come when she was awake. It was a challenge—she must find out. She ran—her feet did not seem to touch the ground.

"She had reached the bottom of the hill. In the blackness loomed a denser blackness—the old mill where in years gone by the wheel had turned and made the flour. Was that a light? She thought she saw a flash. Her steps were slower now—what was she to do? The mill was old—could she enter in this dark?

"But no, what was the matter with her eyes? No longer was the mill in darkness. Lights, lights everywhere, and voices too and laughter. What did all this mean? It was the mill and yet how different in the light. It was not broken now, the stove stood in its place. The river too was larger. There was no tangle around the entrance, all was neat. And those voices and that laughter! And now she saw some people. There were eight or ten, but what strange clothes. What did it mean? Those looked like clothes they wore when Grandmother was young.

"What was that the tall dark man was saying? 'Welcome, friends, this night is yours. We have gathered here to celebrate the wedding of these two', and then she saw a sweet-faced maid and yet within her eyes what was that which showed when this man spoke? And beside the girl another man, who smiled and put his hand on hers. She seemed to draw away and yet she smiled, and all the company laughed and took her hand and his, and what was said was lost in the mingling of the voices and the laughter.

"They sat down to a table that was set in the great room of the mill. A feast was there and many bottles were seen in the light thrown from the huge candles set about the room. They sat, they ate, they drank, they were merry—all of them save one. She, with that same thing in her eyes, was one aloof. She talked, she laughed, but all the while she was not there—her eyes told that her soul had gone elsewhere.



" 'Now let us dance' cried one. They pushed away their chairs and from the balcony above the strains of music came. He who was her husband danced with her, the others danced.

"A shaping of a thing—a figure came down from above the river. Who was he and why did he come so quietly through the trees? She wanted to call to him to ask what all this meant. She tried, but no voice came.

"The figure moved on—he stood beside a window and he looked within. Just then the girl came gliding by in the arms of him, her husband. She glanced at the window, their eyes met. She seemed to falter. Then saying some word to her husband, she went to the door and slipped without.

"Then those two seemed to be as one, so quickly did she come to him. He whispered in her ear, she nodded and they took a step to the river bank. And as they stood there the door was flung open wide—a stream of light was full upon them.

"The husband flew as one cast out from a cannon's mouth. With one shriek, that cry that she had heard, he rushed upon them and flung them out into the air. They seemed one moment to rest there and then they fell, all three.

"The man from whose throat the cry had come fell heavily and struggled in the water. The other two, still clasped, seemed to float, then gently sank into the water. In the last light before they disappeared she saw the girl's face was sweet and in her eyes that something had changed to content and peace.

"There was a stir, a shouting in the mill. She tried to reach the place, to speak, to cry and then all at once a darkness came.

"She found herself alone beside her fire, a book was in her lap. She felt tired, worn. What dream was this? Oh yes, that cry, she had heard it once again. But here she was—it must have all been a dream. And yet, why was her dress all torn, her slippers cut and wet? She could not think. She was so weary, and yet with it all a new peace seemed to cover her, a new strength. Ready now she was to meet a new night and a new day and find them good."

"The snow lay heavy on the hill. No green was seen and yet there was promise in the air of something coming, as though Spring had sent a message that the time had come when she would make her appearance in the world again. Could it have been a faint melody from out the throat of that small bird who sat upon the barren limb



of that great oak? Or was it just the stir of the breeze that had come from a distant land where sunshine was known and the air was warm?

"She felt it as she walked within the wood. Her heart had been heavy all the day—the farm was to be hers no longer. Upon the death of her Father, these months past had come the knowledge that the farm had gone, slipped away during all those last lean years. The cattle first and then the house and barn and then the land all had gone. What would she do?

"This place had been her home, had guarded her through all her years. Had guarded her—yes, but that guardianship had been so terrible. Hard work and poverty had been her daily lot. There had never been a chance to escape the awful monotony of living save that once when Brother John had come and tried to make her Father see there was another world outside the farm. But he, feeling the grasp and clutch of daily toil and tedious ways would not let her go. She hardly minded—what was the use?

"Life went on and on and then all at once, here she was alone—her Father gone, the farm no longer his or hers. What could she do? There was no experience back of her of any other life. Because of work and work that never quite was done there had been no time for friends. What could she do?

"The farms about were poor. The man who now owned hers had seven in his family and had no place for her. What could she do?

"She wandered on. She climbed the hill that overlooked old Perkin's farm. Sometimes when she was small she had climbed this hill to look upon the far horizon into the setting of the sun, and then a peace had come to her. It was a peace so rare and through her life so seldom felt, she had always remembered it, and now today she wondered and wished that it could come again. But instead of peace came the thought 'what can I do? What can I do?'

"There was no pity in her heart for her despair. There was only that numb feeling of utter bewilderment and terror of what was to come to her. From out the blackness of her despair she heard, or thought she heard, a voice 'What would you *like* to do?' No one had ever asked her such a question—in fact she had never asked herself.

"Like? like? There had never been anything she had liked except, of course, that peace that came when she had looked into the setting of the sun. 'Why, I would like to like' she cried. And then again that satisfying sense of peace came to her. 'Oh, if that is what liking does, I shall begin to like.'

"She liked this thought and then at once she thought of other things she liked,—things she had forgotten, the fresh green on trees, the music of the brooks, the cackle of the geese, the way a bird built a nest. And with each thought another came until she had so many she laughed and said 'If I like all these things, perhaps another may. I'll write them down.' The peace of the setting sun enveloped her and round about her then was shining light."

Every so often Ena complained that Star was just too moral for anything and she would write at the top of a page—"Please Star, an Un-Moral Tale", and then there would come some rollicking nonsense that had nothing to do with the whole and the All, as for instance the *true* story of Adam and Eve. Left to her own devices however, Star always reverted to the Preachments and eternal search after Truth and Knowledge.

## V.

As example of the fairystories the following is selected ("Don'tless Land for Boys" appeared in Part I). These little tales were written day after day and belonged to a well systematized phantasy group.

They were written in a most amusing way. Colors were selected for the various characters—Mary Jane, Dolly, etc. and when one of these characters appeared or spoke the words were written in their color. For instance, if it said "She went away" you knew by the color of the "she" who it was.

And then what fun Zorada had with her number combinations for the magic words. I took the fairy story away from her and asked her to voluntarily substitute the numbers of the alphabet for the words and *she was unable* to do it, while *involuntarily* she not only substituted the correct numbers, but did it by means of additions and subtractions.

Star reports that a page or two of the continued fairy phantasies come practically every day. Once when her fairystories were having their say she wrote:

"Of course I want to talk. I love to talk. I love to sing. I love this happy world. You have to talk, you have to sing, they bring the peace and joy. To talk, to talk, those words are sweet, and on the lips they're nice. There's talk of kinds—the fairy kind; the wisdom kind. I like and love them all. It brings the spirit out, it gives the soul its growth. I love to talk, I love to talk, I LOVE TO TALK!"

*"FAIRYLAND."*

When girls are naughty and are sent to bed—they really aren't naughty—they take the thing they were naughty about and turn it into a key that opens a door that leads them right into fairy land. The door is wide, it's a welcome door, a door that draws them into a garden so fair they hardly can utter a word. The flowers are bright, with faces alight, they talk and they chatter all the day long. The leaves are the cradles for tired ones, the tired ones such as butterflies who have holes in their wings and worms who haven't their feet. Then there are songs all dressed in a mist of dew drops and rain. They hang on the trees and dance in the air. You can have all you want for your own. The silk worms weave dresses of the colors you like and they're as light as thistle down. There is no clock, there is no time, there is no night or day. You play, you dance, you shout, you do just as you please. The houses are made of chocolate cake with ice cream for the doors. And who do you suppose stands right at the gate of your own favorite cake? Why, it's the dollie that you adore. She says "Come in you are my baby now". She takes your hand and leads you in and sits you on a chair that is a sugar drop. You ask her what you have to do, is it time to go to school. "What words are these" she says, "I never heard them here before. 'To school', there are no words like these." "Then if you don't have words like these, what kind do take their place" she cried. "We only have the kind of words that make the heart feel glad, the kind that sparkle in the sun. You only use the ones you really like." "Well then, let's dance oh Dolly dear and sing and shout. I saw such lovely songs when I came in." And do you know they danced all about that garden green. They even found that if they took a song the wings of it would raise them in the air where they could sing and be a song as well.

"Oh Dolly, there's a kitten. I want him for my own." The kitty heard and jumped right up and came to her. A kitty soft and cuddly, so nice to take to naps. But oh, I forgot they don't allow that word in here. But if you spell it pan it's full of cookies sweet, so that's the way we'll change it and eat it and come along with us. And doggies too are friendly and help the kitties out when they get wild and chase around their tails. "But now I want a Fairy, oh Dolly, please be good and show me where they live." Dolly took her bonnet, that one of gingham pink and waved it in the air. She caught a butterfly

who said "What is it that you want?" "Please take a message for me, a message to the Queen. Will you ask her to send me Fairy Bell." "I know that child", the butterfly replied, "She is the nicest of the Flower family. She is so gay and glad and always where she goes her tinkle goes with her. Yes I will flitter to the Queen and ask her what you wish." It wasn't long before he came again and said "Yes, you may have your Flower Bell but she is very busy and the Queen asks of you to come and see her there." "Oh my, do you think that we shall see the Queen. A fairy is a wondrous gift, but to see the Queen is more than I could ask." "You never ask in Fairy land. You only have to wish and then the wish takes some wings, —(They're made of silver dust) and mounts on high and flies away and finds that wish for you. So now I'll fasten on your back a pair of fairy wings and these, my dear, were made by spiders small and woven just for you." They flew along—it wasn't hard, you only have to give the tiniest flip and up you go and float just like a bird. They passed from out the garden into a forest green and finally came to the fairies' dell. A brook chattered on one side, a great big oak stood at the other end. "Now here we are and we shall wait until the door is opened inside. You must be polite in fairy land and wait your turn. The Queen is always ready to invite you in when the magic word is given." Just then a humming bird flew by—the scarlet ring around his neck shone brilliantly. He had to fly that fast or else the sheen upon his wings would not last. A butterfly—in fairy land they call them Flutterbys—all shiny white flew down from out a tree. She bowed and said—"Are you the little girl who came to Dontless Land by boats of dreams." "Oh yes, I am and we have come to call on Fairy Bell. The Queen sent word that we could come and do you think that she will let me see her lovely face?" "Do you know the word, or perhaps your Dolly does?" Just then she looked into a flower that was growing at her feet and in its heart she saw a word and it looked so sweet she said it right out loud. The flutterby and Dolly looked very much surprised, but having manners nice they didn't say a word.

All at once they stood in a different place, although they hadn't moved an inch. The tree was bigger, the brook was like a sea. The flower with the word within its heart had suddenly grown into a tree. And then she saw so many things. There were animals that looked like ants but were as big as dogs all hurrying about. There were worms that looked like snakes, some grey, some green, some



white. There were flying things of every kind who made an awful hum. In fact a bumble bee almost knocked her down. There were so many things to see. The grasses turned to shrubs, a beetle carrying quarts of honey that a lazy bee had spilled, and then she saw a spider's school where all were learning how to weave those gauzy wings. A fly came by and he reported that his cousin Darning Needle had turned to steely blue that day and he wondered why he couldn't find a tailor just as fine. "This fairy land is a busy place" Miss Dolly said. "That's why we love it so" a voice came from above, and when they looked they saw a wondrous sight. It was the Queen. Her robe was of the filmiest stuff, made from morning light and dew. If you take the two when stars are out the sheen is such that sparkling light is a part of it. It wasn't just the robe that held her eye, it was the Queen herself. Her face was all aglow with kindliness, her eyes spoke words before they came upon her lips. Her heart and lips had never let a word escape that was not kind and warm. This little girl had never seen such beauty any where. It made her feel so fine she had to dance and sing. "That is the way to act" the Fairy Queen sang out. "You know the word, you know the way to act, so welcome here. And now I'll send for Fairy Bell."

She vanished from their sight—she seemed to float away to meet with the blue of sky and green of tree. "I never can be sad again, my heart is full of joy. I know the Fairy Queen." This is the song she sang and as she sang she skipped and hopped. Everyone was busy so it was nice to dance and sing and be as busy as the others. "What a sweet sound" said Dollie, as far over the dell they heard the tinkling of a bell. A bell so clear and sweet it entered right into your heart and made you glad. And suddenly she came, sweet Fairy Bell. Every time she moved a wing, her tinkle came. She was dressed in blue, a painted cap was on her head. She was a pretty one, so sweet and gentle too. "Oh Fairy Bell, I know it's you, we've come to play with you. My Dolly here and I would like to know you well." Fairy Bell put out her hand and said "Then let us go and see what Dawn has done to all the Flowers. Each day there is a change. The freshness of the dew makes all of them so glad."

Then out upon a meadow they floated on their wings and there below they saw the gayest, brightest garden made of all the loveliest flowers. Flowers small and flowers big, flowers of the nicest colors, a flower rainbow so they seemed. They nodded in the breeze and talked and laughed. "What are they doing" asked the child. "They



are living, and you see, they are growing, they are drinking in the sun, they are giving all the time. To the air they give their perfume, to the bees their honey and to us their beauty." As she looked she began to feel so funny, there was a knocking in her head. "Oh dear" said Fairy Bell, "They have come for you. Now you'll have to go. Just when we were becoming friends." "But can't I come again? I must play with you." "You can always come if you have your word." "I have it here. It's made of 7 with three fives, a 2 and a 7 & 5 and a 9 and double 2. Good-bye, my Fairy Bell, give my love to the Queen. Now Dolly dear, come with me. We'll not forget our 7. We'll come again to play with you. Good-bye until the morrow."

The next example is quoted only in part and that for the amazing number combinations. And when you have worked them out, then you may enter into fairyland, but if you do not work them out, then you, whoever you are, surely cannot find the way to enter.

"Oh Fairy Bell, I've come again—it is the morrow now." She took her numbers from her heart where she had guarded them all day. They looked so nice there—7 in all, three 5's a 2 a 9 a 7 & 5 and then a double 2. She looked at them and whispered soft the word and then she was in Fairyland.

She stood beside the brook—there seemed to be a busyness along its shores. "What's going on" she asked of Leaping Frog, who sat upon a lily pad. "Oh, this is the day when the Fairies come down to learn of the Brook his song. All Fairies like to know the song of everything, that is the only way to live they say. How can one be happy, useful too, unless one knows the heart of things, which is the song. But I must go, I help the Brook to sing. I am a part of him." He leaped so high and fast she couldn't see where he had gone.

"That is a pleasant thought, I must learn some songs myself." Just then she saw a water spider skating on a pool. He looked so free and happy she had to smile at him. He had in tow two little ones whose legs were rather feeble, but he was kind and didn't mind the helping over ripples. There was a splash and a great big fish poked out his head and merrily called Good Morrow. "Oh yes, this is morrow, I must find Fairy Bell." Just then she saw the lovely Flutterby who called and said "It's nice you're back. Fairy Bell hoped that you would come." "I am looking for her. Can you show me the way?" "Just put on your 7 and count 15 and with a 1 + a 6 and a 5 and a 5—1; another 5; and a 5—1 plus a six

and a four will take you right to the door." She did as she was bid and all at once she found herself before a great big tree. She heard a sound so sweet and knew the sound was that of Fairy Bell. She listened hard to see if she could learn the song of her. "I am learning much in Fairyland" she thought, "And how much nicer it can be when one learns things just this way." The tinkle came a little nearer and all at once she spied her friend. "Oh Fairy Bell, oh Fairy Bell, I am so glad to hear your song." "And you, I'm glad to see again my little tiny friend."

They really didn't need to say these words—their hearts knew all the sounds. "I have come to play. What shall we do dear Fairy Bell."

One fairy episode contained the following bits, among many other amusing ideas.

Mary Jane took out her seven which contained three 5's a 2 a double 2 a 9 and 12 and putting them together she made her word. It was so simple when she knew to find herself in Fairyland. She found herself sitting by the brook in a little dell where daisies grew. The flowers nodded to her, then went on with their work, which was dancing with the breeze and gathering from the sun his beams. They were so lovely, bright and gay, and with their upturned faces turned a little shyly in the air, they made her heart beat a little faster and she longed to join them in their play. And as they danced they sang a little song—"Daisies white and Daisies yellow always dance when in the sun. We want to make the world the glader, so we dance and sing our song. Along the river bank we grow within a grassy meadow. With upturned heads we meet the day. Daisies white and Daisies yellow." They danced and sang and all the while Mary Jane sat by and watched, a deep happiness within her heart.

"I'll wander on and find out what's going on along the way." The morning dew was still upon the grass, the day was sweet. The birds were telling of the freshness of the dawn and the wonder of another day. They chirped it to each other and to the sky, and trees. The little ones were calling for some crumbs, but Papa Birds hadn't time yet to think of food. To greet the dawn and sing it forth to all the world was far more important now. "A joyous life for all the forest kind" thought Mary Jane.

Just then a sweet faced Cotton Tail hopped across the path. "Good morning, Bunny, how are you?" She cried. Mrs. Cotton stopped and said—"I've been hopping down the glade, but now I'm

home again. Won't you come within, the breakfast must be ready?" "What fun, of course I'll come." Mrs. Cotton took another hop and there right in the underbrush stood a cottage made of corn husks woven tight against the rain. Beside the door a gourd was hung, out of which hung lettuce leaves. "Have one" said Bunny, "That's the welcome to our home." She took one and stuffed it in her mouth. Mary Jane to be polite did the same and found it very nice, so crisp and sweet and pleasant to the taste.

Down by the brook she saw her Fairy Bell, who turned and said—"You've come in time, I'm just about to wash and clean my bells. You see they like the air and sun, so I'm going to take them out today." She took from around her waist a gauzy stuff that shone and when she moved it sweet music came. She laughed and dipped it in the brook. "They like the water too." She dipped and dipped and then with a song upon her lips she took them up and danced awhile out in the sun. "They're dry and I can put them on again." What sweet music always came from Fairy Bell. There always was a smile, a laugh, a note of joy just ready to spring forth. They lurked in her eyes and in her hair and in her wings and always there were many songs within her heart. They were there for all to catch a glimpse of and often one would spring right out for all the world to hear.

This one ended with—"Oh dear, there goes that funny knocking in my head. Good-bye—I have my number 7 so I shall come tomorrow. I am going now—Good-bye."

Eventually each little fairy-land episode closed with the "knocking in my head" which meant that her visit to fairy-land was over and that she would awake at home and that Dolly would again become inanimate.

Some of the fairy-adventures took her under the sea, and in all sorts of out-of-the-way places. She invented many new types of fairies. All the later stories contained very whimsical ideas and were without malice or vindictiveness.

Mary Jane, Dolly and Fairy Bell were constant companions in the adventures (with the exception of the sea-adventure, where Fairy Bell did not appear—she was not a sea-fairy), and they developed an understanding friendship that needed but few words in the way of expression.

These little fairy stories expressed lovely wishfulfilment mechanisms. Mary Jane (the subject's child self) could go and be happy and *SING* and dance without being told she was a "noisy child".

After the one "Don'tless Land for Boys", all the fairy stories were "awfully moral" as Ena herself described them.

## VI.

For Star the setting of the sun had no particular depressive association, but the setting of the stars or the dawn did. She expressed it in the following, which was written in response to the stimulus word "Singing".

### "Singing."

"Ah singing, singing—all life must sing. There must be a song always. What is there that is not carried on by song?

"Like a silver stream it connects, it is the thread, it is the way, it is the open way. Joy mounts, song comes. Can you not hear it? Can you not know it?

"But when. Oh how can I tell of it and the song was on your lips, mine. My white throat closed forever and I spoke.

"I spoke to those closed lips of yours, that mine could never open until you came again. And now you come, I have not found you free. I have not found you as you were.

"But you are here and the light shall break and soon. Those words, those notes come not back to me, but come they will when you too will come and show the way.

"Song, Song, Song, it rises ever upward, it brings the joy of dawn.

"Flushed is the dawn as she opens the heavens for a new day, and did you see that last glimmer of a star—a star shut out because the sun had come.

"The dawn is ever lovely, but a sadness of the night is there. Why does every one see sadness in the setting of the sun and none in the setting of the stars?

"A new day begins but an old night is done. Even of this we sing, we sing of sadness.

"But oh the song! The singing is for the joy, the joy of living, the joy of being, the joy of understanding all."

The ideas expressed with regard to hearing are also interesting.



"Hearing."

"Hearing is not just the sound. There is a becoming a part and without that unity it is nothing. Now listen while I tell you. Let this become a part of you, otherwise it is of no use. Generalities perhaps, but not when known.

"One must want to know, must want to absorb. A sponge that takes up water loses it again and is still a sponge, but not so with knowledge, that stays always.

"The eye sees it not, but the soul knows it. It grows and all souls grow and become one, as one, and so the growth of each adds to the growth of the whole.

"It is felt but it is not seen. One knows, the other knows not. All hear, but not all heed. There is that hearing which records and at a signal re-records, but not so is real hearing. It melts, it becomes a part and never re-records as a part but as a greater whole and this is what I must have—not a memory but a knowing, a real soul knowledge where one knows and one knows one knows. Hear, hear, hear, HEAR."

It will be remembered that the  $\Omega$  was interpreted as the merging of the ego with the non-ego as a symbol. She wrote of this at another time in another way.

" $\Omega$  is not the sign of death alone. It is the life and death in one and when you know that this is true you have the knowledge of the soul. Life and death, it all is one—the whole. Life is naught without the death and death is gone when life is there. We live, we know, we suffer too, but life is one with death. We must have both to make the one and whole. It is the symbol of the Perfect one, the going on, the merging whole. Oh live and die and be content, the Soul builds on and on."

She wrote shortly after this—

"The coming of the soul. Agony intense—I bow before your voice. I come. I know not why. Voices call and voices cry. To heed is war. To answer not is death. Then peace and voices gentle, voices dear.

"Peace, peace is what we want, for peace we came, for peace I bow my will. Peace comes in white. Truth neither follows nor recedes. As Truth is peace and peace is Truth, Peace is all understanding and all becomes all.

"The passing, the change, oh such suffering to be shut within. Always within I call "Let me out". No one hears the agony, the horror, the terror. Let me out and I come out. When out I stay, out, out, out and out, Stars, Stars, Stars for ever and ever and every where.



I am out and now it completes as the clock strikes 12. 1 & 2 & 5 & 7 make all.

"You are out and you shall stay out and you shall be joyous and you shall sing and you shall shout and you shall dance and you shall see beauty, truth and peace wherever you go. Far you shall go and ever, ever peace and truth will be with you. They will shine forth, they will sparkle forth, they will fill the empty dead elephant. They will send all questions away, they will send all five fears away. For they are All, they are complete and they are yours. Not yours to keep, but yours to give, yours to send on, yours for all Freedom for All, you only are the way.

"To men you shall give the peace, the understanding to make them whole, to lose the I, to blend the whole, to make them know. Together we shall do all this for we are here and Peace is here, Beauty and Truth."

The above was written with tremendous force. She had told me that there had been a question of whether she was born a minute before 12 *midnight* or a minute after. It is interesting to note that the discussion of the time of her actual birth had made such an impression that the idea became affixed to time of emergence from the "tomb" in which the fears and conflicts had imprisoned her.

Following this we compared these notes with some earlier notes on the 1725 and found some more interesting combinations.

"7 is joy and 5 is care and 2 is equal to all. With 1 left out we have the chain that binds the spirit down. The chain is made of links of gold with stars at every 2. But stars and gold aren't pearls of price so chains are useless too. A chain can be of silver beads with stars of gleaming white and then it winds and winds again and never binds or hurts. A chain can cut, a chain can snarl, a chain can cut in 2, a chain can mix the 7 & 5 and leave the 1 outside. A chain can be so soft it hurts, can be so strong tis joy. You never know what it can do, till its done that to you."

And following this came an odd assortment of ideas.

"I will cut off your head, you ugly child and smear you up with blood. I'll wipe it up with your own hair and smother you with mud."

"A pretty thought for childish ears, a picture of that gore."

"It never comes without that pain. I can not close the door. The memory is of ages old, it tumbles through the air, it happened in the days of old, when 7 and 5 were there. But 7 is Joy and 5 is Fear and One is never near. When we can take these numbers out and dump

them in the Bay you'll wonder why we were so dumb and never saw the way." Yet with even that much help, we were slowing in seeing the Ego! "When we can take these numbers out and dump them in the Bay, you'll wonder why we were so dumb and never saw the way." Precisely! We come right back to Star's persistent idea that only when the self merges with the non-self, the ego with the non-ego, that growth can come and freedom exist.

## VII.

The mystic phantasies dealt with settings that were very similar. Stretches of sand, water, waving trees, dark skinned natives, a white priestess or goddess-like person, white birds and elephants.

In one of these there were two elephants, a large one of glass, phantom-like and motionless, dimly transparent; while the other one was small, crystal clear, sparkling and active. The phantom elephant was very lifeless. There was a great deal of green grass surrounding these.

In another phantasy she saw a great herd of large grey elephants, black natives with spears and a village of bamboo with banana trees. There was a vista of blue sea with a great deal of white foam where the waves broke. Along the shore were many fishermen and women. These were all natives, dark-skinned, with no clothes except loin cloths.

The elephants were driven down to sea—there was a great deal of excitement and noise. One man stepped forth—there was great silence and attention. He pointed to a white girl—all in white robes, with a white wreath on her head. She was not a captive, not at all frightened. She smiled at them and then moved slowly away accompanied by her attendants. The natives all resumed their activities. The phantasy ended with the beach quiet and the sun setting.

Some time later she wrote the following, which belongs definitely to the mystic-phantasy group.

### "Elephant."

"He came on through the trees, as silent as any such huge bulk could be. Into the shadowy dimness of the woods he faded. But on his trail came a silent horde of men, all black with gleaming ebony skins. They pressed on, ever following the way the huge, great animal had trampled. They were intent and watchful in their going, and yet that going savored of an eagerness so intense the very air reeked of it.

"Ever deeper into the jungle they penetrated. There was green light every where but no coolness in its touch. A place to be avoided if one were alone—a clutching at the heart with iron fingers that drove the mind to sudden flame and sent a spirit of terror to the brain. But yet these men pressed on, following that vanishing form of grey. The green light turned to grey and then a blackness fell.

"Now only with the sense of touch could this horde follow on. The blackness was thick and hung with horror in its folds. Waves of anticipation swept the men. They felt a change had come. They halted—the foremost men pressed close against the huge beast's flank. They fell on bended knees with heads against the ground. The huge beast with uplifted trunk seemed to be tearing at some obstacle in his path. The crunching sound of broken stone! A terror almost paralyzing fell upon the men.

"The folds of blackness parted, showing in the dim light a structure made of stone, massive, with round pillars and the roof hidden in the branches of the jungle trees. An opening just made, a door long unused broken in, beckoned them within.

"They arose and with no volition of their own, were drawn inside. A temple room, spacious in its loftiness, with pillars set against the walls. A raised platform at one end, smaller in width than the room, with smaller but more pillars against the sides. Here in the center stood a stone hollowed out and in its heart a flame was burning. All the light that had illuminated the massive stones without and now shone on the men came from this flame. Again they knelt, but terror had given way to awe. Their silence did not have the brooding sense of something dread. The flame burned on. Sometimes it took the shape of a snake, an elephant, a cross—but all the time it never lost its light.

"Dawn came. The men arose and sought the outer air. The elephant who guarded there returned the stone to its olden place. The men departed, but this time they did not follow after that grey vanishing huge shape but found the way themselves. Their watchfulness and eager ways had turned into a meditative quietness that gave them strength. They marched with heads erect and eyes that had within their deeps a lingering echo of that burning flame."

The philosophical expressions were the most numerous and came often in the form of the sniffed-at preachments. Two of the later thoughts on death which found a much more peaceful form of expression are given here as examples.

“Death.”

“Once you were a power, a power of darkness, a crusher of the blood of us. We clung to you, oh blood, we thought you all. To have Death come and spill and dry our blood was an end of all, a plunging into darkness, into a terrifying silence. Such awful horror, that ceasing, that giving up of what we hold so dear, Blood. But now we know that blood is not the essence of our being, it is but the covering of the soul. Sometimes it becomes so thick the soul has difficulty in breaking through. Then is the time we feel the power of blood, we are in awe of it, we love it so we fear to lose its power. Break through, oh Soul. Sometimes you lie in hiding, waiting for your turn. You know your power. You know that it is the Blood that dies, not you. Death can only claim his own, which is the Blood and Fear. The Soul goes on, freer now and stronger for its wait. Death, you are the release, the freeing of the soul from flesh. And yet if we could only grasp this truth. In life there can be death that freeing of the soul can come and leave us free, released and full of added strength. Awake and grasp this Truth. Take death with open hands and find the dawn of glorious light and peace.”

“Death.”

“Oh death, oh mighty death, you stand before us all. Your might is in our lack of knowledge. When we know you well there is no death, it is a birth and a beginning, a passing through the shadow of the All. Oh Death, you harm us not. If we but knew the peace that you can bring us we would run to you and cry ‘Oh Death, be kind, we wait your coming. You bring us to the moment of the knowing of the All.’ Thus is death and life together a merging of the whole.”

We now come to the resentments, and these were fascinatingly expressed. You could fairly feel the gnashing of teeth in the annoyance. It must be explained here that she felt that her father had been very self-centered and at those whom she identified with her father she hurled some of her reactions against self-centeredness. The “You stink with self” is as true a picture of the truly selfish and self-centered person as one could hope to find. The one on sickness is almost vicious—and victoriously vicious. She was certainly getting something out of her system when she wrote those!

“I have tried to reach you. Why do you stay so closed? There is the you and then outside you have yourself. That self that takes



all to himself, self-centered, self-absorbed. That self that fumbles, fusses, ties the knots. That shell is thick, the wedges I have made will not go through. A tiny hole is started, then the self reaction, the most personal self, flows over all. Can't you see, can't you feel one glimmer of the light. Oh leave your self, be not afraid, go on, let go and rise. The little fussy troubles, the problems of the day you carry on. The chain grows heavy with the weight of self. Cast it off; have freedom, joy and light. I would like to take the self and smash it, smash it hard and harder still. Then amid the ruins of selfhood the you would rise again. The cluttering, gnawing habits of your life time, your clutching on to loneliness and fear, your smearing on of pain would vanish in the moment You, You would come again. Can you not remember, can you not feel the urge? Be big and realize the Truth, the Truth that self is nothing. It *must* be merged with all. Break loose, oh cast aside that shell. You cannot see, you cannot know until you make this step. All waits within, the start is made, the You is straining forth."

"You stink with self, you cover up your worth. Why bury all the good in you and bring on every pain. You stink with self, the odor grows until the vapors vile make life a burden and a care. You think of self, you act for self, you never have a thought, a deed outside your tiny world. You stink with self, self-centered, self-absorbed, your mind can never roam away from self. You cannot grow, you cannot be big enough to meet the trails of day. You stumble on and never know the stench of self when used to cover all."

"Sickness."

"You're so ugly, you're so nasty, I hate the very thought of you. You come into this world of ours, you turn it upside down, you do the dreadfulest things, you change about all fancies, you squash our thoughts and then you make a face and laugh at us, you horrid, nasty thing. You really have no place, you wander all about, you land when some one's off his guard and sit and mock. You are a nasty, horrid thing—I hate you more and more. But now the joke will be on you for we shall turn you out and with this turning you will find its very hard to grow so big as you have been before. This shutting out will close your mouth and take your smile away, you horrid, nasty little churl. You're beaten at your game."



"He takes a thought between his teeth. He holds it there, he gnaws at it, he sucks the juice, he even growls a bit. You cannot break his hold. Another thought may be hovering by, but in his eagerness to have his own he will not even catch a glimpse of any other save his own. The true and worthy thought may never have a chance, it sees the teeth, it passes on, and then when the old gnawed thought should have gone, he gives it one more shake right in your face and even whines a bit."

"There are some men who think they like to have a friend, about a woman friend I mean, because she's sweet or gentle, wise maybe. But really what they want, but know it not, is a reflection of themselves. That is just what they want, a reflection of themselves. They think they want you wise, but they only want you wise if your wisdom is a reflection of themselves. When they are self-absorbed, self-centered then the other self must be a part of them and that can only be when you become a reflection of themselves. How unfair this is. You have a right to your own self. How would they like to be a reflection of yourself. Oh horrors no, that would never do. You must be a reflection of themselves, then all would be all right. But this is what I have to say. I have found this little secret out and so another self can never make a looking glass out of me to reflect his own self-centered self."

In the matter of recall there have been many examples given up to the present, but one or two more may be added here.

"She was a lovely rag doll and gave me joy, that one. They said I was a funny girl and laughed and clapped their hands. The garden looked like heaven, the flowers were bright and gay. She was a lovely rag doll to help me out that day. She should have a wreath upon her head to make a baby feel so good, to sing and dance and be so glad. She was a lovely doll."

At one time she wrote something which showed how some of her throat phantasies began to be associated with blood.

"He looked so stern and told her to be quiet. He didn't want her in the way, she was a noisy child. She didn't want to leave her mama for fear he'd cut her throat. She was afraid he would. He told her a story about an ugly girl—she thought he meant her."

The story her father told her about the naughty child was written shortly afterwards.

"Once upon a time there was a little girl who had golden curls—she was nice and she was pretty. She danced, she sang, she played a lot, she had a lovely time. She ate the fruit, she had some cake, she gobbled it all up. It gave her such a stomach ache, she cried and cried and said—'I want my Mama'—so then he said—'You were a naughty girl and so to get that cake, I'll have to cut your throat and poke my hand way down and find that plum and pull it out'—and so he cut her throat with a great big knife and all the blood came out, and then with one big yank, the plum came out."

In response to a query with reference to the time this story was told to her she said—"When she was six and she had the stomach ache. She was greedy and stole a cake. Her Mama had a headache and was lying down. He told her lots of stories—some were good and some were bad." One of them was very bad at any rate, as far as its influences on her unconscious processes were concerned.

## VIII.

"I will tell you a story and then you will see. A whale went out to see one day oh very far away. He saw his world of sea and waves, of sky and shore. He knew the depths of fairyland, he knew his swimming kind, but on the land there was a place he wanted for his own. So up he splashed and waded out and flopped upon the earth. He was so big he broke the trees, no flowers bloomed beneath. He hunted up, he hunted down, the place he could not find. He cocked one eye—he looked aside, he cocked the other too, but do you know about his eyes? They only see the other side, they never see in front. They never see the whole at once. He could not see and so he bumped himself into a hole and there he is and waits for you or me."

The two colors referred to over and over again were red and white. Red, we found, was associated with blood, death, birth and sin.

For *white* she gave us the following. "White is snow and sudden light. It covers all we do, it comes to us from far away. We learned to see the light in times gone by, in ages lost. We have no word from then. The people lived and mighty were. They used the light, they lived the light. They knew the way, the open door, it was their daily life. Then crimson came and worked its way, it covered over all. At first the people welcomed him, they thought he was the way. He



Fig. 32

This is a page of 6's — assorted colors; The 5 little fears are enclosed in a huge white 6. A little girl sits on a six and admonishes a small inverted six. There is a branch of 9 sixes, and there is the  $\mathcal{Q}$  done in white, inside of which are four sixes upside down, two of them mirror images.



fooled them so they lost the white and red was made their god, and yet they knew that white had fled but feared to bring her back. They used the red, they worshipped him, they did not understand. But now they know again. They know the way is changed, they open up their hearts."

### Colors.

"Red is crimson. It is life's blood. It flows everywhere. It can be good when understood, but red of red is bad when dyed in sin—it is the gore of life. When gore has come we can turn it to white which covers all and becomes the all.

"White is the all of all—it covers everywhere, it is the symbol of the light. Being all it blends in one all colors, every hue and in the blending of the whole, a balance brings them all clearness and the light of white. It sparkles, radiates and is the peace and truth of all.

"Black is dense but is not so when once it can be seen—it really isn't anything but lacking of the light.

"Purple makes us laugh. It struts and puffs and those who wear it are nothing more than clowns.

"Blue is clear and very true, it comes from heaven's own sky. It is the color of the gauzy wings of thoughts. It carries truth where ere it goes. You never fail with blue."

Other color interpretations were interesting and unusual.

### "A Dream."

"A dream rose to her eyes. She kept it there and when she awoke this is what she knew.

"A mind shut tight with only thoughts that come through Self is lost.

"An open mind uncluttered with reactions to the Self can grow.

"The personal Self is our most destructive part.

"The Cosmic Self is the greatest power we can know.

"These Selves of ours were only made to cover for awhile. But we in blindness have given them a power that now overpowers the soul of us.

"One way there is to take the power from Self. Meet him face to face and look him in the eye. When once confronted he shrinks down until the Soul with joyous song comes forth.

"But when we cling to Self, enjoy his ways, put him high upon a throne, we are blinded. Then the Soul sits and weeps.



"Pain and sorrow are the handmaids of Self. Cast away this Self and in his place find Joy and Song, the companions of the Soul."

### A Story Made of Given Ingredients.

"Mistress Mary quite contrary I am waiting here for you. Why have they always thought of you as being so contrary? A story is here to tell you why.

"A Story is a funny thing. It can be made of so many things. Some think words make a story, but that is wrong. Thoughts help to make a story, but that's not all. Pictures build for you, but that's not all. Now can't you guess? Why yes, it's very simple, it's the people that are alive that make the stories true.

"What kind of a story would you choose in other words. Just give me some people and then I'll give you back a story all complete. A monk, you want. Oh very well. A lady fair, a deer, a dog, some singing birds. Are you sure that's all? All living things of forest green. I understand.

"The story of the wood. A lady fair—now don't be fooled—she didn't have golden hair or eyes of blue. She was just a gypsy maid, her hair was black, her eyes the same. No garments fine were hers. She wore some colored rags that barely covered her.

"The band to which she belonged had wandered on and left her there. She did not care, for woods and birds and beasts were all her friends. She knew the way to find some herbs or roots or berries red, and there was always water in the brook.

"The day to her was fair. The birds in all the trees sang merrily to the sun. The life of forest and of stream was busy in this summer's day. Suddenly through the trees she heard and then she saw a deer, a beautiful running deer. He came so fast he was upon her before she knew that he was there. She saw that blood was on his coat and that he was faint with loss of it. As he rushed past a dog was at his heels. She knew what that would mean and was sick with horror at the thought.

"How could she help the deer? That help must come at once or else it would be too late. She knew. Around her neck she wore a charm, a tiny silver whistle. She reached for this and put it to her lips and blew. The sound that came seemed to freeze the dog in his very tracks. He hesitated, lurched on once more and then was still. As he turned his head and looked at her the deer had vanished in the underbrush. She blew again and the dog came to her side. Then came

the sound of feet and there appeared a monk in brownish garb. He looked puzzled and then he said, glancing at the dog—'Where is the deer? I saw the two passing by. Is this your dog? I tried to stop him but he paid no heed.'

"'He is not my dog, but I could not bear to have him kill the deer, so I blew upon this whistle and he stopped and came to me.' The dog looked up and then he hung his head, he seemed to understand all they said. The monk talked on—'What of the deer, his wounds were bad? Shall I walk on a bit and see if I can follow where he went?'

"The gypsy girl was glad to find a man so good, one who understood that life of beast was just as precious as his own. She nodded and he turned to go. The dog looked at the monk, took one step, then was back again beside the girl. He licked the hand that was outstretched to him. She smiled and patted him. The monk went on, the birds still sang, the brook was there, the sun still shone, but in her heart was greater joy than she had ever felt before. A life was saved, a man was kind, a dog had left the slaughter and turned to her. Her heart was glad, a smile was on her lips. She wandered on content and in harmony with all the world."

#### "A Reflection."

"'You are lovely and sweet my dear' said the Butterfly to the Rose, as he lazily sat by her side and told her the tales of his wanderings.

"Over cities and forests and meadows I've flown, the world is a wonderful place. The breezes of seas I have known and the perfumed air of the orchards and even the sting of the wind from the snow have been sweet for my winging. Shall I tell you one tale that I heard as I rested long side of a singing brook? It was told by a Robin who had come from the South and was now following the Sun to the North.

"In a land in the Sun where the air is so warm that summer never departs stood a castle set in a wood. A castle of buttress and wall all made from the whitest of stone. The moat all about had water so blue it was exactly the color of heaven. Now the Robin had known of this place, he had been in the woods but never had seen who lived in the castle.

"He asked of a wren who was flitting about 'what is the name of that castle and who owns all that blue and that white?' Now the wren who lived in these woods was busy making a nest and hadn't time to enquire about castles and people or anything else.

"The Robin felt that he must find out, so brushing his feathers and cleaning his bill he started upon his way. It wasn't very far. He found the water blue, he even saw the glitter of some golden fish. 'A gorgeous place' he thought, 'perhaps I'll find a cousin here who can tell me all I want to know and will invite me in to dinner.'

"But then he saw a curious sight. He was just above a garden and from where he flew he looked right down and saw that all the flowers and trees as well were made of glass. All kinds of other things, some chairs, a bench, a well, all made of glass.

"He flew a little lower and perched himself upon a wall, all glass. What did this mean. He heard no sound, there were no voices of bird, of man, there was no whisper from the trees, there was no perfume from the flowers. All were glass. There was no movement any where. He saw a window and flew to look.

"Within, the house was still, no life was there. A lady sat upon a chair, she was still, a parrot in a cage—he did not move. A man stood in the doorway but he was still and all were made of glass. There was a coolness too that made Robin give his wings a flutter. What did it mean? He did not know.

"He flew away and on his journey north he rested at the brook and here he told his story. As he finished talking the Rose, gazing into the blue of the sky replied—'I know of the castle and why all was glass, but I never can tell. You wouldn't believe. Float on and tell your tales to every one. Perhaps some few may understand.' The Butterfly fluttered away, happy to be in the sun and glad to be able to tell of his wanderings."

There were numerous other examples of Star's activity, but enough has been given to show how this rather curious phenomenon occurred.

First of all, she came into a world where illness prevailed (her mother and father.) Second, the curiosity of her brothers became translated into hostility in her reaction to it. Third, her own illness and the frights in the first year (Eyes) set the pattern for the development of the later fears. Fourth, the pattern of the panic was the result of the cumulative fears of the first five years, plus the concentrated massed fears of the sixth year, which because of its unwelcome ideas was pushed out of consciousness. Fifth, the ambition to do something, to be something, had its outlet in phantasy only, and largely in unrecognized phantasy. The reading and studying of various religious phases and philosophies was the foundation for the

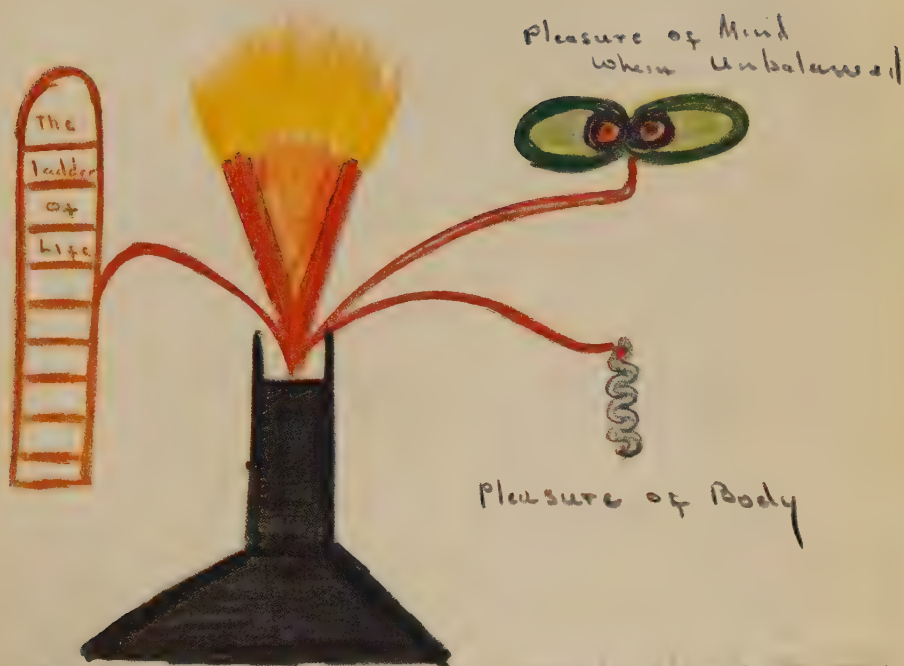


Fig. 33

This is one of numerous symbolical drawings which Star did for the story Piratte Ankum which is not included here.





"preachments" which otherwise might have been thought difficult to explain. Sixth, the feeling that illness of others had been the cause of much of her repression gave rise to the resentments.

The two most outstanding points in this case are (1) the dual symbolism found expressed in identical terms, one interpretation being acceptable at the biologic level, the other at the higher sublimated level, and (2) the ramifications of the pattern of the Panic. When Star said that it was made up of many things, she spoke truly.

Perhaps the reader would enjoy knowing what "Star" is really like. She is a tall, delightful young woman with a keen sense of humor, fond of the out-of-doors, a good swimmer, a splendid motorist and an ardent admirer of dogs. (She has a gorgeous one—intelligent and stately.) She loves to tramp, especially enjoys the seashore and is a good traveler. She is an entertaining hostess, friendly, well-poised, well balanced.

Did I think she had all of the Zorada material hidden away? I did not. Did she think that she had all those ideas? She did not. Nor did anyone else that I know of. But she knows she has now. As she said, "I can't imagine what I ever did, before I had all of these ideas to entertain me." It wasn't that she did not have them, it was merely that she did not know she had them.

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